FOREST AND STREAM.

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—Chas. Hallock.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN IN FLORIDA.

IN the year 1562 John Hawkins, father of the British slave trade, set sail from Plymouth on a negro-selling expedition to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company"—that is, keep your ship in company with the others—were the sailing instructions he gave his captains. If this were the place for its telling, the story would be interesting of how the English seamen, making first for the coast of Africa, inveigled their victims into the pens below decks and then sailed away with them to the Spanish settlements in America; and of how, arriving there, and orders having been promulgated by the royal governors to forbid trading with the Englishmen, Hawkins manned his guns, fired some shot, made a show of bombarding the settlements, and so persuaded the Spaniards that despite roya decrees they might buy his negroes if they wanted to, or at all events if he wanted them to. But it is not with Hawkins the slave trader, but with Hawkins the naturalist that we have to do here.

The old voyagers recorded a vast store of quaint and curious lore respecting the phenomena of nature observed by them. The new world was peopled by creatures strange and marvelous, and the accounts written of them by the explorers are for the most part simple and ingenuous, and marked by a graphic delineation not to be improved upon even now. Sometimes in the chronicles we find mention of creatures which it is difficult for us to identify. Such was the Florida unicorn, of which record is made in the story of this voyage of Hawkins.

On their way home in 1564 the fleet coasted along Florida and put into the River May, now the St. John's, to visit the French Huguenots, who had established a fortification under Laudonneire. There in Florida John Sparke, the chronicler of the expedition, tells us, they found "deer marvelous store, with divers other beasts and fowl serviceable to man;" and among other species there were unicorns:

"The Floridians have pieces of unicorns' horns, which they wear about their necks, whereof the Frenchmen obtained many pieces. Of those unicorns they have many; for that they do affirm it to be a beast with one horn, which, coming to the river to drink, puttoth the same into the water before he drinketh. Of this unicorn's horn there are many of our company that, having gotten the same of the Frenchmen, brought home thereof to show."

What was the Florida unicorn, this creature with one horn which it plunged into the water before drinking? Sparke gives no further particulars of it. To say that it was a unicorn and that a unicorn is a unicorn is not to give light, for we do not know what a unicorn is. They did not know in those days. The Hawkins sailors who took home their specimens of the Florida unicorn to show as one of the wonders of the new world, with their hazy, hearsay description of the beast, only added to the confusion already existing and due to the multiplicity of articles cherished in the old world as curiosities and reputed to be unicorns' horns. From the time of Pliny down to that of Hawkins, Greek, Latin, German, French and English savants discussed the identity of the unicorn and no two ever agreed as to what it was. Some said it divided the hoof and others that it did not; some described it as of the size of a sheep, others declared that it was as big as an elephant; it was identified as the ox, the wild ass, rhinoceros, oryx, a dozen other beasts. A recent caller at the FOREST AND STREAM gave it as his opinion that the unicorn of Cæsar was the reindeer.

Shortly before this Frobisher had carried home from his voyage to America, in the search for the Northwest Passage, a narwhal tusk, and this took its place with other objects in the world's collection of unicorn horns. But the narwhal belongs to the latitude north of 65° N., and we may not conjecture that the Florida unicorn was a narwhal unless we assume that in the course of the extensive barter, which is known to have been carried on in those times, this product of the far north passed from hand to hand toward the south in exchange for shells of the southern seas, until it came into the possession of the Floridians and was added to the barbarous adornments hung about their necks. This theory cannot be entertained, for it does not account for the creature reported by Hawkins as alive in Florida and coming down to the water to drink; the narwhal lives in the sea; it does not come down to the river to drink, no more than a deer climbs trees to eat lilypads.

The Florida Indians to day wear as an ornament the bill of the ivory-billed woodpecker. A study of the current fashions of adornment and those of the aborigines, as pictured by an artist who was with the Frenchmen visited by Hawkins, shows that there has been no change from that day to this in the general character of trinkets, and as the ivory bills are worn now, they probably were worn then. Perhaps Hawkins's unicorn horn was the woodpecker's bill. If any shall object that this is to make of the unicorn an unduly insignificant creature, it may be said in retort that it were better to light on something, even the bill of a bird, than to consign the unicorn and his horn to the realm of fable. When we applied the other day to Dr. DeWitt Webb, president of the St. Augustine Literary and Scientific Society, for information respecting the present existence in Florida of anything answering to Hawkins's unicorn, he frivolously observed that probably Hawkins had taken a horn himself; that is to say, that there was no unicorn, a conclusion in which we are reluctant to concur, for it means the obliteration also of the lions which once prowled through the piney woods and skulked in the hamaks. There were lions in Florida in the days of Hawkins and the unicorn. Says Sparke

Of beasts in this country besides deer, foxes, hares, polecats, coneys, ounces and leopards, I am not able certainly to say; but it is thought that there are lions and tigers as well as unicorns—lions especially, if it be true that is said of the enmity between them and the unicorns; for there is no beast but hath his enemy, as the coney the polecat, the sheep the wolf, the elephant the rhinoceros, and so of every beast the like, insomuch that whereas the one is the other cannot be missing.

That is a delicious bit of reasoning for you. There were unicorns, ergo lions. No lions of fancy these, but lions of logic; and how to overcome logical lions in one's pathway is something not laid down in the manuals of big-game hunting.

SIR HENRY HALFORD.

THE announcement of the death of Sir Henry Halford, who died in London on Monday last, will recall to many minds the days when long-range rifle shooting was as interesting to the general public in this country as yachting has been since. In those days—from 1875 to 1880—Sir Henry Halford was a prominent figure in all the international rifle contests that took place, and whether as host at home or as guest in this country, he was ever the same genial, cheery, fair-minded sportsman. Many an American who was interested in rifle shooting twenty years ago will feel a sense of personal loss in reading the announcement of his death.

Henry St. John Halford was born in 1828, and received his education at Eton and Oxford. On the death of his father in 1849 he succeeded to the baronetcy, and from this time on took a prominent part in the affairs of Leicestershire. He was interested in all outdoor sports, but was best known to Americans in connection with rifle shooting Upon his estate in Leicestershire he had a private rifle range, and he devoted much time to practicing there.

For many years, beginning in 1872, he shot on the English team which competed with teams from Ireland and Scotland for the Elcho shield, and often captained his team with judgment and success. In 1875 Sir Henry Halford entertained the American rifle teams that visited England, and in 1877 he brought over a British team to compete for the Centennial trophy and the championship of the world. After two days' shooting, beginning Sept. 14, 1877, the American team defeated the British by a score of 3,334 to 3,242. The best score made by the British team was Sir Henry's, 412.

In July, 1880, a return match was shot at Wimbledon, when Sir Henry Halford's team defeated the Americans by about 80 points. In 1882 he again visited this country as captain of a team to shoot a military rifle match at Creedmoor. The British were successful on this occasion also, winning by 176 points.

SNAP SHOTS.

In their report for 1895, just issued, the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests recommend that "All bills relating to the fisheries, game and forest interests of the State should be referred to them for their consideration by the legislative committees in charge before action is taken upon them." That depends altogether upon the Commissioners. Sometimes their opinion of proposed legislation is worth having and sometimes it is not. President Davis issued a pronunciamento of the Commission's endorsement of the foresty amendment job at the last election; and the people repudiated the Commission's recommendation by an adverse majority of over 300,000 votes.

Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, tells us that the Swedes in the vicinity where the black game from Sweden were put out last year report that they hear the birds calling occasionally in the morning. There appears to be no doubt that the black game bred last summer, and there is probability that the newcomers may become established as a permanent addition to the Maine game supply. Of the capercailzie nothing is known; they have not been seen; but this may be due to the fact of their more pronounced wildness and seclusion in the depth of the wilderness The expected consignment of black game and capercailzie for Maine last fall was not received.

A correspondent writes that he has been reading the FOREST AND STREAM for many years, and it was not until he happened upon one of Mr. Hammond's stories of the old days at Holland that he found in it anything to indicate that the flask was one of the necessary articles of an outfit for the field. If our correspondent had read the sportsmen's papers of forty years ago, he would have found the flask much more in evidence. From a perusal of the chronicles of those days one would with certainty draw the conclusion that though a man might go fishing without hooks, and hunting without a gun, no sporting excursion on land or water would be a success if by sad mischance the bottle were left at home. We set out very early in the history of the FOREST AND STREAM to publish a journal which should differ from its predecessors in this respect. There is little wonder then that, as our Virginia correspondent avers, one may have read the stories of shooting and fishing in these pages without learning from them that the flask was an essential equipment for the field.

That is a very satisfactory report which comes to us from Secretary Kimball, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, telling of the efficient and summary ways in which grouse snarers were brought to book by the officers of the State police. The case is all the more noteworthy because of the impudent aggressiveness of the trappers who appear by their truculent and menacing carriage to have terrorized the law-abiding citizens of the community. As is usually the way in such affairs, prompt and determined action demonstrated the emptiness of the bluster of these fellows, and showed that there was no difficulty in putting an end to their work, provided only the public officials who were paid to prosecute them would do their duty. The real confidence of the violators of the game laws lies not in any notion that they actually could frighten the community into letting them alone provided the community really cared to interfere with them. They put on a bold front only because htey think that the officials do not mean business.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE CURLEW.

WHEN we of the gray-headed fraternity of out-of-door sports were young and studiously "doing sums," or studying the old battered spelling book in the country schoolhouse, some bare-footed urchin would hold up his hand, patiently at first, then with a frown and a wiggling arm toward the teacher, and in answer to the look of recognition would say, "Please may I go out?"

Well, brethren, I still do so. Most of the time I have that wistful longing to go out to escape from the busy desk and the constant stress of business, from the cramped confines of "house and yard," and to get where the bounds are more extended, where the limits reach from the north to the south, from the east to the west, from the center to the circumference.

The summer was long and very heated. The creeping and flying pests of the Sea Islands had worked their sweet wills upon our cuticles. Gossamer-clad and panting we had worried over the weary time and when fall came at last our souls rose within us and we hastened to make preparations to "go out."

Just here I must introduce you to the Curlew. That renowned craft is a strong sailing launch of the naval type, but so improved by a comfortable house built on her that she is spoken of as a "daisy." She sails well, and being fully prepared, was launched and ready for the channels, sounds, creeks, straits, bays, rivers and other water courses and places leading into, among and through the "Hunting Islands." Are ducks there? They are, and more are coming. Do plover, curlew and yellowlegs abound? They do, being on their southern flight. Does the festive deer gambol in the woods? Oh, yes, plenty of him. Fish? Plenty. On the islands Bob White is in season and everything is ripe.

There are those who like to adorn themselves in ancient hunting clothes with an "Injun" smell about them, avoid bathing or washing for weeks, will not sleep in a tent or house for fear of taking cold, rather enjoy lying down in a mud puddle to sleep and rising up filthy, unkempt and of unsavory smell, as who should say, "See what a hunter I am. I rough it like an aborigine, always ready." These claim that it is unlucky to wash, that filth and the clean woods can assimilate. They are frauds, every one. The great "out-of-doors" is clean, sweet-smelling and balmy. Its influence ought to make a dirty man clean. It ought to receive the dweller from the town and send him back perfumed and fragrant, cobwebs all swept away from mind and heart, imagination invigorated and soul pure. I have no use for an unclean sportsman.

As we grow old we are more solicitous for creature comforts, and so we made the Curlew very cozy. She takes four folding spring cots for beds. She has a table that will seat eight, and folds away in the carlins overhead when not in use. There is a carpet on the floor. A good lamp gives light at night, comfortable camp chairs afford easy seats for tired hunters, while the roomy cockpit outside is the common dressing room and lounging place by day. In the forecastle two men for cook and crew find comfortable places. This is the craft that furnishes transportation and quarters, and some account of her wanderings and the luck of the travelers will, I am sure, interest your readers, and therefore I will try to give you here a description of

The First Voyage of the Curlew.

The *personnel* was congenial, and made up of true sportsmen. I doubt if an invitation to any other amusement would have lured any of them ashore again after he had once embarked. The party was composed of the Skipper, the Surgeon, the Soldier and the Clerk, Eliot for cook and Jerry for crew. The route selected was more of the nature of a reconnoissance than for active shooting, as the air still remained as balmy as summer, without the great heat, and it had not become yet cold enough to drive the ducks down to us from northern latitudes. The Skipper is no stranger to your pages. Well seasoned with much salt water, he still tips the scale at over 260lbs.; but he can shoot a little if he gets in the right place, and the game does not wobble too much. The Soldier and the Surgeon are thin, wiry men, good for anything, and warranted to tramp from daylight to dusk for game. The Clerk is a fine young man whom the others are trying to bring up in the right path, and as he is willing and agreeable there are strong hopes for him. Elliot is the best cook who ever slept in a hammock, and Jerry is a multitudinous crew with many solid virtues. Elliot and Jerry are colored people.

Provisioned for a week, the gallant Curlew made sail from Paris Island on a beautiful spring-like day in this last November. All the ladies of the station turned out to see us off. They cheered and gave us many sweet wishes, and their smiles were very wide. Now a man may go very far afield when sent off with such a farewell, so we set the mainsail, hoisted up the jib, and were off in fine style. We hove to off Beaufort for a package of "Rough on Rats," for there were signs of a mouse on board, and the medicine was for him, and not as a sure cure for human despair. The brethren of the rod and gun at Beaufort shouted good wishes from the wharves, and with a fair wind and tide we were off on our venturesome voyage. On that day we had a crooked wind. Whichever way we turned the wind was fair. Through the devious way of the brickyards, into the broad Coosaw, down the same and into Bull River, with blue skies and smooth water, the fine breeze favored us. As we swung into Bull River a large flock of plover, curlew and other shore birds tempted us, and in a few minutes we had bagged fifty-four nice birds for the pan, and felt well satisfied for a beginning. Then we filled away, and in half an hour were snugly at anchor at Buzzard Island, at the Quarantine Station, where the kind hospitality of the venerable Dr. Sams made us feel very much at home. We lay there that night and slept the sweet sleep of the righteous sportsman, with none to molest us or make us afraid. In the early morning the Surgeon and the Soldier paddled up the creek and brought back a brace of ducks, which seemed to give them a good appetite for breakfast. After that repast we got under way and ran up Bull River to the Pacific Phosphate Works, where we were most generously received by Captain Roberts, the superintendent, who then and there laid plans for a deer and duck hunt in the near future whereat great sport is promised us, and of which the readers of FOREST AND STREAM shall have an account, if the present writer can get there.

We left those hospitable shores and worked down the Bull River and anchored in the Coosaw about dark on the second day of the voyage, having picked up a few more shore birds at the mouth of Bull River. Hoisting our stay light and saying our prayers, we turned in again in our comfortable quarters and passed the second night like unto the first, "and even more so."

We were up early the next morning, and worked up to the mouth of Parrott Creek to pass through into Morgan River. Just as we were fairly in the creek a heavy and threatening squall struck us, bringing on a norther. The little Curlew scudded under her jib in fine style, running down Morgan River at great speed, and so we ran into Savage Creek, on St. Helena Island, and anchored for breakfast. After that meal we were not satisfied to remain cooped up there all day, so the sails were close reefed and we beat out of the creek in fine style, and squared away down the river for Egg Bank, a great resort for shore birds. Presently the bank appeared above the sea horizon, but when we arrived there it was blowing too hard to land, although great flocks of birds were seen. We therefore ran to the southward for the mouth of Harbor River, leaving Egg Bank to the seaward of us, and hoping to visit it on some future voyage and get the birds that congregate there. The fresh, fair wind drove us rapidly into Harbor River, behind Hunting Island Light, and on to a mud bank that we did not know was there. Such a little thing as that did not dismay us and we soon hauled "our house and home" into deep water, and went on our way rejoicing. Our joy was short, however, for the tide was high, and among the marshes we entered a false lead, but after awhile found the true channel, and at sunset anchored in Fripp's Inlet, at the west end of Hunting Island. Supper tasted good that night, and the sleep could not be complained of. The appetites of the Soldier and the Surgeon were monumental, and the Clerk and the Skipper were fairly contented when they lighted their nocturnal pipes.

The morning of the fourth day dawned fair and lovely. The Surgeon slipped off for certain ponds, and returned later with several fine ducks. The Soldier and the Clerk picked up a few shore birds, while the Skipper "kept ship" and Jerry paddled across the inlet and returned with half a bushel of fine oysters. We had a noble breakfast that morning, and all the appetites seemed to be renewed, as is usual on such occasions. After breakfast we weighed anchor and worked up to Story River, and on our way passed a small island, as the higher wooded ranges on the marshes are called, and it seemed to promise well for ducks; while opposite it were long flats, on which curlew and sandpipers seemed abundant. We marked this spot, promising ourselves that we would return at some future time and see what could be found. We did so later, which will make "another story."

We ran out to Trenchard's Inlet, hoping to pass out to Bay Point and shoot birds there; but the tide was against us and the wind was light, so we steered for Station Creek on the homeward route. We made into Port Royal Sound just at sunset, and had just wind enough to stem the tide and reach the Naval Station at 9 o'clock. Four more delightful days it would be hard to match. We did not get much game, but we spied out the land and laid plans for more trips of the same kind which we hope to take in the future. The cold weather has not yet been severe enough to drive the ducks south to us, but we live in hopes and are all ready. At another time I hope to give you an account of other voyages, which will take us out of the dull routine of every-day life and give us glorious outings with great comfort. The first taste has been so good we still "want to go out."

C. H. ROCKWELL, U. S. N.

NAVAL STATION, Port Royal, S. C.

FLORIDA OYSTERS.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Dec. 28.—The Captain and I have just returned from a short cruise. We had for some time talked of making a little run to some oyster beds that he knew of, up north of the 'Cootie, but one thing and another balked our plans. Last week we resolved to go anyway, and though the morning did not promise the usual bright Florida sunshine, we put our mattresses, stores and camp equipment aboard the Kingfisher, filled the water kegs and at 1 P. M. made sail.

With a light wind from the north'ard, we finally beat out of the river, and shaped our course to clear Deer Island. For a wonder, the wind was not quite dead ahead, being about north by west, and with a couple of "hitches" we weather Cedar Point about dusk, the trusty little yawl having walked along at a four-mile gait. Soon after we make out the mouth of the 'Cootie, but the light is so dim that we can see little more than the tree line on shore. The skipper is undecided whether to run into the 'Cootie for the night or go on, but finally decides that we can at least make "4ft. hole," so we continue north.

Having made out and rounded Grass Island in the gathering gloom, we stand in shore, for a palmetto "lump" on the mainland, and the Captain, having got his bearings, gives us the helm, and hanging on by the mainmast, directs the steering up the channel, in and out among the "Coon" oyster bars, back and forth for half an hour, till we drop anchor at the head of navigation "up Salt Creek."

Supper is the next thing in order, and we soon had the oil stoves going in the cabin. Having attended to that important duty and washed the dishes, we spread the awning over the cockpit, unroll the mattresses in the cabin—one on each side of the centerboard case—and make snug for the night. Then into the dinghy and paddle ashore to do a little exploring; and an ideal camp ground it is, high and dry, and as fine a grove of palmettoes as can be found.

With plenty of dry red cedar, we soon have a roaring fire of this fragrant wood, and seated before it the Captain smokes and recalls other trips to this favorite camp ground.

Here the lamented Nessmuk camped at one time for several weeks.

The fire burns low and we paddle out to the Kingfisher and are soon in the land of dreams. Next morning finds the wind still from the north, and none too warm, but oysters are what we came for and must have, so donning some old clothes, with a small "elevator" as a precautionary measure against cold, we paddle ashore, and carrying the light canvas canoe across the narrow strip of land, launch her in Oyster Bayou. Now for business. Armed with an oyster knife and gunny sack apiece, and the canoe between us, we wade along knee deep in the water, picking up the bunches of oysters, knocking off the small ones, and quickly filling our sacks with the large size.

Then back to the camp ground, where a roaring fire of cedar is made and we fall to opening the delicious bivalves.

A stew is soon in process of construction, and never did Blue Points taste half so good as these Floridas, fresh from the water, cooked with evaporated cream and Elgin butter, and washed down with coffee that only Captain Tarpon knows how to make, and with an appetite born of the salt air, leaves a breakfast long to be remembered.

Well, we ate oysters and oysters—on the half shell, fried, stewed, roasted and scalloped—till all hands voted enough. Then for something else. The tide is out, showing long rows of oyster bars in all directions for a mile, among which winds the tortuous channel, and how we ever got in here in the dark without once touching bottom no one but the Captain can tell. Bird and animal life in this wild and almost uninhabited country is of constant interest to a Northern tenderfoot. In the early morning the air is filled with thousands upon thousands of cormorants going out to the gulf to their daily fishing. In the evening they return inland, and disgorging part of their fish, feed it to their young partially digested. In the top of a pine near by is a lordly "bird of freedom" just finishing his breakfast of fish, which he has compelled a poor fish hawk to give up. This bald-headed robber does not fish for himself, but watches the fish hawks, and when one makes a catch quickly relieves him of his hard-earned breakfast.

At low tide the flats are alive with beach birds, plover, yellowlegs, jacksnipe and many others. Not 50yds. from the Kingfisher is a flock of "jacks" feeding where a man might kill twenty-five at a shot. Of course, we left the gun at home. We ramble around the cedar and palmetto groves, with here and there broad reaches of savanna, dotted with occasional clumps of palmetto that are islands at low tide. A half wild razor-back with six young pigs dispute our way, and as she seems decidedly on the offensive Tarpon discreetly suggests that we take the canoe and paddle up the creek to Salt Spring. So, stretched at full length in the bow of the canoe, Tarpon on his knees in the stern, we watch with delight this veteran canoeist wield the single blade, as without a sound or splash we glide up this beautiful stream, the water of which is so clear and transparent that one seems to be floating in air. The spring boils out in great volume from unknown depth, with a strong odor of sulphur, and is very salt.

Returning to the cruiser, the weather seems anything but encouraging, and with rain in the air, and a "norther" threatening, we reluctantly decide to cut short our stay at Oyster Bayou. And with the wind aft and plenty of it we slip outside and are soon making good time for the Anclote, and pick up our moorings in the "spring" about dark, thus finishing my first oystering trip with the genial Tarpon, who, with his sailorly ways, his knowledge of woodcraft, and his inexhaustible fund of story and reminiscence, makes a companion without whom such a trip as ours could not be possible.

CAMERAMBLER.

THE FLASK IN THE FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I sit in my "den" to-night, having just finished a piece of tiresome work that I couldn't find the time to reach at the office to-day, my wife asleep in her chair with her pet dog in her lap, I take up, as usual, the FOREST AND STREAM; for, "chained" as I am, no one enjoys its columns more than I. For years I have been intending to become a subscriber, and since that intention has taken form I often "curse" myself for the good things I have missed by not sooner becoming one of its family. Judging others by myself, and believing that he who knows it grows to love it, I often think that if we would induce our friends who enjoy sport, but who are not subscribers, to subscribe, we would be doing only our duty to the paper as well as a kindness to our friends.

I have been reading "Holland," by Shadow, in No. 24, and I find that on the occasion referred to both he and his companion carried a flask, and what I want to know is, is it only permissible to carry a flask when one goes woodcock hunting? I have read all the accounts of the hunting and fishing trips that have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM for nearly two years, and, unless my memory serves me false, this is the first trip in which a flask figured.

I had been told in my early days that without a flask fish would not bite; that to be a successful fisherman one had to sample the aforesaid flask and spit in the water, and that when you went hunting it was necessary to have something along to provide against snake bites; it mattered not what time of the year or the then whereabouts of the aforesaid snake. Was it Guy Carleton, when, initiating a novice, and telling him of the necessary "tackle" that would be required for a successful fishing trip, said something like this: "A jug of whisky; a few hooks; a bottle of whisky; a line; some more whisky, etc."?

Minute and very much in detail are many of the accounts of enjoyable trips that appear in your columns, but allow one who always carries a flask, knows its use and despises its abuse, to thank Shadow for omitting none of the necessary "tackle" for a successful woodcock hunt.

And talking about snake bites, some years ago there was in my office Dr. Trumbo, of Warren county, Vt., an ardent trout fisherman and a "good fellow," as most true sportsmen are, and he was telling me of some of his trips in the Blue Ridge Mountains after the gamy trout. I asked him if he was not afraid of rattlers, and he said: "No, indeed, we always carry an antidote. And, speaking of antidotes, we had with us on our last trip a fellow who didn't know much about fishing, but was a firm believer in the saying that 'an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure,' and fearing that he might be bitten by a rattlesnake he soon commenced to carry this theory into practice, and before long was past going. We left him asleep on the banks of the stream, while the rest of us went further up, hoping he would sober up before we got back; but when we did return we found him still

asleep, and to our surprise found also that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and while he was unharmed the snake was lying by his side dead. What better evidence, sir, do you want than that of the value of an antidote on a fishing trip?'

My reply was a laugh, and he turned toward me with a merry twinkle in his eye, but in a most dignified tone said: "I suppose, sir, you don't believe it. When I get home I will send you the rattles cut from the tail of that very snake, and perhaps then you will think I am telling the truth."

I thanked him for his offer and in a few hours had forgotten it, and you can imagine my surprise when two days afterward, in opening a package that came to me through the mail, I found the rattles as promised, with the Doctor's compliments. This clinched the matter, and ever since then I have stuck to my flask of antilote when on a fishing or hunting trip. C. M. WHITE.

WARRENTON, VA.

[See comment elsewhere.]

PODGERS' COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the past year I have been reading in the FOREST AND STREAM the game and fish stories and experiences, without one word of protest at the rotundity of some of them, hence it might be inferred that I have hoisted them all in and stored them away in my memory as gospel, but I hope not to be called upon to testify. It might result in trouble. Also have I read attentively the discussions pro and con on skunk bites, snakes, gila monsters, and whether deer feed on lilypads or do not, and confess I am not settled in my mind as to which side has the best of the arguments or which is ahead. As a method of relief I have a suggestion to make, which is, for the FOREST AND STREAM to organize in its office a "Court of Reference," to consist of such loose element as may be lying around the premises (not necessarily of loose habits), which shall sit in judgment on the submitted discussions, and, after weighing the evidence, give judgment, and thus relieve the doubting Thomases of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM from the struggle in their minds, and from lying awake nights trying to come to a decision themselves, and so escape occasional nightmares of deer jumping over us with lilypads hanging from their mouths, skunks sitting on our breasts discussing stolen chickens, and snakes curled up on our pillows with glistening eyes in the act of striking (the result of having been out with the boys is indignantly denied). I believe there are numerous readers who will indorse the proposition of this Court of Reference and feel a great sense of relief in having these knotty questions decided for them.

In selecting the members of the court it would be well to select those who have not been addicted to snakes, and have not written about them, and know no more about natural history than many who write on the subject; in other words, who will be unbiased in their judgment and give their verdict according to the preponderance of the testimony.

Among other interesting questions of the day, interesting to sportsmen, I submit that of whether they have any rights that poachers are bound to respect. This is one which is very much exercising our local shooting clubs at the present moment.

Within a few miles of the city are extensive marshes that have been leased by the clubs from the owners of the land and water at a stiff rental, and shooting boxes erected at considerable expense for the winter duck shooting. All this has aroused the ire of that portion of the community of the socialistic ranks, who repudiate the idea that there should be any restriction of their right to shoot when and where it pleases their lordships, regardless of the fact that the clubs are paying the owners of the property for that privilege; and they have the assurance, born of the views of the Moste and Altgelds, that the newly imported citizen had more rights and privileges, that he does not pay a cent for, than the native who does.

The clubs first tried invoking the aid of the constables to arrest the poachers. This proved a farce, as the justices, who owed their election to this element, discharged the culprits without trial as fast as they were brought before them. One of the gamekeepers of the clubs was shot and killed by one of the poachers, and although the crime was proved beyond question as a case of foul murder, the jury, composed of the same element, acquitted the murderer. Meantime the clubs carried the question of their rights to a Superior Court, before a judge of the locality; but this Dogberry sustained the poachers. The clubs then appealed to the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision, and decided that the clubs stood in the light of owners, and had the right to exclude trespassers. This decision raised a howl from the shoot-where-you-please fraternity, who swear that all the courts in the world cannot prevent them from shooting over the clubs' grounds, and they will and do defy the law. As a result of their determination to do so, you are very likely to hear of a dispensation of Divine Providence, accompanied by a charge of buckshot, that will deprive the victim of any further interest in shooting, as the clubs' gamekeepers are now patrolling the marshes with guns that have a tendency to go off at fitting times and places, regardless of circumstances. All this row has spoiled in a measure the winter shooting and put the clubs at great expense.

The time was not so many moons ago when I indulged in a floating shooting box on these same marshes, which we moored close under the bank of one of the sloughs, and sitting on the forward deck shot all the teal, mallards and canvasbacks we wanted. Teal in those days were sold in the markets for 75 cents a dozen, mallards and canvasbacks at from 40 to 50 cents a pair. In 1848 a deer or grizzly bear could be found on the spot where I am now writing, a street lit by electricity and paved with asphalt extending a mile or more beyond. Davis relates in his "Sixty Years in California" that on Mare Island, where the Navy Yard now is, a drove of not less than 500 elk could be counted any day, and that on one occasion, when sailing past in a small schooner, they encountered a drove of them swimming across from the island so numerous that they could make no progress through them. To get an elk now one must go back several hundred miles to the wilds of Oregon, as yet uninhabited.

It has been a day dream of mine, when sitting in front of the fire *à la* Ike Marvel smoking my pipe, that the spirit of adventure led me to come to these shores in those days, or rather letting my imagination presume that I did come. Just think what a game preserve this country would have made had not gold been discovered. The little settlement of Yerba Buena, now this great city of San Francisco, with its harbor then full of fur seals and salmon, the outskirts abounding in deer, grizzlies and elk, and ducks of all sorts in little ponds now covered with granite blocks, and nobody to take the trouble to shoot them. When Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," visited these shores such was the state of things. What a paradise for the sportsman to go to when he "handed in his chips." The Indian's happy hunting ground would have been a fool to it, not in it. There is good sport yet, but one must go a distance for it. The market-hunter, with his swivel gun and No. 8 caliber, is doing the work of destruction. They locate a pond or small lake, attract the ducks by throwing grain into it, and when it is covered with them densely let loose the swivel gun, loaded with a pound of shot, and kill a hundred or two at a shot. It is simply murder, but although there is a law against it, what does the gentleman who has his "rights," as he calls them, care for law? It is the same old story with which you are so familiar—no conviction to be obtained, he is among his friends, and laughs at game wardens.

There is one consolation we have left—the salmon. They can't deprive us of that sport as yet. In the rivers emptying into the ocean up the coast they come and go as ever, and what sport it is to land a dozen in an afternoon with rod and reel! It is not always with the fly, as some seasons they will not rise to it, and some people still assert that the Pacific coast salmon never rise to a fly, which is not true, as I have caught them galore with a fly; but as a general thing the feather spoon is used, and that they take ravenously. But, like all other luxuries, the cost of salmon in our markets has "gone up." The time was when you could buy a 10 or 15-pounder for 10 or 15 cents; now they cost 20 cents a pound, but I imagine that price would not stagger you at the East.

As I have said, what a country this would have been for a sportsman's preserve for half a dozen of your rich men. It could have been bought from the Mexican Government before we acquired it for $3,000,000, an area larger than two New York States, and what a speculation! The land covered by this city is worth fifty times that, to say nothing of the State's gold product of over a billion. But alas! as the wise old lady remarked, "If our fore sights were only as good as our hind sights," which experience has proved they are not.

I laid down my pipe and the FOREST AND STREAM, which I was reading to "make these few remarks," which I see have been as long drawn out as a "fifthly and sixthly" sermon of a hot Sunday afternoon; so I will resume my pipe and the FOREST AND STREAM, and the discussions on lilypads, skunks and catamounts, reserving my conclusions for that "Court of Reference" that I have suggested, and which I hope you will organize forthwith.

PODGERS.

Charley Reynolds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time in the winter of 1872 or early spring of 1873 there came to me on the Missouri River above the Yellowstone a young man on purpose to make my acquaintance.

His name was Charley Reynolds, and his reputation had preceded him.

From time to time the Rees and Mandans had spread rumors of a strange white man on the lower river who had shown great skill as a hunter of deer, elk and other game. It was said that the Indians had offered him several ponies for the medicine or talisman by which, as they supposed, he had accomplished these feats.

I found him a clear-eyed, quiet and gentlemanly fellow, whose tastes led to dangerous exploits and adventures. His modest equipment of rifle, pony and lightly laden sledge would hardly satisfy the demands of a sportsman of to-day. He was then on his way with a companion up the river in search of new hunting grounds.

I met him but once or twice again before that fatal day on the Little Big Horn, where he lost his life, with many others, in battle with the allied Sioux and Cheyennes.

I suppose that when Major Reno retired with his command to the dubious security of a bluff in the rear, Charley, as well as Bloody Knife, whom I also knew well, was attending strictly to business in resisting the charge of the hostiles.

I regard Charley Reynolds as the most skillful and successful hunter of game that came into the upper Missouri River country in my day. The Indians first welcomed him, then, their fears and envy being aroused, they brought complaints to the agent that he was killing too much game.

There were mighty hunters in that region, dating from the days of Lewis and Clark and Captain Bonneville.

As a guide, Charley had the hunter's instinct to traverse successfully unknown regions, and if he was ever surprised it was in the last fight, when he found himself alone against vast odds. J. S. K.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest the article on Charley Reynolds which appeared in your issue of Dec. 19, because I used to know that good man and am familiar with many of the occurrences which took place on the Black Hills expedition of 1874. At that time I was an enlisted man in the 7th Cavalry, a member of Capt. French's company, and I often used to see Charley Reynolds both on the march and in camp at night. I remember one trifling incident, not mentioned in the article which you published, which showed the constant alertness and the keen sight possessed by him.

While we were in the Hills we had a little scrap with a small camp of Indians, all of whom except one at length broke away from us. The camp of the wild Indians had been found and surrounded by a number of our Santee Sioux scouts, and one aged man, called, if I recollect right, the One Who Stabs, was captured and brought into camp. Another man was urged to go to see Gen. Custer and started to do so with one of these boys as a guard. Having these two men as hostages, the Indian camp was left unwatched, whereupon the women promptly packed up their stuff and disappeared. The man who was going to see Gen. Custer with the Santee boy got frightened before he reached the camp and bolted. The Santee shot at him, but did not stop him, and the Indian disappeared in the timber.

The next day, soon after starting, Reynolds, who was with the headquarters outfit, pointed out a whitish object standing in the timber on top of a distant hill. Those of us who saw it took it for a white rock, but Charley told the General that it was a horse, and being ordered to go and see what was there he rode on, and later in the day brought in the saddled horse of the Indian who had the day before broken away, its sides all smeared with blood.

It is most interesting to me to have the incidents of these long past days brought before me once more, and I am truly grateful for this brief biography of Charley Reynolds.

ENLISTED MAN.

Natural History.

THE GRAY WOLF.

WHY is the gray wolf of Russia reputed to be so much more ferocious than that of America? This question has doubtless occurred to many hunters and sportsmen of America, and I do not recollect ever hearing an answer.

Can it be that the American beasts of prey are deficient in courage?

One is scarcely willing to concede this when the grizzly, the jaguar, the cougar, or even the diminutive peccary are remembered.

Now I have a theory, and an anecdote in illustration thereof, and I propose to offer it as the groundwork of my own opinion in the matter.

The inherent dread of man common to all the brute creation, foretold in Genesis ix., 2, seems, as a rule, not to be overcome save by hunger. This I believe to be the basic truth underlying the whole problem.

All this wide difference in the apparent ferocity of the European and American gray wolf is easily accounted for by two considerations.

In all countries where governmental despotism has deprived the common people of the natural right to bear arms, where in most cases the peasant dweller on the border of the forest has but his axe or pitchfork with which to wage war upon predatory animals, it is easily understood that the wild creatures of the jungle will inevitably become more venturesome; and, as in the case of the native population of India, still more so if the religious teaching of the people has, ages since, led them to become vegetarians, and to wholly avoid taking animal life.

Again, if any country having a severe winter climate becomes at any time, particularly in severely cold weather, deficient in ground game, the natural result of increased ferocity of animals of prey may safely be expected.

How abundantly the forests of Russia and France are supplied with small game which is accessible to the gray wolf in severe winter weather I do not know, but the very fact of the Russian gray wolf becoming a serious menace to human life among so many hamlets of the Russian peasantry argues a very serious deficiency in their natural food supply; while, on the other hand, a somewhat extended hunting experience over a large part of the northern United States has taught me that it is very probable that no continent or island of the wide earth was ever so well supplied with game, both large and small, as was North America when first the European trod its shores.

The American Indian was a hunter of the highest type of courage, and—as in the case of an Indian who perished in a night attack of gray wolves in the forest on the headwaters of Black River, Wis., in the days of the first advent of the whites, when the mangled carcasses of seven big wolves were afterward found where lay his bloody tomahawk and knife among his own disjointed and scattered bones—had, ages since, taught the denizens of the American forests that here was some one whom it was perfectly safe to let alone.

Why, then, did not the gray wolf of America harass the Indian villages and the border settlements of the white people, and live on the women and children of the inhabitants?

In the first place, owing to the phenomenal plenty of game, large and small—as the little boy on the street occasionally remarks—"he didn't have to." And secondly, he had long since learned that there were several undertakings in the hunting line more wholesome in their nature than a job of this kind.

Now, on the other hand, what could the gray wolf of America do when really cornered and driven to the wall by hunger? I happen to know of one individual brute of this type who could have given points to any gray wolf that ever swore allegiance to the great White Czar!

It is not a "Mary-had-a-little-lamb" sort of a narrative. If it were not a big story I would not tell it. And a dozen reliable men could yet be found to verify every point which I ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to believe.

I think it was the winter of 1865–1866 that I lived in the furthest outlying settlement on that part of the then Minnesota frontier on the east bank of the Des Moines River. The winter was a long and cold one, and one day near the latter end of winter a young man named Henry Lyman reported that a monster dog, which he supposed to have been a Newfoundland, had followed him along the snowy road while returning from a visit to a neighbor's house the evening before, and that the night was light enough to enable him to see the brute distinctly as it trotted along behind, and that twice he stopped and whistled to it and tried to call it up to him, but without success; adding that afterward, happening to glance backward to see what had become of the creature, he was startled and alarmed to note that it was almost at his heels. Although it sprang quickly away again as he turned toward it, and did not afterward trouble him, he kept an eye on it, until, nearing his home, the animal dropped behind and disappeared.

Considerable interest and some uneasiness was manifested in the little settlement regarding the young man's story, for his veracity was beyond question, and no Newfoundland dog was known on all the frontier. (Let me add that never in the history of the settlement, or in the experience of the trappers who formed it, had a gray wolf been known in all that prairie country.)

Two days after the young man's adventure, while my old trapping comrade, Jim Morehead, was busily engaged in work in the little yard around his home, situated in the timber land on the west bank of the river, and having turned a shoat or small hog weighing some 50 or

75lbs. loose from the pen into the inclosure around the house for exercise, he was about midday suddenly startled to see a gray wolf, "mighty nigh as big as a yearling calf," jump over the fence, and seizing the unfortunate porker across the nose just below the eyes, with one awful, wringing, slashing snap completely separated the nose from the head.

As Jim turned toward the great brute it turned and sprang back over the fence and disappeared in the bushes, while the pig fell and bled to death almost instantly.

As the pig was fat and otherwise entirely unhurt, Jim dressed it for his own use, and again the wolf went hungry.

Jim's story passed quickly through the little settlement, and mothers listened to its repetition with paling cheeks, and all concluded that we had a something worse than a white elephant on our hands.

Down the river below Jim's place lived a neighbor, whose name I have forgotten, who owned a bull dog of undaunted courage and ferocity, which would at the word of command tackle anything short of a buzz saw.

I think it was two days after the death of the pig, about the middle of the afternoon, while this man was employed in front of his house, and while his dog stood at a little distance, the wolf sprang over into his inclosure and made straight for the dog, which instantly bounded forward to the fight.

Seeing the formidable appearance of the wolf, without an instant's pause, the man sprang for his axe, lying but a few steps distant, and rushed to the help of his gallant dog. He was too late.

The fray was measurable only by seconds—few in number—when the wolf sprang from the uplifted axe, over the fence, and again vanished in the bushes.

The dog lay on the chips utterly unable to rise. Gathering the noble animal up in his arms, he carried him to the house, and, as some affair of business which I have now forgotten made it imperative for himself to go a few miles down the river, and to stop over night at the house of another settler, as night was approaching, he made a comfortable bed for the poor brute against the outside wall of the cabin, and hastily building a kennel around him with a lot of barrel staves and boards to make him comfortable as possible for the night, in spite of the protestations of the frightened wife and children (whom he knew to be perfectly safe so long as they remained indoors), he departed on his errand, hoping still to be able to cure the saber-like slashes in the body of his unfortunate dog.

About midnight the wife and children were aroused by an appalling racket of tumbling boards and dying cries, and when search was made in the morning by a neighbor, who followed the bloody trail of the wolf to the foot of a hill in the bushes below the house, the remains of the hapless dog were found, he having been half devoured.

Down the river a short distance below lived a man named Hall, and as he knew that I had poison, and understood the preparation of baits for wild animals, about noon he sent his girls over to request me to prepare a dose for the monster. Preparing what I believed to be a quickly fatal dose, and putting it on the end of a splinter of wood, I instructed her to be careful that on no account must it be touched by the fingers, but dropped on top of the remains of the dog; and on going down the next morning the old man found the wolf lying dead near his victim.

He was quite excited, and sent word to me to come and see the brute, adding that its size was amazing, and that it was "about 6in. between the eyes!"

As I had seen wolves before, I didn't take the trouble to go to look, and the old man got $3.50 for the skin.

The only probable solution of the mystery of his appearance seemed to be that he had drifted or wandered away from the buffalo ground to the far Northwest (probably impelled by winter blizzards, which he could not face) until he had struck the headwaters of the Des Moines River and followed it down.

As the country he had lately traversed was the very barest of ground game in winter of any land I ever knew, he had reached the settlement with a fairly craving appetite.

Had he had a comrade as sharp set as himself they would probably have pulled down and devoured the young man mentioned on the first night of their appearance.

Had there been a half dozen of them, and had they met an equal number of Russian wolves, backed by all the "offskys" of the Russian army, I fancy that when the little discussion was settled the hides of the Russian wolves "wouldn't have held cornshucks."

ORIN BELKNAP.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

THE PIKA.

THE North American pika is a peculiar tailless rodent, very interesting, and worthy of more than passing notice. It was met with frequently and in numbers in the earlier surveys of the West, and has received no little attention at the hands of naturalists. It generally stays about timber line, but is frequently met with lower. They are quite numerous above timber line at Pike's Peak, where I captured a number several years ago. I also shot one specimen below timber line at Mount Lo Lo, Montana.

In a museum publication I gave not long ago the following notes on this species:

"The Little Chief hare or Rocky Mountain pika (*Lagomys princeps*) was described by Dr. Richardson in 1829 (*Fauna Boreali-Americana*) from a specimen collected near the south branch of the Mackenzie, considerably north of the United States boundary. It ranges southward along the summits of the Rocky Mountains, increasing its altitude with decrease in latitude. In Colorado it is never found below timber line. Only one species was recognized in the United States prior to 1889, when Dr. C. Hart Merriam described another species from the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. Dr. J. A. Allen gives generic and specific descriptions of *Lagomys princeps* in 'Monographs of North American Rodentia,' 1877. They range much in size and color, irrespective of age, sex, season or locality. Above they are grayish-brown, varied with black and yellowish-brown; sides, yellowish-brown; below, grayish, more or less strongly tinged with pale yellowish-brown. They are nearly tailless, have five toes in front and four behind, armed with short, arched, compressed nails, with a prominent, naked pad at the base of each toe. They range in length from 6.5in. to 8in., averaging about 7in. Ears large, broad, rounded. Whiskers numerous and long (1in. to 2.5in.). They are found very abundant in many places in the Rocky Mountains.

Concerning the habits of the animal Dr. Allen says (Op. cit.): "Their habits seem everywhere much the same. The animals are everywhere found in communities, living among the loose rocks from a little below timber line nearly up to the snow line. They appear to rarely wander from their homes, are timid, yet easily become familiar. Though retreating to their holes when first alarmed, they soon come cautiously out, one after another, till one may hear their sharp little cries in every direction. Their color so nearly resembles that of the rocks they live among that they are not easily seen, and their cry is of such a character as to easily mislead one in respect to the point from which it proceeds, seeming to be far away when really only a few feet distant. They sit erect like marmots, and in no way resemble the hares in habits. They carry into fissures of the rocks large quantities of grass, which they lay up for winter consumption. They are weak, sedentary animals, and are apparently strictly diurnal in their habits."

The pikas, living and fossil, are all traceable to a single genus, *Lagomys*, with eight species, found only in western North America and northern Asia. Two species are found in North America, three in the elevated parts of northern India, and three others further northward. Formerly they extended much further southward and westward, their fossil remains having been found in the Pliocene strata of England, France and one of the islands of Corsica and Sardinia (Op. cit.). They represent an ancient family, being a less specialized form than the hares.

M. J. ELROD.

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Ill.

[No one who has spent much time among the high mountains of western America can have failed to hear—if not to see—this little animal, which is better known as the Little Chief hare. It is an interesting species, found often in great numbers on the mountain side, where it makes its home in crannies and holes among the slide rock.]

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Vermont Rattlesnake.

"HEY? Didn't s'pose the' was any rattlesnakes in Vermont?" said Dan'l, as loudly as if he was talking to himself, and turning his best ear to me. I signaled a negative, and he continued in undiminished volume:

"Good land, yes! The' use' t' be lots of 'em on the Barnum Hill, so I've hearn ol' folks tell, and the's been some killed there since I can remember.

"Why, one day in harvestin' I was goin' 'long the road towards the house, an' I see what I thought was a snake a-layin' 'crost the road, clean acrost both wheel tracks, an', by George, when I cum clus tew, it was a tormented great blacksnake. I got me a stake out o' fence an' killed it, an' it measured six foot. That was consid'able of a snake for this Northern country."

"But it wasn't a rattlesnake," said the listener.

"Well, I was goin' to tell ye. Levi Fuller had a piece o' wheat ready to cut an' wanted me to cradle it for him. I was a pooty good hand with a cradle in them days. So we ground up the cradle scythe, an' I went at it an' he follered me up a-rakin' an' bindin'. It was the next day after I killed that blacksnake an' my head was full o' snakes."

"None in your boots, Dan'l?"

"No, sir; I never indulged. Well, I hadn't cradled more 'n half way acrost the piece afore I heard a kind o' sharp buzzin' sort of a noise just ahead of me, an' I stood right still an' begin to look, an' by George! there I see a snake kinked along 'mongst the wheat, with his head raised up a little mite, not quiled up rattlesnake fashion; but I knew he was one, for he was all spotted, an' that buzzin' noise kep' a-goin' all the time, the wheat a-wigglin' right where the sound come from.

"You'd better b'lieve I backed off pretty lively, but mighty careful. I hollered to Levi to come there, an' I as'd him if that wa'n't a rattlesnake, for I knew he'd know, 'cause he'd killed 'em.

"He stood off quite respectful, but he looked at it hard. 'Yes,' says he, 'that 'ere's a rattlesnake, sartain.'

"Well, we held a council of war, an' the upshot was, Levi put for the house to git his gun 'at had been loaded for woodchuck all summer, an' I staid an' watched the snake, but the snake didn't stir none to speak of 'fore Levi got back, all out o' breath.

"We made up our minds we hadn't better depend altogether on the gun, seein we hadn't but one charge, so I got me a good oak stake out o' the fence, an' crep' up, whilst Levi stood ready to give him a shot if I didn't lay him out. Well, I up with my club an' let the snake have it right on the head. Levi stood squintin' along the gun, with his finger on the tricker. The' was a locus' riz up an' went off snappin' his wings, but the snake only kind o' flopped up an' lay stiff as a maggit."

"Killed him the first lick, didn't ye, Dan'l?"

"Good land, no! 'T wa'n't nothin' but a butt'nut root—but it was the nighest I ever come to seein' a wil' rattlesnake."

AWAHSOOSE.

A Russian grand duke, one of the Czar's predecessors, was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the century. In Russia the imperial double-headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire, stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that period the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany, and, among other things, shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle, your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked, "when it has only one head?"—*Argonaut.*

Photographs of Dead Game.

MARIETTA, O., Jan. 2.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* Enclosed find one dollar and twenty-five cents for copy of the dead bird picture, "Woodcock." The other two ordered from you are so good that I will complete the series. Yours very truly, ROBT. N. PAYNE.

Game Bag and Gun.

ON SNOWSHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS.

UNTIL within a few years, the little that we knew of the musk-ox and his home all came to us from arctic explorers and from employees of the Hudson's Bay Co. Lately, however, at least two most excellent and interesting volumes have been written about this far distant land by sportsmen who have visited it for the distinct purpose of killing musk-ox, and it is with the last of these that we have to do.

In his book entitled "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds" (Harpers), Mr. Caspar Whitney gives us the narrative of a winter trip made from Edmonton, N. W. T., to a point in the Barren Grounds within the Arctic circle and back again—a narrative so well told and so graphic that the thoughtful reader, and above all the reader who himself has endured some of the hardships of outdoor life, may in a slight degree comprehend what is needed in the way of courage, hardihood and endurance to enable a man to successfully face the horrors of that land of desolation. We are most of us so thoughtless in our reading and our talk that descriptions of suffering make little impression on us.

Most of us indeed have never really suffered. We do not know what it is to starve, to freeze, or—worst of all—to endure the tortures of thirst. It is not strange, therefore, that we fail to comprehend descriptions of such hardships. He who has passed through suffering of this sort, however, remembers, as the days passed and no food could be had, how he grew weaker and weaker, not suffering much actual pain, but realizing hour after hour that he was becoming less and less able to do a man's work. So the man who has faced the horrors of the waterless desert preserves a keen memory of the gradual drying up within him of the water springs, unthought of in a land of lakes and streams.

Mr. Whitney's story is one of endurance rather than of adventure. He dared to face the rigors of an arctic winter, and to hunt on the Barren Grounds at a time of the year when even the Indians inhabiting the country never venture thither. On these Barren Grounds there is no wood, and the only protection from freezing at a time when the thermometer goes down to 50, 60 and 70 degrees below zero is the clothing the man wears. True, a little wood is taken along for cooking purposes, but the fire lighted is only enough to boil the kettle, and when this has been done no artificial warmth can be had until the next time comes for eating or for boiling the tea-kettle. For food the travelers depend wholly on the country, killing the caribou, if these are found, or, if it is summer, depending on the fish in the lakes and streams. As the only means of transportation are dog sledges in winter and canoes in summer, it may readily be seen that the carrying of food for the men and animals of a party is out of the question.

To go to the Barren Grounds does not necessarily mean to kill musk-ox. However it may have been in the past, it is certain that to-day the range of this animal is much restricted. While we are told that in former years the musk-ox was found as far south as the timber and as far west as the Mackenzie River, it is said that now it does not reach the timber nor the Mackenzie River by a good many miles. Mr. Whitney says: "Many parties go to the Barren Grounds and never see even a musk-ox track, and many more skirmish along the edge, fearful of a plunge into the interior, yet hoping for the sight of a stray ox." As the musk-ox retreat the hardship of reaching them constantly increases, and one wonders whether a time will ever come when their remoteness will protect the species from absolute extinction.

On a trip such as that made by Mr. Whitney the traveler has to depend almost altogether on himself. It is true, he travels with Indians who know the country, and who are always on the lookout to kill food which all share, but he can not expect any one to work for him. He must drive his own sledge, feed his dogs and do all his own work. To get along at all he must show himself as good a man as the Indians who were born and have always lived in this arctic region, and so are inured to the hardships of its life. He must do all this and be ready to travel on snowshoes from twenty to forty miles a day, and when the supreme moment comes and game has been discovered he must take part with dogs and Indians in a mad race after the herd, and must literally run down what he kills. Mr. Whitney did all this, and besides did not even have an interpreter.

Let us see how Mr. Whitney got his first musk-ox, remembering that in this hunting so called it is each man for himself. The robe belongs to him who kills the animal. Hence each man tries to get the first shot and as many shots as possible before his companions can get up; there is no concert of action. Each man is working for himself and is wholly careless as to the success of his companions. Mr. Whitney says:

> Instantly there was excitement enough on top of that ridge to put life into eight hungry men. I never beheld such agitation. The Indians for a minute mauled together, chattering and grinning and gesticulating, and then each man rushed to his sledge and began slipping his dogs from the harness. I knew then we had sighted musk-ox. Of course I had suited my action to the Indians', and began unhitching my dogs also, but my harness came from the fort and had buckles, which in the bitter cold were unyielding; and by the time I had got all my dogs loose, put on my lighter capote—for I saw we were in for a long run—and strapped on my cartridge belt, all the Indians and all the dogs had several hundred yards start, and were going along at a rattling pace. I saw at once that it was every man for himself on this expedition, and if I got a musk ox I should have to work for him. And then I settled grimly to the business of running. Within about two miles I caught up with the Indians, who had stretched out into a long column, with Seco and Echeena leading by half a mile. In another mile I had worked my way through the stragglers and was hard on the heels of Echeena, but Seco was still about 100yds. ahead, and going as though he could keep it up indefinitely. On my attempt to pass him Echeena let out a link, and I had all I could do to keep at his heels; but in our race for second place we cut down Seco's lead by 100yds.

Mile after mile was passed over before the musk-oxen were sighted. Through knee-deep snow, over rocks, racing, staggering, failing, the struggle continued. But at last, says Mr. Whitney:

> As we were working our way up a rather higher and broader ridge I heard the dogs back, and, rushing past Echeena, reached the top in time to see a herd of about twenty-five to thirty musk-oxen, just startled into moving along another ridge about a quarter mile beyond Seco, who with his three dogs was racing after them not 50yds. ahead of me. Disgust, disappointment and physical distress momentarily stupefied me. Then the sight of the musk-oxen, and the thought of what I had endured to reach them, fired me to re-

newed action. I anathematized Seco and all the Northland Indians for their fool methods of hunting, and increased my pace. The musk-oxen were now in full run to the north along the top of the ridge, galloping like cattle, with heads carried well out, though not lowered, and going at a pace and with an ease over the rocks that surprised me. Their big bodies, with the long hair hanging down to emphasize the shortness of legs, gave a curious appearance to the flying herd.

The wind was blowing a gale from the south, and we had hardly reached the top of the ridge on which the musk oxen had been running when they disappeared over the northern end of it. By the time I reached the end of the ridge the main herd was a mile away to the north, and still going, but four had separated from the band, and were running through some hollows that bore almost due east. I instantly determined to follow these four because I saw I could get to the leeward of them, and I felt they would eventually head north to rejoin the herd. A caribou always circles up wind, but musk oxen travel in any direction that necessity demands. Seco, with his dogs, was just ahead of me, keeping after the main band, and Echeena I had lost sight of. I knew that separation from the Indians might cost me my life, but musk-ox was the first and life the secondary consideration at that moment And I started off at my fastest gait to the northeast, keeping a ridge between the musk-oxen and me, and knowing if they crossed ahead to the north I should come on their tracks.

At last the hunter, utterly exhausted, found himself within 100yds. of two of the musk-oxen and felt that now he must take his shot, for he was nearly spent. He says:

For a moment I rested to get my breath, and the musk-oxen were still going from me; and then another attempt. The fore sight for an instant held true—another second's breathing—a quick aim—and I pressed the trigger. What a feeling of exultation as I saw my quarry stagger and then drop! I was dizzy with delight. I gave vent to a yell, which, together with the report of my rifle, sent the other musk-ox into a wild gallop. It turned sharply to the left and went over a ridge with me following on a run, all the while endeavoring to throw another cartridge into my rifle barrel. But the excessive cold, aided probably by my excited action, handicapped the mechanism, and the shell jammed.

By the time I had sent the cartridge home, running meanwhile, I got over the ridge, and was just drawing a bead on the galloping musk-oxen, when two shots in quick succession turned it staggering; and as it dropped I sent a bullet where it would do the most good—just as Echeena and one dog came running down from a ridge opposite, so that I and Echeena had the honor of scoring the first and second musk-ox. Then I went back over the ridge to look at the one I had brought down. It was a cow. The sex was a disappointment, to be sure, and I should not take this head that had cost me so much to secure; but nothing could dull the joy of having, after a tramp of about 1,200 miles, killed the most inaccessible beast in the whole wide world.

This book is well worth reading, for it tells of a land and a climate of which we know nothing. It is also a very handsome book in respect of its numerous and very beautiful illustrations, many of which are of implements and utensils peculiar to the far north and its inhabitants, either red or white.

It should have a place on the shelves of every sportsman along with Mr. Warburton Pike's volume on the same subject.

WHO OWNS THE GAME KILLED BY THE GUIDE?

THIS question was raised by something which somebody said a few weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM. I thought it was a foolish question for a sportsman to ask. Anybody else might ask it properly enough, but for a sportsman to ask it—or even one who desired to be reckoned as a sportsman—this, to my mind, involved an incongruity. A sportsman, as a sportsman, owns and is entitled to count in making up his score only the game which he pursues, captures and kills himself. If, in addition to this, he desires to bring home a bigger bag of game than he can thus secure, it is perfectly proper for him to buy from his guide, or to buy in the market house, or to buy anywhere he can. But game so obtained is not acquired under any law or rule peculiar to sportsmanship. It comes under the law of purchase.

But when the question was asked, instead of keeping my thoughts to myself, as, in any but a moment of weakness, I would have done, I allowed myself to answer the question in black and white, wasted 2 cents on a postage stamp, and in due time it appeared in print. And that is now I got into trouble, as men generally do when they tamper with things which are none of their business. For a few days later the editor of FOREST AND STREAM sent me a brutal sort of a note, which read as follows: "NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—*Dear Mr. Shaganosa:* I printed your sentiments on the game game subject, although I am inclined to think that you were somewhat harsh in your judgment. That is to say, suppose one should go out in the Jackson's Hole country with Billy Hofer, and because of myopia should fail to bring down game, and they were in menace of starving to death, don't you think that if the sportsman should have Billy kill an elk and if he brought home some of the jerked venison and sent you a chunk of it, he might look upon it as one of the legitimate fruits of the expedition?"

A nice letter that for an editor to send to "one of our esteemed correspondents!" Just as if I had nothing to do except to answer Jackson's Hole conundrums. The fact is that when the letter came I was off on a brant-shooting trip down on the Virginia coast, and since returning I have had to work with the diligence of a barrel of sweet cider in order to make up for, not lost time—for time so spent is never lost—but to make up for time so utilized.

But to the letter. "Come, let us reason together," saith the editor.

First—A man so seriously afflicted with myopia that he cannot see to shoot an elk had better stay out of Jackson's Hole.

Second—The laws of sportsmanship, though unwritten, are as well settled and as unalterable as any that Mede or Persian ever made, so far as they apply.

But in the language of the immortal Jack Bunsby: "The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it."

Third—When a man, either from myopia or for any other cause, is "in menace of starving to death," he passes outside the domain of the laws of sportsmanship, and becomes subject to the code wherein "self-preservation is the first law of nature." He would then be fully justified in getting game in any way possible—killing it with a club, for example.

Fourth—If, after satisfying the demands of hunger, any "jerked venison" should be left over, the great law of charity would then apply. Of course, it should be given to the poor, and consequently a "chunk of it"—and a big chunk too—would come to me. But this, too, would be outside of sportsmanship. It would be charity pure and simple—and a pot-hunter can be as charitable as anybody, if he wants to, and in the practice of charity or kindness to others he is entitled to full credit for what he does.

Fifth—The first great law of sportsmanship imperatively requires that as against the skill of the sportsman the game shall be given a fair chance to utilize its cautionary instincts as regards the avoidance of danger, as well as its speed and shrewdness in escaping from danger.

A man who disregards this law in the capture of game has no right, *in re* such capture, to the name of sportsman. To the extent to which he so disregards it he adopts the methods of the pot-hunter and should take rank accordingly.

Guides sometimes conform to this law, and sometimes they do not. In the latter case the sportsman gains nothing in respect of sportsmanship by claiming the guide's game. He might just as well buy the same game in the market house, where he could get it much cheaper.

Sixth—Following this rule of "giving the game a fair chance," we get the chiefest pleasure of sportsmanship—the pleasure derived from the pursuit of the game, enhanced, when fortune favors, by actual capture. This includes the pleasures of the camp, the pleasures of the woods and the waters, the pleasures of genial fellowship and sometimes of generous rivalry, and the semi-barbarous pleasure of outwitting the cautionary instincts of the game, and of overcoming its speed and endurance in flight. The pursuit and capture of game by a hired guide is no pleasure to me. I am no better for it in any way. I might as well ask him to join me in taking a dose of pills when I get sick. His operation will not cure me.

Seventh—If a man wishes to bag the game which his guide kills he should make a bargain to that effect before he starts out. He can then claim to be commercially honest at least. And while, as regards the game which he kills himself, he may be a sportsman, he should remember that as regards the game which he hires his guide to kill he is not a sportsman—no more so than if he had bought it at Fulton Market. In both cases he becomes owner by a contract of purchase. In the one case he buys for a day's pay the product of a day's shoot; in the other case he buys a specified quantity for a specified price. And in both cases the game may be lawfully acquired, but it is not in either case acquired under any laws or rules peculiar to sportsmanship.

Eighth—Primarily, the man who captures wild game owns it—always and everywhere. If, being employed as a guide, he sells it as a part of his contract of service to his employer, then his employer owns it, but not otherwise. But this, though an honest way of getting game, is wholly outside the domain of genuine sportsmanship.

SHAGANOSA.

GEORGIA'S POSSUMS.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

THE Georgia possum was under discussion in the House of Representatives last night. The House failed to pass the famous bill of Mr. McCook, of Chattahoochee county, although Mr. McCook and friends of the bill succeeded in voting down various and sundry amendments designed to bring the bill into disrepute and burdening it with provisions which would make it one of the most remarkable acts on the statute books if passed.

When the bill came up the House immediately lost its dignity, and for an hour there was a continual uproar. The occasion was one of merriment, and grave legislators put their feet on their desks and listened to possum oratory and other kinds of oratory for an hour. At one time it looked as if the House would have to sit and discuss possum all night. No quorum voted, and by reason of the peculiar parliamentary situation the Speaker ruled that no motion could be made, nor could the House transact any other business, nor adjourn until the pending bill was disposed of.

After the amendments sent up from all parts of the House had been read, discussed and voted down, the House finally reached a vote on the bill as originally introduced. The vote resulted: For the possum bill, 66; against the bill, 31. The bill was in favor with the great majority of the members, but the constitution of the State requires that to be passed all bills shall receive a majority of the whole House, 88. For that reason the bill was declared lost by the Speaker.

The bill is a simple measure and it is clothed in no mysterious terms. It is what the title says it is, a bill to protect the possums of Georgia. The bill makes it unlawful for any person to catch or hunt possums between March 1 and Oct. 1. A violation constitutes a misdemeanor.

It was 9:45 o'clock last night when the bill was reached on the calendar.

Mr. Fogarty, of Richmond, is friendly to the Georgia possum, and he said on such an important bill, one involving the interests of the whole State and South, members ought to give it grave consideration. He thought it eminently proper that the Georgia possum be protected, and well protected at that. For the information and edification of the House he thought it would be well for the author of the bill, Mr. McCOOK, to explain the provisions of the measure.

"Has the gentleman from Richmond ever caught a possum?" asked Mr. Edwards, of Haralson.

"In reply to that I will ask the gentleman from Haralson if he ever went rabbit hunting," said Mr. Fogarty.

Mr. Charters, of Lumpkin, put himself on record as an enemy of the possum. He said it was nearly 10 o'clock and in his county a good hour to kill possums. He wanted the House to kill the possum bill at that hour. There was a storm of nays.

Mr. McCook was recognized in support of his bill. He said:

"Mr. Speaker, I think this is a good bill. The bill is all right. No farmer in the State will object to this bill because it protects possums. I introduced this bill seriously and regret to see that fun is being made of it. Possums are good game and they ought to be protected. Possums are now destroyed by boys and negroes while they are too young and not good to eat. The committee on agriculture thinks this a good bill and it has been reported favorably.

"I think more protection ought to be given the possums than any other game. The boys go into the cane fields and pastures and catch young possums before they get old enough to be good, and that is a waste of possums. I hope the bill will be adopted."

"I would like to ask if the bill would apply to a person who catches a possum with a chicken?" said Mr. Copeland, of Walton.

"No, sir, that would be killing a possum in self-defense," replied Mr. McCook. The house roared and Mr. Copeland was for the bill thereafter.

At this point the colored member from Liberty county, J. R. Law, was recognized. He delivered a speech, which kept the members laughing. The speaker attempted to proceed and he started off by addressing "Mr. Speaker and members of this House," and the address was repeated several dozen times before the colored member was allowed to proceed with his argument. He finally said the bill was a good one in some respects and a bad one in some respects. On the whole he was opposed to the bill. It affected the interests of many poor people, he said.

Upon the conclusion of the debate, which was of a rather informal nature, members sent amendments to the desk and they were read and acted upon. The first amendment was offered by Mr. Felder, of Fulton, as follows:

"Provided that this act shall not apply to the counties of Liberty, Rabun, Habersham, Chatham and Bibb." The question was taken and the amendment was lost.

By Mr. Charters, of Lumpkin: Provided that this law shall not be operative in any county having a population of less than 100,000.

By Mr. Dickerson, of Clinch: That the following words be added after the word possum in the bill: "Coons, gophers and high land terrapins," so as to make the bill protect those creatures.

By Mr. Charters, of Lumpkin: Provided that it shall at all times be lawful to catch a possum when no advantage is taken of him by catching him on the ground.

By Mr. Felker, of Walton: By adding the words "hog" or "coon" to the bill.

By Mr. Felker, of Walton: That the act shall not apply to James Sheats, of Walton county.

By Mr. Copeland, of Walker: Amend by adding after the word possum the words "bull frogs and br'er rabbit."

By Mr. Nevin, of Floyd: Amend by adding to the original bill the words, "Provided that this act shall not apply in counties where persimmon trees grow over 10ft. high.

By ——: Provided that this law shall apply only to such possums caught after sunrise and before sundown, except such possums caught with chickens.

All of the amendments were voted down, and the House then got into a tangle on the question of passing the bill. The result was as stated, the House adjourning at 10:45 o'clock, after having defeated the bill.

MASSACHUSETTS TRAPPERS FINED.

OFFICE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, 5 PARK SQUARE, Boston, Dec. 28, 1896.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago President Clark, of our Association, sent me a letter received by him and deemed of sufficient importance to require attention, and which I think will interest the sportsmen who read your paper. Leaving out the signature for obvious reasons, I will give you its contents:

"WEST GRANVILLE, Mass., Oct. 26, 1896.—*Dear Sir:* In regard to trapping, I would like to ask a few questions. In the first place, there are a good many partridges and other game caught in traps in this part of the State. It has been going on in this manner for years, so I am told, and to all appearances it will continue for a good many more, or until all the game has disappeared, and, judging by the amount that is caught every year, the supply cannot last much longer. There are men here who make as high as $300 from September to January trapping birds, so you may judge the number of birds they capture. I myself have found out who does and who does not trap birds. The latter are in the minority. They have been in the business so long that any information on the part of a stranger would be very apt to meet with a reproof in the form of a charge of buckshot, which would not be pleasant to receive. The reply they make if any mention of the law, fines, etc., is made to them is, 'Catching before hanging,' so you may see that they feel perfectly secure and do not give a straw for the law. The only way to catch the parties is to trap them as they do the game." (Signed)

A copy of the letter as above was immediately sent to Chief Rufus R. Wade, of our State District Police, he having previously assured me that he would attend to any matter of the kind that might be referred to him. The result will be told in few words. The trappers were trapped, and at Westfield Dwight Barnes was fined $120, George Redmund $40, and William Reeves $30. Charles Reeves escaped into Connecticut and was defaulted. Great credit is due not only to the officers detailed on this case, viz., Detectives Proctor and Rhoades, but to Chief Wade for his promptness in sending them.

The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will recall the fact that last spring our able and popular Governor, Roger Wolcott, prevented a reduction of the legal length of the lobsters from 10½ to 9 inches by interposing a veto, and it is well known that the Governor is friendly to the sporting interests. In this respect he is following in the footsteps of our late lamented ex-Governors Greenhalge and Russell. It is to be hoped that his great influence will be felt in the way of a rigid enforcement of the game and fish laws.

Our State is paying out annually from $15,000 upward for the care and protection of fish and game, but hitherto but a small proportion of that sum has been expended for the improvement and increase of the fish in our streams or the birds in our forests.

The bulk of expenditures, as I understand, has been in connection with shore and salt-water interests.

A meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association was held on Tuesday evening, the 22d inst., at the Copley Square Hotel, and Dr. E. W. Branigan, chairman of the committee to nominate officers for 1897, presented the name of Col. H. T. Rockwell for president, Mr. Clark wishing to retire from that office. I will send you a list of our new officers after the annual election, Jan. 13.

Very truly yours,
HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Travel up to Date.

THE New York Central offers unequal advantages for through travel between the East and West. It is the only Trunk Line entering the city of New York; its Grand Central Station is in the very center of the metropolis, in the midst of the hotel, residence and theater district; it is the only line protected its entire length by block signals; it has the fastest trains in the world; the finest equipment; scenery including the Hudson River, Mohawk Valley and Niagara Falls.—*Adv.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Breeding Grounds of the Black Duck.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—The Edmonton *Bulletin*, of Edmonton, Alberta, quotes a recent article from FOREST AND STREAM which was written by Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, in regard to the breeding place of the black duck. Mr. Johnson thinks he has found this breeding ground at Lake St. Anne, west of Edmonton, and also at Lac La Biche, 160 miles north of Edmonton. This copy of the *Bulletin* having come into the possession of Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., the latter writes me interestingly as follows:

"I doubt very much that the black duck spoken of as breeding at Lake St. Anne and Lac La Biche are the black duck of this section and east of here. At Scugog Lake, about sixty miles east of Toronto, where a friend of Mr. Robinson has a small preserve, he says they kill black duck nearly altogether, only an occasional mallard. Down about the Ottawa River and on Lake Champlain the same, I am told. If this was the feeding ground of these ducks would they not be seen between here and there, that is all throughout Manitoba and the Western States. I am told that 100 miles west of the Detroit River they are very rare. When I was shooting with Mr. Star in Texas I saw none, and he said that he had only seen one that was shot there. Mr. Pike, an old member of the Big Point Club, who was down this year for a couple of days after an absence of ten years spent in dredging operations at the mouth of the Fraser River in British Columbia, said he had seen and shot lots of apparently the same duck, but Mr. Pike may have been mistaken. The habit of diving instead of flying which Johnson speaks of savors more of a diver. I have never seen him unable or unwilling to fly. My opinion is they breed in the small lakes and marshes of northern Ontario. Probably also in the extensive marshes about James Bay. On my way to and from Winnipeg by the C. P. I only saw one flock of ducks, and those were black ducks in a small lake west of Lake Nipising. You are continually passing lakes from that lake to Port Arthur, but it seems to be no place for wildfowl of any kind; no feed I suppose is the reason.

"Our shooting season closed on the 15th, and I have been hard at it making up for lost time. I would like to have a trip South this winter, but don't know whether I can manage it. I suppose I should be satisfied after the good sport we have had this fall, but man is a hungry animal, always wanting more."

Fun in the Sound Country.

Mr. W. S. Phillips (El Comancho) has forsaken his late residence in Chicago, which city he cordially hates, and has gone back to the Puget Sound country, where there is more fishing and hunting. He deliberately makes me feel badly by writing about the fun a fellow can have out there, near Latona, Wash:

"If you would happen out here right now," he says, "we'd go smelt fishing Injun fashion (with a stick) just to break the monotony. I saw about 17,000,000 (smelt, not Injuns) in one school to-day.

"Ruffed grouse shooting is good now and I've got a couple of good bags of the blue quail since I came home. They're a dandy for quick shooting, and are right in the second growth fir thickets, and you can burn lots of powder before you eat quail here. I see the 'Bob White' quail in the markets here this winter, but can't find exactly where they come from as yet. I think they are the result of a planting I made here several years ago. I'll know soon, I think. Deer are as thick as sheep, and a number have been killed. Steelhead salmon are plenty this year, and market fishermen are making money off of them.

"Ducks and geese are plentiful this year, owing to the flooded condition of the whole coast country.

"I've just heard of where grayling are plentiful, not over six miles from my smoke house too! I won't do a thing to them next year, maybe!

"Wish you could get out here. I can't tell you about half of the good things that are running around loose up in the woods—not counting Injuns. Come out. I've room, beds, board, boats, guns, rods and the whole outfit except buckwheat cakes, which the same I would not mention only I'm afraid maybe Roll Organ might come out too, and I couldn't stand a buckwheat cake appetite such as he carries!"

Rabbit Preserve.

A friend of FOREST AND STREAM writes: "Joe Thorn, the boss bridge-builder of the "Q," says that a company is now reclaiming about 5,000 acres of land along the Illinois River, to be used as club grounds or game preserve. As a substitute for anise seed quail it is proposed to plant a stock of jack rabbits. If any of the million (more or less) readers of FOREST AND STREAM have a surplus of jack rabbits, would suggest that they correspond with Mr. E. P. Chapin, Galesburg, Ill., or J. O. Thorn, Beardstown, Ill. When this first came to knowledge we immediately thought that the parties establishing the 'black-cat-rat' farm in Kansas might, in clearing their land, gather a few jacks, which they would desire to dispose of. Perhaps you yourself may know of some farm full of jack rabbits."

Minnesota Deer Preserve.

Writing to Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, Mr. R. G. Brooks, of Minneapolis, speaks as below in regard to an opportunity which he thinks he sees for a deer preserve up in Minnesota:

"The locality in which we hunted this fall was about 125 miles north of Minneapolis, in Aitkin county, this State. The particular location to which I am going to refer is situated twenty-five miles north of Aitkin. The general lay of the country in this part of the State is level, and a very great portion of it cranberry marsh or swamp—not reedy swamps, but full of moss which makes fine feeding ground for deer, but is too wet for a team or any kind of vehicle except when it is frozen. In the center of one very large swamp there is an island containing about 1,100 acres. This island is perhaps 4 or 5ft. above the level of the marsh. Much of it has been covered with heavy pine, which some years ago was cut and taken off. At the present time it is covered with hard and soft maple, elm, bass wood and white birch. On the higher lands and around the edges is fir and tamarack and balsam. There is plenty of grass on the island and a quantity of bass wood and elm sprouts, which makes the best winter feed for deer. There is situated on the north end of this island a beautiful spring, furnishing a stream of water 6 or 8in. through, which neither dries up in summer or freezes up in winter.

"In connection with this island there should be purchased enough land to make two miles square—four sections. This would be something over 2,500 acres. This is one of the greatest deer centers to be found in Minnesota, or in fact any other place. I think it is safe to say if we were to surround these four sections with a suitable fence we would at once have in our possession from 100 to 150 deer. This is thirty-five miles from the railroad, but easy of access, being only about three miles from the main lumber road, used in taking supplies to the lumber camps.

"There are no inhabitants to the west of this island within thirty miles, and I think still further to the east before you come to any settlement. The Willow River is situated about five miles to the east of this island, Moose River about five or six miles northwest. White Elk Lake is about seven miles west. The cost of this land, I think, will be between $4.50 and $5 per acre. The cost of fencing this land will not be very expensive. The posts would have to be of iron, or at least should be, and one strip of heavy wire netting and a few strands of barb wire above, or possibly two strands of netting would be better. Aside from deer there are great quantities of grouse and pheasants on the land.

"Now the question is this: Where can a suitable club be organized who would like to identify themselves with this reserve and have the money with which they would forward and foster the enterprise?"

A Handy Hunting Wagon.

Mr. F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes of a handy hunting wagon which he and his brother, Richard Merrill, had made for their hunting last fall. They tried it thoroughly in Dakota and are satisfied with their acquisition. Mr. Merrill sends also some game pictures showing bags made by means of this wagon, as well as the wagon itself, which seems a very tempting sort of vehicle. He adds:

"After five weeks' trial the only thing we would add would be to put a handle with a stationary bale on back of front seat at each side of gun holders. We generally got in and out on the move, but always with empty guns; the handles would make it somewhat easier to get in and out when wagon was in motion; it is very easy to drop out and lie flat on ground and get a shot at a goose, crane or hawk quickly, never stopping wagon; as the birds see wagon moving continuously, they are not nearly so apt to see man drop as if it was necessary to stop and get out. We were always prepared for these sudden drops and got the drop on a number of unsuspecting birds, particularly hawks. Once guns are in position, no need to pay any attention to them; they cannot be marred and are held very secure; in a rain they can be put under our storm aprons, as in any wagon. Under each seat is a box with lid cover 5in. deep to hold rubber aprons, lunch, apples or any small packages; under these boxes are removable wire baskets to hold game, rubber boots, leggins, oilskin clothes or anything wished to be carried. We carry a canvas boat in chest or a sectional iron boat crosswise of wagon between two seats by taking out foot-rest and lower stock-rest; everything except dashboard can easily be taken off, leaving a perfectly flat wagon-bed with a dashboard. We filled the dog cage with a variety of things. It has been full of dogs, live mallard decoys, dead geese, crane except their legs, which stuck out, dead ducks, shovels, spades and picks, grass suits, life preservers for sectional boats, etc. In digging pits on prairie or stubble we put all earth in dog cage and hauled it away to a plowing; in digging pits near plowing of course threw dirt on plowing. We had top and side covers for dog cage and a piece of galvanized iron sheeting at back end way across, preventing any draft striking dogs from under back seat when driving; rear end needed no curtain. Shell boxes are just back of gun stocks on wagon bottom, and by keeping boxes unhooked it is easy to get shells and gun out in few seconds. All in all wagon is about right and the easiest riding rig we ever rode in, barring none."

The Way they do in Maine.

The story of shooting trips in Maine are curiously devoid of sporting interest to Western readers, who, not being acquainted in that country, picture it as one where the game is marked and tagged out after the fashion of European preserves. I have commented on this before, comparing it with our deer country of Wisconsin, which seems much wilder, but which is gradually coming to have something of the same character. It seems that the Boston *Transcript* is of something the same mind as many Western men in regard to the way they do in Maine, for I note that in a late issue it says, "The slaughter of moose and caribou in Maine is all tabulated in the newspapers nowadays. Figures are given with counting-room accuracy concerning the number of animals killed, with the comparative increase of shooting for two years, and the amount of cash accruing to the thrifty State of Maine by the increased interest in shipments of game."

The North and the South.

A party of Northern deer hunters have been hunting deer in the South near Laredo, Texas, and a letter from a Southern shooter says that the five men of them in three weeks killed sixty deer. Yet it is asked of the Southern shooters that they receive the Northern sportsmen with open arms. If they would receive some of them with an open noose it would be better.

The Bear Located.

I have got my lost grizzly bear located again. The last time he was up in the Shawanto basin, 300 miles north of the jumping-off place in Montana and the British Provinces. This time he is on the Pecos River in New Mexico, in charge of a professional "varmint" hunter who has got him staked out for me. My friend O. C. Guessax, of San Antonio, Tex., writes me that he can assure me of all kinds of horrors if I will just come down there again, as he has a lot of things hid out. But I opine he is seeking to decoy me to the annual Midwinter shoot in which he and his friends Messrs. Steves and George conspire. This I would not mind attending—from afar off. In fact, I think I could enjoy a trap shoot if I were at the ranch of a varmint hunter, and the trap shoot were not too close. Why do people shoot at the trap anyhow, when there are varmint hunters, and ranches, and air, and things?

Speaking of the lost bear, I have just at hand still another letter, from a friend's friend, down at San Marcial, New Mexico, saying that at his ranch back in the mountains, in a place I wot of, there are divers and sundry large and corpulent bears waiting to be destroyed.

Rabbits.

Mr. H. N. Delano, of this city, asks for good rabbit ground near Chicago, and I have sent him to De Motte, Ind., just east of Shelby, where I once found very good sport with beagles. Mr. Delano thinks it feasible to scare rabbits out of holes by means of firecrackers. This I consider an anachronism, as firecrackers pertain to the Fourth of July, and a rabbit in a hole should be let alone, not to be ferreted or firecrackered.

The Grayling Located.

Mr. S. C. Bliss, of Wellston, Mich., writes me to convince me that he has found the grayling which I lost last summer, and I offer his letter, albeit a bit out of season. I surely will get that fish next summer.

"If you have never caught that grayling yet, you drop off here at Wellston some time in May next season, and if I do not take you where you can get some it will not cost you anything. They are not plenty, but I know where there are some to be had, and fine ones at that. I have caught them that weighed 3 to 3½lbs., and it is fine sport. They are much gamer than trout.

"We used to get them in the Little Manistee, but only catch one now and then; but in the Big Pine River, about thirteen miles up from my place, there is grayling. We catch more of them on a fly after May 15, as the river gets clear then. Mr. C. H. Harrison, W. P. Harrison, ex-Mayor Washburne and Mr. Valentine have been here and fished with me, but I did not know that grayling were in Pine River at that time."

Good Ones.

Mr. Milt. F. Lindsley, of the King's Smokeless powder, writes me from Cincinnati very pleasantly about various matters. He calls to mind that the King Powder Co. now have on their staff, or will have at Jan. 1, both Tom Keller and Jack Parker. These are two good ones, and with Mr. Lindsley will make a strong line of distributors."

From the Far North.

Mr. W. F. Ellis, of Winnipeg, Man., is in town this week, and goes hence to the East for a few days, returning later. Mr. Ellis is a noted hunter in his own land, and not unknown in this. He says he has killed a black bear weighing 650lbs. dressed, but has never killed a grizzly, and has not lost any. Of deer, moose and caribou he keeps no count. Mr. Ellis is accompanied by his brother, Mr. E. E. Ellis, of Seattle, Wash. They are both tall and powerfully built men, and look as though they could do a turn at a day's walk.

Trouble with Guests.

I have all kinds of trouble with my guests here. Tom Divine has come back to Chicago again, and this morning when I asked him what he would like for breakfast he said he would just have his regular morning meal—a piece of broiled bologna sausage and a raw turnip. I had great difficulty hustling around after the raw turnip.

While upon these news matters I might add a bit which is just at hand from New York—a field which I have always held to be legitimately included under Chicago and the West, especially since both cities have taken up the habit of annexing territory. It seems that the Chief with Two Stomachs, whose residence is now in New York, has recently returned from his Southern wanderings to that city, where he was the recipient of an ovation which included a banquet, or anyhow a square meal. Few who are not acquainted with the Chief are aware how serious a proposition this is. The card, as submitted to me, demanded oysters, frogs' legs, gumbo, calf's head deviled, fillet of beef and venison, with a few other things for such cases made and provided. The waiter, it seems, made a mistake about the venison and did not bring it, but served beef instead; but the graciousness of the Chief's nature was apparent when he told his host that it was the best venison he had eaten for a long time. The Chief requested that no inkling of this should get to Chicago, but I feel constrained to speak of this, as it reminds me strongly of a little dinner the Chief and I once had, when we requested the attendant to bring us ham and eggs for dessert. I am told that ham and eggs is not, or are not, a proper article for dessert; but to this I am disposed to enter exception, for both the Chief and myself found them, or it, very good indeed. The superciliousness of average human nature is a most surprising thing. A great many people condemn off-hand ham and eggs for dessert, who never in their lives have tried it, or them, as dessert. Could anything be more unjust than that?

The Canvasback Preserve.

Additional advices from Lake Koshkonong, where the artesian well of canvasback eggs was discovered on the old Bingham homestead, state that Ira Bingham is not content with finding a flow of canvasback eggs, but will take means of increasing the supply of the live birds. He contemplates establishing in his milk house, which we may call his hatchery, a system of flat irons, arranged in concentric circles, under which the stream of eggs from the well is to be conducted. When the flat irons are heated by means of a simple device, it will be possible, as Mr. Bingham rightly calculates, to maintain a gentle and equable heat which will cause the eggs to hatch just as they would in an incubator, and the result will naturally be that, as they circulate through the milk house under the warm irons, they will finally pass out at the further end, and drop out into the waters of the lake, as it were, a stream of live young canvasbacks. This is the most ingenious scheme of game conserving that has ever come to my notice, and I recommend it to the attention of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, which is well known to be interested in such matters. He who makes two canvasbacks grow where there was but one before is a benefactor whose name should not be withheld from the merited praises of his fellow man.

Southern Crawfishing.

Mr. A. Ulrich, of Chicago, who once lived in New Orleans, and is familiar with the matter of which he speaks, sends in the following very interesting account of the way in which crawfish are taken by the men who fish for them there. He says:

"Around New Orleans there are swamps which are always being hunted for crawfish, and yet the supply is unlimited. So numerous are they that one cannot leave fish on a string in the water, for they will tear the fish into shreds.

"A small net about the size of a butterfly net, about ten cords each 2ft. long, and 5 cents' worth of meat, completes the outfit for one person.

"In the swamp there are small islands and long necks of land which intersect one another in all directions, and upon which the catchers go.

"The start is usually made in the early morning, when the sun does not shine so fiercely, and walking is much easier.

"Arriving at their destination, they cut their meat into small pieces about 2in. around, each piece is now attached to one of the cords; after this they are thrown into the water, and the other end of the cord is attached to a stick which is stuck into the ground so that the crawfish cannot pull the meat away. One usually waits a few minutes, and then when the cord is gently raised the catcher will see about half a dozen crawfish with their pinchers stuck into the meat, eating ravenously.

"The net is now gently put into the water directly under them, and with a sudden jerk they are landed, for as soon as they strike the air they will let loose of the meat.

"The crawfish are of a large species. The writer has caught some measuring 10in. from tip to tip; these are by no means uncommon.

"The average catch for three persons is about an ordinary bucketful. The meat when prepared right makes a delicious delicacy."

That Meat Dog.

Mr. H. S Humphreys, of Indiana, writes me in regard to the meat dog I was looking up for a gentleman in New Jersey:

"I have had many a good laugh over the 'meat dog' question as expounded by you, and noticed in the last issue that a New Jersey friend wanted a puppy that would make a meat dog. I have a candidate for the gentleman in question in the shape of a white, black and tan setter dog puppy, which has the making of a pure and simple 'meat dog' He is not fully up to the condition of having been 'run over by a wagon,' but can probably qualify, as I ran over him twice the same day with my buggy. He is a large dog, well muscled, in prime A1 condition, nine and one-half months old. I have had him on two shoots with me, all I have been out this fall, and he points and backs in good shape. He is a big-headed fellow like his sire (photo inclosed), and is exactly evenly marked (diagram inclosed). Of course he is yet puppyish, yet smart, and a very capable learner."

Mr. Humphreys does not quite understand my idea of a meat dog, though I am pleased to see he has tried his dog on a buggy as an evidence of good faith (I didn't say a buggy, but a wagon). As I look at it, a meat dog is one which has his future behind him. I regret to note reference to field trial winners on one side of this dog's house. As to the price quoted I have nothing to do, as I am disinterested, and just doing this for love of the dog family; but I will say that if a man has a real meat dog he is more precious than the price named, yes, more precious than rubies or much fine gold. There never was a fire sale of good meat dogs yet, and they are never damaged by water. They are always good to have on hand, and few there be who have them. I hope Mr. Humphreys's young dog will turn out to be a meat dog after my own heart. I may want to borrow him then. You can always borrow a good meat dog, because he has no pedigree to get tangled up in the brush and injured. He is just plain dog.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE WALL STILL BLANK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your readers may recall a trip I took with Timothyseed after the Carlin grouse in a March number of FOREST AND STREAM. I always enjoyed that story and largely because I was in it. It was to a great extent true, although out of friendship to me Timothyseed counted all birds I should have killed as "dead birds." As a matter of fact last season was my first attempt at grouse, and my statement that I killed just one during the season will be readily believed by all who have hunted that bird.

I started out by buying Trump, the pointer, and a gun. Trump is a good dog, but strange to say I have seen others that I imagine are just as good. I believe the gun is a fair gun, but it will not kill every bird at 75yds. even when in more skillful hands than my own. It is just an ordinary gun that up to the present time has not killed the owner nor any of his friends.

As I have before stated, after a season of much sport and few birds I was the possessor of one bird whose death could be fairly laid at my door. I then and there made up my mind that my record could be improved and immediately started in to find a way by which I might keep both eyes open when shooting. I finally conquered that difficulty and spent the remainder of my spare time during the winter in aiming at every door knob and picture hook in the house. While it made life somewhat unpleasant for my family to find that every time anyone opened a door my gun was pointed at the knob, it did improve my shooting and this year my record is thirteen birds; not many for those who kill fifteen straight, but then it must be remembered that I really got these birds.

I made up my mind at the opening of the season that I must have one bird mounted to decorate my den. The early birds were so small I put off stuffing them with anything but bread crumbs, until later in the season, when they would be full grown. Last week Timothyseed wrote me that he knew of some birds, and that if I failed to get one pretty soon they would be too large for my room. Timothyseed is my ten commandments in everything that pertains to shooting, so when he says, "Go," I go. We had Trump and a pointer pup I have raised named Bang, two guns and plenty of enthusiasm, which, by the way, we needed. It was agreed that when we got the one bird needful we would stop shooting. Well, the brief history of this trip is that we walked. The birds were all in the city attending to their Christmas shopping, so that when we had traveled ten miles from our starting point we were still looking for our first bird.

It looked as if it were to be a blank day as we started for home. We trudged along in a careless mood, when

ENJOYING HER MORNING MEAL.

suddenly Trump began to take some interest in life, and presently pointed. Timothyseed was off to the right with Bang, so I had this bird all to myself.

I walked in, but no bird, Trump still on point. I kicked the bushes, but still no bird. Trump wouldn't go on, so I knew something was there. Finally I sent him on to flush, when a bird got up from behind a log 10ft. to the left and started for the next county.

I gave her a right and left, and she turned over about 50yds. away. Trump pointed dead, and at the command "fetch" started to pick up his bird; but behold! no bird; nothing but tail feathers.

I went up to see what the trouble was, and found that with a last effort the bird went under some old roots just in time to leave the tail feathers in the dog's mouth. We dug her out, but she was in no condition to decorate my den. This was the only bird we shot on the trip, and there is still a blank place on my wall. LEGALITY.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't want to go on record as a kicker against any beneficial change in the game laws. On the contrary, I would favor and work for anything that would increase the supply of game and protect it, and I am willing to sacrifice something for that end.

As I understand, there is a committee, or will be a committee, in Harrisburg to lobby for such change in the law this season that will limit all shooting to but two months in the year—Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, or Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. That is the only thing in the bill they have drafted that I find to kick about, and I feel like kicking hard. It will not protect the game out of season any more than the present law does, and will only tend to keep law-abiding sportsmen from the pleasure of hunting; while the law-breaker will go on and kill all the game before the season opens, the same as he does now, and have more time to do it before the legitimate sportsman uncases his gun.

And more. The man who loves to hunt, but who can get a day off only once a month, will be confined to but two or three days' shooting in the whole year, while the rich man, who can go whenever he wants to, can take the whole season and kill what is left after the law-breaker gets through.

Give the poor man a chance. Shorten the season and make it universal, say from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1, if that will do any good; but don't cut it down to only two months in the year. What we need more than anything else is protection for the game out of season and a non-market law. Stop the sale of game and you stop two-thirds of the consumption of it and the inducement which takes thousands of men and boys afield, who care only for the revenue which their labor brings. Make friends of the farmers by making laws which will benefit them. Consult them and they will give you a great many pointers which will be beneficial to themselves and the sportsman.

They are fast becoming sportsmen themselves—at least where I go—and ought to have a share in the law-making business.

During the summer months thousands of camping parties spend a great deal of time in the woods and along the streams, and nearly all of them take guns. I can tell you of two places where squirrels were quite abundant until camps were established, and when the squirrel season opened, Sept. 1, there were none to be found; and a farmer friend told me last fall that a camping party near his place last summer killed young quail and grouse. It would not be a bad law that would prohibit the possession of guns in the woods or in camp out of the game season, for there can be no other use for them than the shooting of game, and I believe it would be well to make farmers deputy game wardens whenever they can be induced to act as such, and the laws should protect and support them.

Game has been very scarce wherever I have been this season. There have been no quail in this vicinity, and very few where I usually found them quite plenty in other sections.

The ferret law is a dead letter here; one-half or more of the rabbit hunters use them. In a little town seven miles from here one man told me of his knowledge of thirty ferrets, and said there were a great many more.

Law-breakers and game markets do more to exterminate the game than anything else. Stop them and the seasons are all right. J. H. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

AFTER a restless night trying to kill skeets, and a very unsatisfactory hunt after midgets in the early morning, it was quite a relief to be awakened by a voice outside shouting "Great Scott! I guess an old hoss walked through the spring last night by the looks of things." And at the camp door stood Clif with a battered tin pail containing the remnant of the butter, which had been placed in the spring the night before. "Why, the water is all riled up yet."

Of cour e we were not long in turning out, and sure enough a moose had walked within 25ft. of camp and soused in the spring.

About half an hour after, Clif, Arthur and I were tramping over the bog toward the river, where we launched an old canoe, much the worse for service from a windfall that had dropped across the bow. After stuffing some moss in the opening, we started down stream stern first. Resting my elbows on the deck, ready to pull at the first sight of game, coming round the first bend, I caught a glimpse of two deer behind the alders feeding, but as they were not in full view we gave them the go by. As we entered the long, straight stretch, in the distance, midway in the stream, deliberately pulling the grass from the bed of the river, shaking the earth from the roots and enjoying her morning feed, stood the object of our search. Arthur quietly asked, "What shall we do?"

"Keep her straight in the current and drift down as near as we can," was the reply.

It was a real picture indeed, for on the opposite bank there was a fine, ruddy-colored buck feeding, the red-winged blackbirds twittering in the tamarack tops, and a chorus of frogs. The long, wagging ears of the moose brushing away the flies seemed quite comical to the otherwise grave, ungainly creature, now in full view. As the canoe swerved a little, from running into a side eddy, all this changed, and the ears became stationary and erect, with head turned toward us with an air of suspicion that something was wrong. The buck made a jump for cover and then Ma Moose started for shore, increasing her speed at each step. I pulled the instant she raised her foot to go, hoping to get a second shot; but gave it up and roared with laughter when she struck shore and started down through the open slash like a quarter-horse, knocking over the small tamaracks like pipe stems.

When she disappeared from view we drew up to the bank, emptied the surplus water out and started back, Arthur remarking: "Well, you are the coolest sportsman I ever had out with me before. When you laid your camera down you never reached out for the rifle, and it was on the seat right alongside of you."

Said I: "We have had all the fun of a hunt and you have no load to back over the bog four miles to camp."

And Arthur replied: "Well, that's the best way, as the old Injun said."

So we came into camp empty handed. VAN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

BIG GAME IN COLORADO.

MESA COUNTY, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading an article in the Dec. 5 FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "The Passing of Colorado." I cannot, in justice to the "boys," "horsemen" and grangers accused in the article, on account of one man or possibly more, let pass the assertion of an alarmist that everything is gone to the bad with the game and the game wardens. I have lived on the border of Colorado and Utah for ten years in the capacity of cow puncher, granger, and horseman, all of which classes are included in the article. I think I can show Mr. H. G. Dulog as much game as he used to see of all the different varieties he mentions, in spite of the amount that are killed by every one, including the dude hunters from away back East. Although there may be some good shots among them, as among any class of men, nevertheless I have found that they let more game get away wounded, to die by itself and furnish food for the coyotes, than the ones who are credited with the great killing. I am writing from my ranch in the Plateau Valley, on the north side of the Grand Mesa, in Mesa county, and only this morning some of my shepherd dogs ran a buck out of the feed yard with the cattle, which, strange to say, the grangers did not kill. Every day we do the same, and sometimes we run out as many as five or six. They eat up the orchards in this vicinity every year about this time till spring opens. We killed six bears last spring in less than a week without any dogs or traps, and there is still a bunch of elk of about fifty head in the upper end of this valley, not five miles from the edge of the settlements.

Over on Roan Creek, not more than twenty miles from here, I took up several parties of hunters from the town of Debeque, on the Rio Grande Junction Railroad, not over sixty miles from Newcastle, mentioned in Mr. Dulog's article. Every one of them got a buck apiece, and we saw as many as thirty or forty every day. I weighed some of them preparatory to shipping them home, and they weighed from 175lbs. as high as 230 with the heads cut off and most of the neck. Some of them were fine heads too, as big as they ever were and with as many points. None of these hunters stayed over two days. Many came up at midnight and the next night they went back, well satisfied with the country, and with a deer apiece killed by themselves in the morning. This does not look as if the game was all gone. We saw several in the road as we were going up to the ranch where they stopped to do their hunting, right in the midst of the settlements.

Now I don't want to say that there are not a good many deer killed illegally by all sorts of people, for there is no doubt of that; but I do say that the slaughter has been going on now for more than six years, and the effect is to make the deer wilder, so that they seek those places which are more safe from the great crowds of hunters. I know several parts of the country where one can see as many deer as there are trees for them to stand behind, and the country is not devoid of timber either. But no one goes in that part of the country except cow punchers, and they can all tell you about seeing deer and big bucks all summer long, right in and around camp. The Indians know this, however, and they frequently come over from Utah and kill off a few hundred; sometimes they save the meat and more frequently they do not. I have seen the carcass of a fine fat buck, with antlers in the velvet and fat 2in thick, lying with the hide off in the sun, and moccasin tracks all round. I met one Ute who had 100 hides with his outfit, all the hair taken off and about half tanned; and the two squaws were busy at them then, all killed just before the season opened. I don't want to resurrect the Indian question again, as it is a little late now, and it does not excuse the white men's slaughter. We "boys" live in the midst of the game and hardly kill one a year, as we much prefer beef. What I am driving at is that the game is still with us, although the deer have changed their runways so that the pot-hunters get left frequently, and the old-timers can't find any bucks. They were a little late in coming down this year. Elk go clear up to the top and winter there.

Yours for the preservation of game and death to the market and pot-hunter, who are also with us.

H. K. BOGERT.

North Carolina Quail Netting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have just returned from my annual quail hunt in North Carolina, I thought I would drop you a line and give you an idea as to what the natives are doing with that excellent little game bird, Bob White. I predict that in the course of a few years he will be exterminated by the means of netting. I write this in order to give you a faint outline of the method employed to capture them. It is as follows: The net is about 40ft. long and 4 or 5ft. wide, and so made that the hollow of the net will come in the center until a few feet from the ends. The next move is to get a horse and find the birds, and while on horseback locate the covey, and when located set the net in the best place to drive the birds, and the whole covey is captured, leaving none for seed. You can imagine how soon this kind of work will wipe them out of existence.

My hunt was not very successful, as the birds for most part were not to be found on account of this vile method of destroying them. We did find some birds where the marks of netting were not visible.

G. V. HUDSON, M.D.

Thrifty.

THE *Evening Gazette*, of Port Jervis, N. Y., recounts that recently a hunting party of three from Philadelphia and Scranton, Pa., had made Shohola Falls an annual visit for several years past, staying at Falls Cottage, where for a reasonable charge they enjoyed the comforts of a cosy home with the added privilege of hunting on 8,000 acres of land owned by their host. They arrived this year as usual, but with a radical change of procedure; for, instead of staying at the Cottage, as they had done in former years, they engaged two local guides and stealthily ensconced themselves in the hunting grounds of their former host and proceeded to enjoy gratis that which they had formerly considered worth paying for. Inferentially all the privileges could have been legitimately secured for a nominal consideration, yet to them, as to many other people, it seemed more direct and economical to help themselves to such things as they desire if such were loosely guarded.

It would seem as if men of otherwise good standing in the community would value more highly their own self-respect and the respect of their fellow men than to commit petty, sneaky depredations on the property of others, acts of petty meanness, particularly ones, as in this case, which embodied ingratitude for former favors accepted by the offenders, aside from the direct offense of surreptitiously taking privileges to which they had no claim.

The *Gazette* mildly relates the sequel of the thrifty adventurers as follows:

"Whether for economy, greater accessibility to their favorite grounds, or the persuasion of the local part of the party is of no moment, but this year the hunters sought the grounds from another direction and were comfortably quartered in camp before their presence in the county was made known to the owner of the premises. Any one who has ever hunted, fished or camped on the property of Mr. Hart knows that he is entirely liberal in respect to sportsmen; but when encroached upon stealthily, in an unsportsmanlike way, with preparations to depopulate his woods, he very justly felt incensed, and he acted promptly and in accord with his feelings. The party broke camp and decamped, and it is hopeful that they have learned that such privilege as they attempted to enjoy are at least worth asking for."

Were the offensive acts of those whose honesty and deportment are pursued and gauged as a matter of profitable policy to bring a just odium only on the real offenders, there would still be much to deplore, but the odium of those who have but a sneaky manhood is visited upon the true sportsman and casts a stigma on the guild.

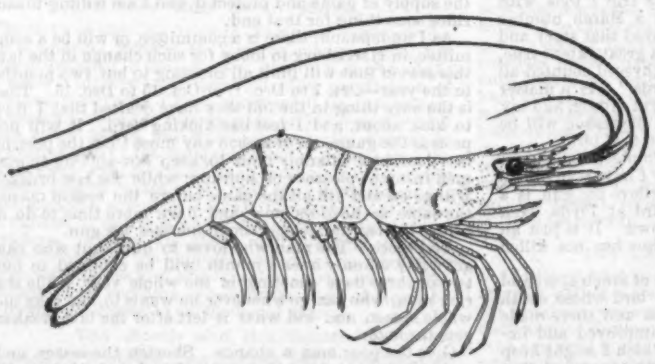
Sea and River Fishing.

THE FRESH-WATER SHRIMP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I cast my lot with fishculturists twenty years ago, the great problem was how many millions can we hatch. While the question of feeding did not then concern us, and need not now to any extent as relates to commercial fishes, it is pressing for discussion with the growth of angling clubs and fish ponds. Fishes of the predaceous kind are everywhere preferred, such as trout and bass, but how and where is natural food to be obtained for their bodily support? Where are suitable living forms at inconsiderable cost to come from? This was a problem to some extent when I began my studies, but a thousand are concerned now where one person was then. Many expedients have been resorted to, but the solution is yet to be forthcoming.

Well aimed suggestions being always in order, I modestly present some points with regard to an organism which may claim a place—at least experimentally—in well-ordered fishcultural establishments. I claim no superiority over other investigators in this line. But while behind many in actual experiments, I have nevertheless been an observer of the works of others, and a student of the subject myself. In order to make my suggestions as far-reaching as possible, I have gone to the expense to have two cuts made for purposes of illustration.

What I have to tell is the direct outgrowth of an investigation made by the Fish Commission last fall concerning the fresh-water shrimp, its relation to fishes as their food in a state of nature. The investigation was ordered by Commissioner Brice, and covered some weeks: from late in September till the middle of November. It will require time of course for the problem to be worked out, but it must be apparent that whether successful or not it is a step toward rational methods. He has procured living specimens of the fresh-water shrimp from the South, which are under observation to determine their rate of multiplication and climatic adaptability,



RIVER, OR FRESH-WATER SHRIMP.

hoping subsequently to be able to recommend their cultivation for game and other fishes.

Where the shrimp abounds fishing is good. When it is caught for bait numerous small fish are unavoidably brought in with it. They are feeding upon it. These are small bass, darters, sunfish, top minnows and catfish. It is found in the stomachs of all. Besides being a natural food, the shrimp is very abundant. There are evidences, too, that its range can be extended to nearly all parts of the United States.

What It Is.

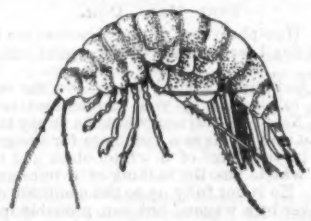
The river shrimp is a fresh-water animal. Of the crawfish kind, it is yet more transparent, like the soft-shell crab. It is more than an inch long, being, however, the size of a finger in the waters of Arkansas. In North Carolina they run 2,000 to a pound. The two forward pair of the larger or anterior legs are provided with claws. The animal is a miniature of the salt-water shrimp or the prawn. It would be a mistake to confound it with the so-called fresh-water shrimp, about which so much was said in the year 1878 by the New York Fish Commission; for the latter is only a water flea. It has gradually become known by its true name, gammarus, and it is both abundant and valuable at Caledonia. Interested parties will not fail to note the distinction between the two. The shrimp is a compact mass of solid meat, though the body of a living specimen is as colorless as window glass, while the gammarus, comparativel speaking, is but a bundle of legs.

Home of the Shrimp.

The speedy appropriation of this hitherto neglected organism as a staple article of diet for fishes seems not improbable. It is apparently adapted to various kinds of water, even flourishing in shallow holes, such as mosquitoes breed in. In parts of North Carolina it is found in ponds, running streams, and in borrow pits alongside railroad tracks. In the latter it is landlocked, and obviously subject to an extreme high temperature, derived from the direct rays of the summer sun, and to an opposite low temperature such as accompanies occasional ice formation a foot or more thick. Its thermal limit remains to be determined by experimental trials, but it i known to already inhabit streams, and it may be inferred naturally, as far north as the Ohio River, and other southward to Arkansas.

Natural Abundance.

In its localities it is generally very abundant. Notwithstanding incessant attacks by its natural enemies, it seems to outbreed them all. With a small dip-net, 1ft. in diameter and 8ft. of handle, often a thousand can be dipped from the water grass without the operator moving from his tracks, and in a brief space of time at that. In the Connocanary, a tributary of the Roanoke River, 200 were taken at one dip. At the second dip 177, and at the third 164 were secured. It was found that the shrimp existed



GAMMARUS, OR WATER FLEA.

there at a rate as high as, and probably far exceeding, 600lbs. per acre, and in a wholly unprotected state. But this rate was maintained only in the shoal, grassy areas where conditions were tributary to their requirements. Under cultivation, however, where the entire space would be installed with reference to their feeding grounds, every square yard would support its proportionate number.

Conditions for Culture.

Enough is known of the shrimp to justify the belief that it is futile to introduce it into waters devoid of cover. It is an animal which does but little free swimming. It seeks food and shelter in thick growths of water plants, grasses and mosses, and is found around the shores or in shallow places among the plants, and sometimes on trunks of trees which, like the cypress, live out in the water. When frightened it darts out into deeper water, going backward a foot or more, and rests motionless there till danger seems past. It can, however, do free swimming, in which act it uses the swimming legs situated just forward of the tail. In winter it is believed not to burrow or enter a full state of hibernation; but some anglers, for convenience, make a practice of corralling them in field ditches for winter bait.

In Transportation.

Though quickly responsive to overcrowding, there is no difficulty in transporting the shrimp alive over long distances, with proper but simple precautions. In the fall months, with air temperature 50° to 55°, a four-quart tin pail half filled with water will safely carry 150 from North Carolina points to New York city, while seventy-five would go alive to St. Paul or St. Louis without change of water or application of ice. In captivity it becomes very nervous when there are too many in the vessel for the amount of water. They leap out, and sticking to the inner walls of the vessel or falling on the ground, perish. Also they hop around, several inches and very lively, when taken with the net. While crawfish, crabs and lobsters cannot withstand shipment in water, this animal appears to be clearly of the reverse type. Crawfish in winter, if kept from freezing, will survive two weeks or longer, simply held in barrels. The shrimp dies as quickly as do most fish when exposed to the atmosphere. But impaled on fish hooks it lives, in cool weather, two hours or more. It has a fishy smell only when its shell is broken.

Economic Application.

From partial observations made, it appears that the chief requirement of the river shrimp is profuse plant growth. This can with certainty be had only in shallow water which the sun's rays can penetrate. The water need not be as much as a foot deep. Therefore, springy, marshy bogs may be slightly dammed up and afford as good breeding grounds as any. In deep, treeless ponds no production may be relied on except along the shores, the middle area being wasted.

If the river shrimp can be successfully colonized in the greater portions of the country, it may be possible to produce it without cost other than the outlay attending installation of the simply-constructed breeding ponds, and in such quantities too as may feed vast numbers of market fish.

Should such a result attend the study of the shrimp, the question of commercial fishculture in the inland waters will be solved. As it is now, the food comes too high to admit of a general industry of profit.

S. G. WORTH.

FURTHER EXPERIENCE WITH RAINBOW TROUT.

IT is ten years since when by the kindness of Col. McDonald, of the United States Fish Commission, I had a quantity of this fish sent me to stock one of our rivers here, the picturesque and bright Cullasaga, which means in English sweet or sugar water. By a mistake the fish were sent wrong, and I was not on hand to receive them, so they were dumped into the Tuckaseege, a tributary of the Tennessee. They soon spread and stocked the waters, getting into the French Broad and the beautiful Swannanoa, near Asheville, where the natives soon discovered them, calling them salmon. To make up for this mistake I had another lot sent of 1,000, of which I got only 100, but since then I have had some thousands of eggs which I planted and which seemed to come to maturity without any loss, for the pond and the river below soon became stocked and gave the visitors here abundant and most excellent sport. The fingerlings were 10in. long the next year, and the third year one was taken in my pond by a young lady 20in. long and weighing 2½lbs. The fish was so lively when landed that the lady had to sit on it and call for assistance to secure it.

I soon found these fish crossing with the native trout, the *fontinalis*, and so reported to the Fish Commissioner, but my statement was derided by the scientists on the ground that the spawning season did not match with that of the *fontinalis*. But having caught a hybrid, a genuine *fontinalis* in part and having the scales of the *iridei*, I rested for confirmation, which in time came by the discovery that in this southern latitude the spawning season of these later fish was advanced to permit this cross breeding.

I have found that these fish will not stay in the headwaters of the streams, but make their way down the rivers, how far I have not yet discovered beyond the fact that they have got as far as the Tennessee; but there are a good many in my waters still, finding them in the deep pools among the rock of the rapids. They have been taken lately in these places in the lower Cullasaga, 30in. long and 7in. in depth. They far surpass the *fontinalis* in fighting qualities, affording work for an expert fisher to bring them to the net; often half an hour is required in the rough places to tire them out.

They are, I think, inferior to the *fontinalis* in eating quality, but they are good enough; their deep-red flesh and fatness making them very desirable for the table, as well as their good size. By catching a few and bringing them back to the pond, they still keep up the stock in spite of exhaustive fishing.

They have been charged with the crime of eating the smaller trout, but as I examine the stomach of every fish I take to study their feeding habits, and have never found a trace of fish in them, I fully acquit them of this charge. Their food consists of the minute animalculæ, the case worms, of frogs, and the abundant newts. I have seen them take a good-sized frog under several times, and they evidently eat a good many crawfish. They are exceedingly fond of the *emphemera*, the so-called May flies, which live so short a time and are very numerous here, almost covering the water when in full season. It is scarcely possible to get one then except with the white-miller. At other times I find the green-drake, the Montreal and the professor the best lures for them. They will take earthworms very freely, but the most taking bait I have found to be a piece of tin foil wrapped around the hook and a little above it. I don't think there is a more prolific fish existing, for with hard fishing of many visitors here every day in the season, from June to October, they still abound in the waters.

But this reminds me, now I am in the vein for fish stories, of an adventure which gave rise to a snake story, which, in spite of the risk of my reputation as a truthful person, I feel I ought to give as an unique experience with snakes as well as a contribution to natural history as to the feeding habits of the rattlesnake.

It was on a summer afternoon when my good wife thought she would like a mess of fish, so, as an obedient husband, I took my tackle and my little skiff and went up the pond in search of a trout or two. It was a charming day in the Indian summer, when the gorgeous coloring of the trees along the banks was reflected in the absolutely smooth, glassy surface, as if the trees belonged to another world below. Thinking more of the scenery as I rested my paddle than of fish, I heard a rise under an overhanging thicket of laurel. I threw my fly over the pool and it was instantly taken by a very small trout, which I let struggle to get off the hook, as I was not after fingerlings. Something glided from the edge of the water which I thought was a big fish, and seized the hook and the little fellow on it. I found I had hooked a snake of some kind, which was diving and wriggling to get away. But it was securely hooked and I drew it up and found I had a rattler fast. I tried every way to get him loose, but neglecting my rod, which was sprung considerably, the snake rushed to the boat and the spring of the rod lifted it over into it. Then there was something to pay, you may be sure. Such a tangle! the snake careering all over the boat and among my legs, finally getting loose, so that I had to rest my feet on the gunwales. By and by the fellow rested at full length, and I considered what was to be done next. I took my paddle to try and throw him out. That set him to careering all over again, until again he rested. Then I tried to lift him out with the paddle again, but in the effort the paddle flew out of my hand and he still kept in the boat, running all over as before. Then I watched a chance to crush him with my heel, as he rested almost under me. I made the attempt, but missed him, and he darted at my leg and struck into my overalls. Instinctively I seized him by the neck and got him safe, but my blood curdled and ran cold up and down my back, you may be sure. I tightened my grip and snatched him loose, tearing out the fangs from his mouth, these remaining in the strong cloth of the overalls. I got the fellow in my basket, stopped the hole in it with my handkerchief, and finding I was uninjured I cut the fangs from my overalls and went to fishing, first paddling with the end of my rod until I recovered my paddle. Meanwhile I kept thinking what I should do with the snake. I thought I would send him to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to keep company with the Apache's scalp I once contributed to the office museum, a souvenir which was sent to me by an admiring friend from New Mexico years ago; but instead I took him home, and finding his fangs were gone I let him loose in my office to act as office cat and catch the mice, which fed too much on my papers and nested among my books. I kept him there until he became quite tame, and were it not that he scared my casual visitors too much for their comfort I took his skin, which now hangs in memoriam of this curious and I think unique adventure, and as a proof of the truth of this snake story; for is not that skin hanging there a sufficient support of my veracity?

H. STEWART.

MACON COUNTY, N. C.

P. S.—I would not have told this story, but it is an off time for such true narratives, and it may come in time to warn other fishermen to look out for snakes themselves. I might say in further corroboration, as I now think of it, that more than fifty of my young ducks were taken one year off my pond by snakes, one of which I know was a rattler, as I pursued him ashore and killed him with the duck in his mouth, and I have his skin too, so that I can truthfully aver the rattlesnake will take fish and young ducks in the water.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXVIII.—Charles Hallock.

JUST as you know your father and your brother Sam without ever having been introduced to them by any one or on any particular occasion, so there are men who must have cut into your orbit at some particular time and place, but who, like the intimate relatives above mentioned, seem always to have been within the circle of your limited range on this planet. Every man has many old friends whose acquaintances can't be marked down to date and place and I have tried in vain to recall where and when I first met Charles Hallock. In these sketches there has been an attempt to follow old chronos, and on

CHARLES HALLOCK.
From a photograph in 1896.

the back of a photo of Mr. Hallock, taken in 1896, is this: "To my esteemed friend of forty years' acquaintance, with blessing," etc. Taking the number forty, as biblical scholars do, to mean an indefinite number—such as the days in the wilderness and those when Jupiter Pluvius let loose the waters to drown all who did not seek shelter in the ark—the thing is plain. We have agreed, after passing many letters some years ago, to call it a draw; he fixing the date at a chance meeting on the woodcock grounds below Albany in 1854, which may have been true, but as I am telling this story on the basis of personal memory we will put it some years later. When he tells the tale he will not be contradicted.

That horrid liver of mine which had acquired bad habits in the West was resisting all efforts for its reformation, and in the spring of 1860 I went to the seashore on Long Island to see if the heavy salt-laden air wouldn't press the kinks out of that rebellious gland. The fishing in Jamaica Bay and the sea food were novelties and opened a new field of interest among strange fishes and their different modes of capture. The early spring fishing for the flat fishes was very interesting, and the stories of the bluefish and others which would come later in the season promised much health-giving sport as the fishermen's stories were heard. To walk the beach and pick up oysters and ruin a small pocket knife to open them and then—how delicious they were taken *au natural*.

A bayman said: "Mr. Hallock is up at the hotel and we were talking about you and he wants to see you." Just who Mr. Hallock might be gave me no concern. He might be the sheriff of the county or only a town constable, it made no difference; he couldn't lock me up for misdemeanors done here, but what about Kansas? With this in mind I put on a bold front and met a man whose face was strangely familiar, but who was so cordial and who knew my old friend Ken King and other fishing and shooting comrades that we were soon on the footing of old acquaintance. He must be right! No man could go into such detail unless he had been there, and we let it go at that. Something was said about trout fishing, and I asked if there were trout on Long Island.

Hallock looked up and asked: "Do mosquitoes live in New Jersey? Why, Long Island has more trout to the square foot than any other tract of its size on this continent. I've been down here for a few days to visit some friends, and have an invitation to fish Massapequa Lake from its owner, Mr. David R. Floyd-Jones, and the invitation includes a friend. Let's go to-morrow, what d' ye say?"

I agreed, with the consciousness of being a very greenhorn at trout fishing, but with a desire to find out just how those artificial flies were used which the fishing tackle dealers kept, but which no one bought, as far as I knew, and which Hallock had in a book. He showed them with an enthusiasm which was wasted, because it did not seem possible that any fish would nibble at such dry fodder as that, especially a trout, which I had been told was the most wary and the best of all game fishes. In boyhood days I had taken a few on one occasion when fishing with my older friend, George Dawson, but we used worms in a small stream, and I was not then so thoroughly impressed with the importance of the trout as the game fish *par excellence* as a more extended acquaintance with a higher class of anglers had now brought about. I was on the point of telling Hallock that I had not brought down my fly-rod and flies, when my better self came up and whispered to the effect that while I might know a great deal about bobbing for eels, shooting and spearing fish, and the use of most baits, it was certain that it would be best to tell the truth. We all have certain ideals which we may flatter ourselves we fill to perfection, and no class of men are more prone to this than sportsmen; but after a short mental struggle all feeling of this kind was banished, and I said:

"I don't know the first thing about fly-fishing for trout and I haven't any rods or tackle for it. I'm anxious to learn how to fish for them, and with this confession of ignorance if you are willing to take me with you I will esteem it a great honor."

That honest confession put me on a solid footing; I was an apprentice to a master hand. The flies that I switched off on the back cast and the awkward entanglements which a novice must make who has had no preliminary instruction before he essays casting for actual trout we will not dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the casting of my companions and the landing of their trout opened up a new vista in the field of angling pleasures. Often when casting the fly I think of that day on Massapequa Lake when I had that genial sportsman Charles Hallock for a preceptor. In 1863 I had a twenty-day furlough from the army, and I met Mr. Floyd-Jones in the Astor House. He was then Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and offered to get all sorts of extensions of leave if I would only go down to Massapequa. Some stories that partly lingered in his memory needed retelling; but there were sterner duties. Hallock was away, and Massapequa's waters were not disturbed by me until a quarter of a century later, when they were again fished with other companions.

While on Long Island the casting of the fly was practiced with an ash and lancewood rod, and the other necessities which Mr. John Conroy, then of Fulton street, New York, selected for me from his then most marvelous stock of fishing tackle; and in the intervals of crabbing, salt-water fishing and boating, the mystery was learned.

In one of my frequent visits to Conroy's to replace the flies, which had then a bad habit of snapping off just as they were somewhere in the rear and were suddenly sent forward, I met Mr. Hallock, who invited me to visit and fish in a trout pond owned by his cousin, Mr. William Hallock Seaman, near Ridgewood, on the south side of Long Island, some twenty-five miles east of New York. It was early in the season, and the trout were in a rising mood on a most perfect day for fly-fishing, slightly clouded, but warm, with just enough wind to ruffle the water lightly, and hide all glint of rod and fall of everything but the flies. I had mastered the art of keeping the leader from cracking like a whip behind me when giving it the forward stroke, and had paid for the education in dozens of lost flies. Mr. Hallock noted the fact, and rejoiced that his advice had been of service. We each took half a dozen trout and stopped fishing. This was my first fishing in strictly private waters, and to-day I am not sure that I was then sufficiently educated in the etiquette of private fishing waters to have stopped at just six when the fish were truly asking to be caught; and it was such glorious sport to see the rise and the strike, followed by a miss or a capture, that I realized the fact that I had in early life taken the degree of Entered Apprentice in the East, of Fellowcraft in the West, and was now a Master angler. Of course the trout served at the hospitable table of Mr. Seaman were several degrees better than any trout that had ever been eaten before, and I doubt if they have been equaled since.

The life of Charles Hallock has been an erratic one, full of change and adventure. A man of medium height, without an ounce of superfluous fat, he is to-day a tireless bundle of nerves and sinews; one of those men without apparent muscle who will tire out a muscular athlete in a day's rough tramp over hill and through meadow. He was trained for a journalist by his father, Mr. Gerard Hallock, who for thirty-four years was editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and has followed literature as editor and author most of his life.

He was born March 13, 1834, and is a graduate of Amherst College. The cyclopedias say that his ancestor, Peter Hallock, came to America in 1640 and bought a large tract of land on Long Island near Moriches, part of which is still called Hallock's Neck. The family was distinguished in the War for Independence, and during the War of the Rebellion a near relative, Gen. Henry Wager Halleck, served with great distinction. His branch of the family had changed the spelling of the name, as often happens. Early in the 50s the spirit of adventure seized Charles and he crossed the great plains with a wagon train over the Santa Fe trail, and wrote up his observations of Indians and buffalo in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1857, and next year took the old Red River trail from St. Paul to Pembina and wrote that up for the same magazine. It is recorded in my sketches that I was up there on that trail about the same time, but it was a large country, and my surveying party was off on the trail most of the time, and we did not meet. Charles was with C. C. Andrews, afterward major-general United States Volunteers, and in '69–'76 Minister to Sweden, and in '82 was Consul-general for Brazil.

I had a letter from him late in 1860, after he had taken Dr. Elliott Coues and a party to Labrador in a sailing vessel, and brought back the first photos of the interior of that country, as well as a large collection of birds and

curios for the Smithsonian Institution and the Long Island Historical Society. He wanted me to go to Maine or New Brunswick, but Albany was cold enough in winter to satisfy all desire to go further north, and then the war came on and we drifted apart, I to enter the Union army and he to run the blockade and become the editor of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*, and at the same time writing a book entitled "Sketches of Stonewall Jackson," for which he got one of the very few copyrights ever issued by the so-called Confederate Government, and which is now in the National Museum. His restless spirit impelled him to again run the blockade seven months later, and he labored for a whole month on the *Royal Gazette* at Hamilton, Bermuda, and then skipped to Halifax, where he corresponded for several New York papers while making a tour of the maritime provinces by land and water.

Canadian politics were as much mixed then as they are now, and promise to continue, and this tireless worker saw that the reciprocity treaty with the United States had expired and that the public was considering the confederation of all the British Provinces in North America, and he ran a series of articles in the Halifax *Citizen* entitled, "Joel Penman's Observations, or the Provinces Seen Through Yankee Spectacles." In 1864 Mr. Hallock became assistant editor of the St. John (N. F.) *Telegraph*, and simultaneously opened the first broker's office in the Province. Later he became editor of the St. John *Courier*, a Confederate organ, and at the same time published an opposition paper of his own called *The Humorist*, as a counterpoise. The latter was a financial success, but he only ran it a few months, when it stopped; he was tired of it.

Now I arise to say: The subject of this sketch is not only a gifted man, but a genius of a very high order. He has not piled up millions of dollars, as some more cold-blooded men have, but he has made his mark on the roll of fame and the world is the better for his having lived. His talents have not been used to accumulate money, although he has made and lost fortunes, but he has spent years in teaching the youth of America not to waste the heritage of game and not to slaughter for slaughter's sake. In the killing of fish I learned this from him and have preached and practiced it for many years.

Last August I received a letter from my old friend. Like all men of his temperament, he must be elated or despondent, and he was in the latter mood when he wrote: "Since then we have fought the battle of life for forty years, and it has had its sharp engagements; you coming out as a major and I more or less a minor; to which key shall we join in singing?" Thirty years ago he returned to New York and opened a broker's office in Beaver street, the firm being Ralph King & Hallock, and for a year was the financial editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and then his restless spirit asserted itself and he explored the Adirondacks and wrote up that region, which was not as well known as it is now. He visited me after I had gone into trout breeding in western New York, and we wet our lines in a little trout brook and spent much time in discussing old times and in comparing notes of adventure since we met. Portia says:

> "For in companions
> That do converse and waste the time together,
> Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
> There must be needs a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit."

In 1870 Mr. Hallock, with Messrs. E. R. Wilbur, Dudley Field, Genio C. Scott, S. D. Bruce and several others, founded Blooming Grove Park, in Pike county, Pa., and the next year it was incorporated. The park then covered 12,000 acres and was the first great game preserve in America. The Park Association has now many elegant buildings and also many members.

Among the many things which the sportsmen of the world, and of America in particular, owe to Charles Hallock is the founding of FOREST AND STREAM in 1873. He sent me a prospectus of the forthcoming journal and wrote me a most peremptory order to send him an article for the first issue, on pain of his displeasure. Relenting somewhat, he closed the letter with a request, saying: "Do this and I will love thee forever:

> "With a love that shall not die,
> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

So it came to pass that when the first copy of FOREST AND STREAM saw the light of the August moon it contained a few lines from my pen; crude they seem to-day, but what fellow can resist an order that is modified into such a request? The genial Charles came again to see my little trout farm when the grayling eggs and the adult grayling were there in the first experiments with that new game fish, and we again wet our lines, and would have wet our whistles had we been boys and the year in its early youth; for when the sap goes up the willow, before the leaves put out, the bark on last year's wood will "wring," and whistles are then made; but the bark so wrung will dry if not cared for, but, you understand, we wet our lines and perhaps a foot.

In the early '70s Mr. Hallock turned his attention to the development of Florida and advocated draining Lake Okechobee. He put the first boat on that lake that had been there since the Seminole war in 1848; he called the boat "Forest and Stream," and put Mr. Fred A. Ober in charge of the expedition, and later he obtained the assistance of Prof. Spencer F. Baird and Mr. George N. Lawrence in fitting Ober out for natural history work in the Caribbean Sea.

Mr. Hallock continued his work as editor of FOREST AND STREAM until January, 1880. Meanwhile he had published "The Sportsman Tourist," "Camp Life in Florida" and that grand volume of 900 pages, "The Sportsman's Gazetteer." Then he took what he called "a rest." Without looking for the exact definition of the word in the big dictionaries, I will by their leave say that Hallock's idea of rest at that time was to attach himself to Maj. Wagner's United States revenue force in the mountains of East Tennessee and North Carolina to look up the "moonshiners," as the makers of illicit whisky are called, and to report the work for the New York *Herald*. Now just see the difference in an individual definition of the same word. To me that blessed word "rest" means freedom from not only manual labor, but also from thinking; it means what I can only express as "hog comfort," and its culmination a grand after-life of good living and sound sleeping. That sort of thing wouldn't suit Hallock for an hour. There is an ever-hungry maggot in his brain that continually impels him to do something, and while he loves a good dinner his brain works off its effect. You might as well try to fatten a threshing machine by running oats through it as to get an ounce of fat on Charlie Hallock by feeding him oceans of turtle soup and tons of possum; his brain would undo all the efforts of his stomach, even after he has passed the half century point which Victor Hugo called "the old age of youth and the youth of old age."

The fact that my dear old friend of nearly half a century and I are so dissimilar in mental and physical make-up is no doubt the reason that we are still friends. We were never rivals in anything, but we had that same bond of fellowship which cannot be described in words; a subtle something which draws some men of different natures into close companionship. The character of "rolling stones which gather no moss," and perhaps had no time to waste in that direction, is the only point of resemblance; but if Charles Hallock has not gathered much moss he has collected a mass of most extensive knowledge of the football which we call "the earth," which in his declining years will be a comfort to him if his nervous organization will ever allow him to sit down and take a few years off for contemplation of the past and indulgence in reverie of the future.

In 1878 Mr. Hallock again broke away from office work and founded the town of Hallock in northern Minnesota, in a grand hunting region on the old Red River trail which he had traveled some twenty years before. It is now the county seat of Kittson county. Three years later he went out to the Yellowstone country to attend and report an important council of Crow Indians which ceded the right of way through their reservation to the Northern Pacific Railway, and incidentally to hunt and fish in that newly opened region, and a year later he went out to the Sascatchewan country, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and wrote it up for some of the magazines. In 1883 he worked up the natural history and resources of Texas for the Missouri Pacific management, crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico at El Paso and Laredo, and the following year was made superintendent of the Minnesota State frontier exhibit at the New Orleans world's fair and cotton exposition, and was highly complimented on the artistic manner in which his life-like groups were displayed. In 1885 he went to Manitoba to report the Riel rebellion, while it was practically winter in that frigid country, although the almanac said it was April.

In the summer of '85 he went to Alaska with the first governer of that territory, and on his return published his well-known book, "Our New Alaska," which has been called one of the masterpieces of English composition. He afterward went to Canada and wrote up the marble and phosphate deposits, as well as many sketches of the field sports to be had there. A few years later found him trying to repopulate the abandoned farms of New England with summer cottages, and then he worked up the mineral regions of Montana for the New York *Times* in the interest of the Great Northern Railway. In 1892 his attention was called to the mining region of British Columbia and the Pacific extension of the same railway. Since then he has been writing up the resources of the seaboard of North Carolina in many publications.

This brief sketch gives a fair idea of the restless, hard-working man who has accomplished so much field work and exploration in nearly every geographical division of the continent, coasted nearly the entire shores of both oceans, traversed the great inland waters and regions but little known, and whose work has been of great value to science as well as to the sportsman.

He is still hale and hearty, and when I met him in New York last month he spoke of my articles and I told him that I would soon write something of our old-time acquaintance.

"All right," said he, "I'll give you some dates when I get to St. Paul." And he did. He wrote me a funny yarn about a railway adventure where soap and towels were unknown, and wound up by giving me the dates of his birth and marriage. But the *University Magazine* for August, 1894, helped me out with facts and dates, or this could not have been written.

Sitting in my den and thinking of old friends, most of whom have crossed the styx, the words of Buckingham (Henry VIII.) come up as I think of Charles Hallock:

> "May he live
> Longer than I have time to tell his years!
> Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
> And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
> Goodness and he fill up one monument!"

FRED MATHER.

The Poetry of Angling.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to know whether any of your readers sniggle or not. I bethink me of reading in this journal some months ago about some guddlers. It seems to me that those who guddle should have an affinity, as it were, in those who sniggle.

Now, if there are any snigglers, I hope they will align up and drill with the guddlers, so we will know what they are up to nowadays.

I think both snigglers and guddlers are slighted and neglected in literature, and it is my intention to write an ode to snigglers and guddlers, and touch it off as soon as I have them identified. RANSACKER.

P. S.—As I am informed the sniggler is usually in pursuit of a wriggler, I perceive a rhyme thereby; while guddlers, with proper precautions, may be made to jingle as puddlers, hence these subjects may be odified in a very odible sort of a way. R.

[Also, if Ransacker's muse can handle snigglers and guddlers, she should turn her attention to the Connecticut wigwaxers.]

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

ANGLING NOTES.

New York Fish Hatcheries.

CALEDONIA CREEK, Livingston county, N. Y., has on its banks the oldest fish hatchery in the State. It was established by Seth Green as a private hatchery in 1864, and afterward came into the possession of the State of New York upon the creation of the Fish Commission in 1868, and it is the largest and best known hatchery now owned by the State. In fact, I have on a number of occasions found people who had an idea that the Caledonia hatchery was the only one in the State, and that all the fish hatched and distributed by the State Fisheries Commission came from the Caledonia Station. Soon after the organization of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission last year the water in a pond above the State property became poisoned with water mould during an exceedingly dry time, and when it was allowed to flow down the creek and through the stock ponds and the hatching troughs at the station it killed the fish, young and old, in spite of everything that was done to save them.

Writing of this disaster in FOREST AND STREAM at the time, I said it was a blessing in disguise. It seemed to the general public to be a severe blow to the work of the Commission that it should lose thousands of fingerling brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout, and other thousands of stock fish of the same species; but as the fish had in previous years been crossed and recrossed until pure-bred fish were the exception in the stock ponds, it was really a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, by those who knew the facts, that the entire outfit should go at "one fell swoop" and leave the stock ponds tenantless, to be filled later with fish of pure lineage that would produce strong, healthy, fruitful fry. To-day one will see that great changes have been wrought at the Caledonia hatching station since the foul water came down the stream, spreading devastation among the fish, and the changes are not all apparent to the eye of the observer.

The station has a capacity for hatching 5,000,000 trout fry, 10,000,000 whitefish and 20,000,000 pike-perch. In its rearing boxes and races 800,000 fingerling trout can be reared annually. With its present equipment it is probably second to no hatchery in the United States for the quality of the work performed.

It was in June of 1895 that the stock ponds and hatching troughs and rearing boxes were visited by the fatal water mould from the pond above, but to-day the station has the following fish on hand:

Brook trout, 5 to 8 years old	45
Brook trout, 2½ to 3½ years old	3 000
Brook trout, 1½ years old	5,000
Brown trout, 5 to 12 years old	1,500
Brown trout, 3 to 4 years old	800
Brown trout, 1 to 2 years old	300
Lake trout, 10 to 15 years old	25
Rainbow trout, 5 years old	40
Rainbow trout, 3 years old	500
Rainbow trout 1 to 2 years old	400
Red-throat trout, 1½ years old	1,900
Total	13 010
Brook trout, 8 months old	70,000
Brown trout, 8 months old	33,000
Lake trout, 8 months old	8,000
Landlocked salmon, 8 months old	2,500
Scotch Sea trout, 8 months old	750
Rainbow trout, 6 months old	14 000
Steelhead trout, 5 months old	650
Total	127,900

It has been necessary to bring stock fish from other hatching stations in the State, and to procure fish from outside sources; but all the stock fish are strong, active, healthy, pure-bred fish.

The Pleasant Valley hatchery, near Bath, Steuben county, is a new station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and during the past season much work has been done to bring it into proper working condition, and to-day it is a model hatchery for one of its size. It is not an easy matter to create a hatchery, stock ponds, rearing boxes, and adjust the water supply so that it may be utilized to the utmost, and bring it up to its working capacity from a rough, swampy field and a stream of water to build upon within a limited time; but this practicallly has been done at Bath within little more than two years. Now there is a complete hatchery, with modern hatching troughs with a capacity for hatching 1,500,000 trout fry. The grounds have been graded and five stock ponds have been built, with rearing boxes to raise 150,000 fingerling trout annually. The water system is as perfect as it can be made, with guards against overflow or floods at all the ponds and rearing races. The water is aerated artificially for the fingerling fish, and is so distributed as to utilize every gallon of it in fish propagation. A new ice house containing meat room has been built, and the stock ponds now contain the following fish:

Brook trout, 3 years old	10
Brook trout, 20 months old	2,000
Brook trout, 6 months old	20,000
Red-throat trout, 1 year old	50
Brown trout, 3 years old	250
Brown trout, 6 months old	6,000
Rainbow trout, 3 years old	200
Rainbow trout, 4 months old	3,000
Rainbow trout, 4 to 12 years old	30
Lake trout, 6 months old	8,000
	39,540

It is worth a considerable journey to see the big rainbow trout, those put down at from four to twelve years old. They are fish that ran up the hatchery stream from Keuka Lake and were netted by the hatchery men to be used as stock fish. Within a few days I saw them in all their glory. The pond was drawn down and a net confined them in one end of it, and then with a dip net they were lifted one at a time over the net which held them. Some of the fish were 10lbs. in weight, and all were plump, well fed, with all the colors of the breeding season. I am not unfamiliar with the coloring of trout at the breeding season, but these big rainbows seemed brighter than any that I had previously seen. In giving the ages of the fish at Caledonia and Bath I have quoted from an inventory made on Oct. 1, and therefore at this date young fish are two months older than the figures I have given.

Vermont Fishing Rights.

Anything and everything about fishing and fishing rights in the State of Vermont is of interest to me, for I have enjoyed some good fishing in that State, which I always recall with pleasure, and the only time in my life that I was ordered away from a trout stream as a trespasser was in Vermont. At the time I was fishing from

a boat, and I continued to fish when ordered away by a farmer, who had the stream posted on both sides through his farm. My understanding of the law was that I had a right to fish from a boat or wade the stream, as the stream had been declared a highway for the purpose of running logs, in consequence of which the farmers had been obliged to take up what were called water bridges, which interfered with the passage of the logs. Afterward I learned that this particular farmer had had the bed of the stream surveyed out of his farm so he would have a less number of acres on which to pay taxes, and had afterward put his property out of his hands; so he did not even own the banks on which he stood when he gave orders to cease fishing on his property. I respect property rights, but I have never regretted casting a fly and catching a trout in front of this man while he was reading the riot act as to trespassing and trespassers. Ever since that time I have taken a keener interest in the fishing rights of the State. The Vermont courts have recently made a ruling on this subject of fishing rights, as I learn from a newspaper clipping sent to me by some unknown friend, who has not taken the trouble to indicate the paper the clipping is taken from:

"The Constitution of the State provides that the inhabitants have a right to fish in all 'boatable' waters at seasonable times, which are fixed by law. 'Boatable waters,' as defined by the Supreme Court, are waters capable of common passage as a highway and susceptible of a beneficial use for the purpose of transporting either people or merchandise. Acting on this definition, a County Court acquitted a man arrested for invading with a boat and fishing tackle a pond fenced, stocked and posted by a fishing club. As the Supreme Court's definition is a broad one, and in cases of invasion of fishing preserves must be tried before a jury, the odds are against the exclusive fishing clubs and in favor of the predatory angler."

That is the substance of the information conveyed by the clipping, but if the Supreme Court upholds such a ruling of the County Court in the case of a pond such as is described it will be strange indeed. No one can tell what a jury will do, not even a grand jury, and my interest in the matter will not wane until the Supreme Court, which is Vermont's Court of Appeals, passes upon the case, for surely it will be appealed to determine if a small fishing pond fenced in is "Capable of common passage as a highway and susceptible of a beneficent use for the purpose of transporting either people or merchandise." I am something of an angler myself, but I would not dare trespass under the circumstances.

Congratulations.

Hon. L. Z. Joncas, ex-Member of Parliament, has been appointed Superintendent-General of the Department of Fish and Game for the Province of Quebec, and both Mr. Joncas and the Province have my warmest congratulations. Mr. Joncas was the Canadian representative of the Fisheries Department of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, where he read a paper on "The Fisheries of Canada" before the World's Fisheries Congress; and also Canadian representative at the International Fisheries Exposition in London, in 1883. He is particularly well equipped to fill the position to which he has been appointed, as he has long been a close observer and student of the fish and game of the Dominion. Canada is remarkably rich in the number of her beautiful lakes filled with the choicest of game fish, and to parcel them out to fishing clubs will be one of the duties of Mr. Joncas, as the region in which many of them are situated is fit for little else. It is more than suspected that some of these interior lakes contain trout that are entirely new to ichthyology, and doubtless the new superintendent-general will do all in his power to make known to the world what they do contain, for his newspaper training will act as a spur in this direction.

Mr. Joncas is likely to have as an associate in his new field Count de Puyjalon, the naturalist, and altogether the work will be in the best of hands for all concerned.

Sunapee Trout in Maine.

Since the introduction of the sunapee trout into New York waters from Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, more than one newspaper has stated that these fish are found only in Sunapee Lake, but this is not true. In my notes I have mentioned that the largest trout of this species known came from Dan Hole Pond, also in New Hampshire; but whether they are native or introduced into Dan Hole is a moot question. Soon after the discussion was opened in these columns regarding the identity of the Sunapee trout, it was reported that the same species of fish were to be found in Flood's Pond, in Maine; and when specimens were submitted to Prof. Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass., he pronounced them identical with the Sunapee fish. So they are known to inhabit three different waters, two in New Hampshire and one in Maine. They have since been transplanted into other waters in New Hampshire, but so far as known it is not even claimed that they are native to other waters than the three named. The German saibling, which the Sunapee trout closely resembles, have been traced to New Hampshire a few years before the Sunapee trout or saibling were discovered in Sunapee Lake, but there is no record that the eggs of the German saibling were ever sent to Maine, and this is a strong point in favor of the claim that the fish are a new species aboriginal to the waters of New England.

Much is yet to be learned about the habits of this fish in confinement, for up to this time for breeding purposes they have been taken from the shoals in the fall and released when the spawn has been taken; for it is understood that if they are confined for any length of time in the breeding pens, in a similar manner to trout and salmon, they will not give up their eggs.

Mr. Arthur Merrill, of East Auburn, Me., writes a letter to Dr. John D. Quackenbos, from which I am permitted to make the following extract: "The Sunapee trout is attracting attention among the people interested in fish-culture in this State, and the Fish Commissioners will attempt its cultivation on quite a large scale next year. In answer to their request for information I have forwarded your pamphlet with other papers to their office in Augusta."

Early in November I went to Flood's Pond, where the U. S. Fish Commission has a collecting station, and secured twelve fine specimens to be kept at this hatchery for breeding purposes. The largest one that I got weighed 3lbs., but if I had gone a few days earlier I could have got some 2lbs. heavier.

I carried the fish 180 miles, but they stood the journey well and seem contented in their pond, and take the infertile eggs that are given them as their food readily. I do not know as I shall have the pleasure of taking any of these fish to the Sportsmen's Exposition next March, but they will be shown in several local exhibitions, as will some fine specimens of trout weighing 7lbs. that I have secured.

Mr. Race, superintendent of the Green Lake station of the U. S. Fish Commission, says that the saibling, or golden trout, as he prefers to call it, is easily cultivated; the eggs surpass in vigor any trout or landlocked salmon eggs, and the young fish are easily reared.

This is quite important, as it is the policy of the Commissioners of this State to rear their fish to the age of eight months before liberating them. A portion of the eggs taken at Flood's Pond are to be distributed among the State hatcheries (in Maine), and at Auburn and Monmouth the fry will be fed. I anticipate good results at these places, as the water supply is from springs, and is very cool and abundant.

In summer the Sunapee trout is the most delicate of fishes, the young being particularly sensitive to sudden changes of temperature; and when caught in 40 to 50ft of water and drawn to the surface they are often killed by the sudden change from bottom temperature to surface temperature. Game and hard fighting as these fish are, they must be handled with the greatest care to avoid injuring them during the summer months, but in the autumn they are as hardy as any of the salmon family.

The adult fish at the Aquarium in New York (Dr. Bean writes me under date of Dec. 27 that they are alive and flourishing, and attract much attention from the visitors to the Aquarium) and at Caledonia hatchery, if they live, will be watched with interest when the breeding season approaches to discover if they can be handled like other trout, and spawned artificially when under restraint.

Black Bass in the Adirondacks.

Every little while some one wishes to plant black bass in Lower Adirondack Lake because the trout fishing is poor or pike have found their way into the lake, and black bass are deemed more desirable than pike, or "better than no fishing at all." The Fisheries, Forest and Game Commissioners reject all applications for black bass to be planted in Adirondack waters because section 180 of the Game Laws of New York provides that: "No fish, fish fry, spawn or milt, except speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout, salmon trout, rainbow trout, Adirondack frost fish or landlocked salmon, shall be placed in the waters of the Adirondack region, except under the immediate supervision and in pursuance of a resolution of the Commissioners of Fisheries. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of four hundred dollars for each violation thereof." The Commissioners will not pass the necessary resolutions to admit the black bass, as they realize that it will be more difficult to get rid of the black bass than it is to get rid of the pike, and that bass will speed from the waters where they might be planted to other waters where even the advocates of the black bass would not wish to see them. Furthermore, it is the policy of the Commission to introduce yearling and other fish of the salmon family into the pike-infested waters to restore the trout fishing, if it is possible to do so, and it is possible, because it has been done elsewhere.

It has been reported to me that people who have been disappointed in getting black bass from the State for planting in Adirondack waters will apply to the U. S. Fish Commission for black bass to carry out their purpose. This will be utterly useless, for the U. S Fish Commission is familiar with the laws of New York and will not assign any black bass to the State without first consulting with the Commissioners of New York, and the messengers of the U. S. Fish Commission will be careful to see that the State laws are observed.

Apparently it would be wiser and cheaper to wait and see what the result of planting yearling trout in the pike waters will result in before black bass are planted to cure the evil. Pike can be controlled in a measure and black bass cannot.

"Susquehanna Salmon."

A writer in one of the New York daily newspapers says it is doubtful if greater success ever followed the transplanting of fish into alien waters than has resulted from the introduction of wall-eyed pike or Susquehanna salmon into the Delaware River.

He adds, very properly: "How the fish came to be called a salmon is one of the mysteries of piscatorial nomenclature, but that was the name it received (in the Susquehanna River) and by which it has been known ever since. * * * As a matter of fact it is no more a pike than it is a salmon." If he had put a Pike county period after the word salmon and stopped he would have been all right and within the truth, but he goes on to say, "It is of the bass family and might properly be called a yellow bass." In the last sentence he fell into a pit of his own digging, for the pike-perch is no more a bass than it is a salmon, and it does not belong to the bass family, and it would be improper and highly objectionable to call it a yellow bass or any other kind of colored bass. The pike-perch belongs, as the second part of the hyphenated name indicates, to the perch family, and that is what it is, and it would be as absurd to call it a bass as it is to call it a salmon. I beg that this fish shall not have another inappropriate and improper name attached to it. To set people right as to the names of our fishes is very commendable, but when the instructor goes deeper into the mud than the fishes previously were in the mire it is not to be commended.

Swiss Lake Trout.

"An innovation in Adirondack fishculture has just been inaugurated by the Adirondack League Club, which has released into Green Lake, one of the small ponds on its 100,000-acre preserve, 1,000 yearling Swiss lake trout from Lake Geneva, Switzerland."

That is the substance of a newspaper item which I have read in a number of different newspapers or had sent to me in the form of a clipping, and while it is all true enough, those fish are not the first of this species to be planted in New York waters.

In 1889 the U. S. Fish Commission received some Swiss lake trout eggs from the Swiss Government in exchange for some eggs of native fishes, and the next spring I obtained 5,000 of the fry and planted them in Lake George. Although it is six years since the plant was made, I do not know what the result of the planting has been, for so far as I personally know none of the fish have been caught, although I have heard of two fish being taken that were strange fish, and which were not lake trout such as are native to the lake.

This fall the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission planted 1,000 yearling Swiss lake trout from the U. S. Fish Commission station at East Orland, Me., in Lake George, making the second planting of this specimen in the lake.

The Swiss lake trout (*Salmo lemanus, S. lacustris, S. rappii*, for it has been given a number of specific names) has been held to be a modified form of the brown trout, changed by environment, food, temperature, etc. In fact, one European writer suggests for it the specific name of *Salmo variabilis*.

A. N. CHENEY.

NEW YORK NETTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In relation to netting there is one main fact which it seems to me covers all the rest. So long as nets shall be permitted in inland waters, just so long will the money of the State spent in the propagation of fishes be wasted. The present provision of law for the licensing of netting is but a scapegoat. Licenses have been issued with such freedom as to give netters about all the liberties that could be asked, and applications have been signed by politicians, while protective associations have been completely ignored. Oneida Lake, twelve miles from Syracuse, for instance, has no superior and very few equals as a breeding ground, and during the time when local associations had some control over it, before licensed netting was authorized, there was a rapid increase of fish food, so that any angler could spend a day of recreation there and make a good catch. But the whole army of netters has spent most of the season in its old occupation of robbing the people at large and shipping frequent and large catches to Eastern markets, studiously avoiding the Syracuse market, which is mainly supplied by Buffalo, except the sea food. The question has come to this: If netting is to be allowed at any time of the year, then stop the waste of money spent in stocking streams and lakes almost solely for the benefit of netters. The people at large pay through taxation this money into the State treasury, but if the netters are to rob the waters, then let them pay the taxes, or wholly discontinue propagation and protection.

The State Commission is only a part of a political machine, though possibly there are one or two members of it whose impulses are better than their actions. There can be but very little hope of the faithful protection of fish, game and forest while this condition of things exists, so perhaps the best, most feasible action for the Legislature to take in relation to the matter would be to deny any appropriation to be wasted, as those in the past have mainly been.

It is just as useless to attempt to protect game against the avarice of cold storage interests and the political pulls which for money they can command. The season for killing game now practically covers 365 days every year, so while these "fences" for covering market killing at all times of the year exist, why continue the waste of maintaining a so-called Commission and it corps of caucus workers?

Unless the State Association at its coming meeting makes some provision for watching legislation this winter, and making itself felt at the Capitol constantly, it will be quite useless for it to spend any time in making "recommendations" to the Legislature. It must understand that there are so many political influences to be brought to bear by the "machine" which controls to at body, that only by the most persistent, earnest attention can those citizens of the State, those tax-payers who would serve the people at large instead of a few influential politicians and fish exterminators, hope to inaugurate such protective measures as will give much hope of the future.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The ruffed grouse season closed to-day, Dec. 31, and it leaves a good many birds in the covers. In a cover within forty minutes' walk of the city at least fifty grouse are to be found, and what is true of the cover referred to is true, proportionately, of other well-known grounds about here. Men marvel that the ruffed grouse supply should continue to be so numerously maintained, in the face of such persistent and destructive shooting as has been carried on for the past decade, but when the almost inaccessible reaches of territory inhabited by the grouse family is considered the question no longer remains debatable. As for example, the cover alluded to as holding fifty grouse embraces a tremendously rough sweep of country which only the most rugged and finely conditioned pedestrians would care to tramp over. And in the wildest and most declivitous retreats, where shooting is to be done only under the most forbidding conditions, the elusive, but none the less magnetic, bird secludes itself. This explains why the grouse has been able, and continues to be able, to hold its own against all the forces of man, bird and beast committed to a common warfare upon it. Given adequate protection, such as now prevails, and the ruffed grouse supply of Central New York bids fair to baffle the minions of extermination for an indefinite period of time.

The early part of the present week Mr. William Bishop shot a young English pheasant within a mile of this city, and it is generally reported, although I know of no one who is actually prepared to prove the accuracy of this report, that a number of these beautiful birds are to be found in local covers. This is the first wild pheasant of any variety that I know to have been shot hereabouts. Local sportsmen are unaware of any pheasants having been brought to and turned out in this immediate part of the country.

The *Daily Journal* devotes considerable space to a consideration of the subject, but in common with the rest of us offers no testimony showing from whence this bird came or to what extent it is represented along the reaches of local territory.

A large flock of wild geese is again wintering on Cayuga Lake. The birds daily fly to some extensive buckwheat stubbles along the east side of the lake, some five

or six miles north of Ithaca, but are altogether too irregular in their feeding habits and too wary to invite easy or successful gunning. The flock originally numbered sixty birds. Dana Bush succeeded a few days ago in stalking the flock to within the range of a .45cal. rifle, and at a single shot was lucky enough to knock down two. Later he got two more of the bulky honkers. Every breechloader, flintlock and Zulu gun in the neighborhood is being put in shape to train on that little battalion of wildfowl bent on getting a daily ration of waste grain.

The recent reference to wild pigeons made in FOREST AND STREAM prompted me to institute some inquiries relative to the wild pigeon, as remembered by local observers, and I was pleased to learn that a few of these at one time very common birds have lately been seen in Tompkins county. Mr. Lafayette Krum, residing some seven or eight miles north of Ithaca, states that during the past year he has noted one or two small flocks of wild pigeons hovering about his section of country. He further assures a friend of mine that he has been reliably informed of several other small flocks having been seen in various parts of this and adjoining counties.

A pigeon roost at one time existed near Ithaca, where the birds congregated in vast array.

The last great flight of wild pigeons, as applied to this locality, occurred in the middle 70's, if the writer's memory be not at fault, and it lasted from an early hour in the morning until past midday. The writer, then a farm boy just learning to wield a long, lean, murderous-looking muzzleloading gun, exhausted his meager supply of powder and shot ripping holes in the atmosphere as the mighty host went by, but precious few birds came to his capacious pockets. The flight on that beautiful spring morning, so far as numbers were concerned, was extraordinary. The horizon was literally banked with birds, seemingly one vast, undetached sweep of wings whirling past into space. How the guns cracked on that morning of the long ago. But alas! the feathered multitude never came back.

M. CHILL.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.
Feb. 22 to 25.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Hempstead, L. I.
March 2 to 6.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
March 10 to 13.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eighth annual show, Chicago. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—Kentucky Kennel Club's show, Louisville, Ky. J. A. Reaves, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's bench show. Louis Steffin, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
March 23 to 26.—Baltimore Kennel Association's second annual show. Dr. G. W. Massamore, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man. Manitoba Field Trials Club's eleventh annual trials. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.
Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

BEAGLES AS FIELD DOGS.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Admirers of the beagle are earnest in promoting its welfare, but their earnestness seems to have in it an unintentional exclusiveness. We hold trials, and we all concur in that they are excellent, afford good sport, rejoice at meeting our old friends, and we then return to our homes and remain silent till the next trials are due, when we meet the same people, say much the same things we said last year, have an enjoyable time and return home again.

Between the field trials, a period covering almost a whole year, the public hears nothing of sport with the beagle. The literature of this dog is nearly all confined to field trial reports, the history of the dogs in competition. The practical value of the dog in the field is left untouched. The public can only infer from this silence that either we have no writers in the ranks of the beagle fancy or that the beagle, as with the spaniel, is of value only as a means of juggling for prizes. Though the beagle admirers are free from talking spaniel nonsense, such as what is the correct type of spaniels for field work when they are used solely for bench show purposes. On this subject, Uncle Dick can rest assured that he is right, and each of the other wranglers can rest assured that he is right, though if they would hold a spaniel trial they might be convinced that they are all wrong; but it is much less trouble to describe and decide, each for himself and all the others, than it is to hold a trial and decide that talk does nothing toward making a field dog or his work.

But to return to the beagle. There is hardly a section in the older parts of the United States which is not adapted to the use of beagles. However much the birds or deer may vary in numbers in different parts of the country, the rabbits are sufficiently numerous for sport everywhere.

As a sport, it ranks with the best. And in many of its parts it is the best. In shooting birds, the work of the dog when the birds are found lasts but a moment. The work of the beagle, when its quarry is found, is only begun. There is then for many minutes the melody of the voices swelling sweet and full and dying away as the eager chase comes and goes in all the desperation of pursuit and the uncertainties of it, in which the actors are cunning and swift. The sportsman must be vigorous in changing from point to point, and his judgment in anticipating the course of the chase must be good, else he will find himself thrown out. To kill the rabbit while it is flitting through the brush or a narrow space in some hazy vista requires a degree of skill with the gun which but few possess, even though they may be most skillful in shooting on the wing. True it is that rabbit shooting is easy if one makes it easy, as bird shooting is easy if one sneaks up and takes pot shots; but rabbit shooting about of the beagle orchestra, the woods ringing with the fullness of importunate music, and the swiftness of the sport and the uncertainty of results, make a combination which must be experienced to be appreciated.

And yet this sport is within the reach of the masses of sportsmen, regardless of class or condition. The dog is small and easily maintained at a small expense for food and shelter. His training is much simpler than the training required for bird dogs, and it is so simple that anyone who knows the sport can accomplish it. A fair skill with the shotgun or rifle is necessary, but the gun itself may be any old thing in the shape of a gun, because rabbit shooting is short-range shooting. The man with a $500 gun is no better equipped for this sport than is the man whose gun cost $5. Rich and poor many gratify their love of the most perfect and beautiful according to their means, but for practical efficiency they are on the same footing.

And the lands of the people of the United States are open to all who wish to hunt rabbits. Land owners object to bird hunters, and much of the land in the States is closed against them. Big-game hunters encounter the same obstacle, with stringent game law restrictions added. But the rabbit hunter can roam free as the wind wherever he lists. His sport is simple, it is of the people, it takes nothing of special value from the owners of the land, and the merry music is a compensation to all who hear it, far and near. Rabbits multiply rapidly, so that keeping them within limits confers a public service.

With all the advantages of the sport with beagles, the interest in them spreads but slowly; for few know of the excellence of it, though many know of the beagles as field trial performers. Without the needed description for the public information the beagle as a sporting dog will gain popular favor but slowly. If the beagle does his work well he relies on his master to make it known. Let the brethren of the beagle family show more and broader energy in 1897—less about bone and more of work.

JOSIAH.

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—IV.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About the time Irish setter trials were advocated there were a number of importations of these dogs made from both Ireland and England—notably of these Finglas, Coleraine, Blue Rock, Tearaway and others. But as subsequent events proved they were not superior to dogs of American breeding. Most of them came over with the prestige of having run at the trials on the other side, and as such were heralded far and wide. Of these Blue Rock and Tearaway were of Muskerry blood. Blue Rock impressed me altogether more favorably than did the others, although his work was not up to that of some of them. This I believe was accounted for because of his having chronic catarrh. He was a dog of good style and great courage, and with the right kind of bitches bred to him should have produced something better than himself.

Probably no better Irish setter all round has ever been imported than Coleraine, she being up to first-class show form and a good one afield. In her Derby form she made a strong competition, but was outclassed in the final for first honors by Nugget.

In the Irish setter field trials of 1891-92 some good dogs competed. In 1891 Sedan, who carried off first honors in the All-Age Stake, was a remarkably good one. She, being a fast, wide ranger, carried herself in good style and had a good nose. Her disposition and field qualities were such that had she been properly mated the results ought to have been splendid. In the Derby four competed for first honors, namely, Nugget, Coleraine, Elcho's Maid and Squaw. They were all of splendid merit.

Nugget was a small bitch, light red in color. She had her dam's great endurance, was a fast, snappy worker, and on single birds especially it took a good dog to defeat her. In the Derby of 1892 there was nothing remarkable produced.

In the All-Age Stake the competition was strong, there being I believe twenty-two dogs which started. The winner of this stake, Bedford, whom I had the pleasure of training and handling, was a fast, snappy and a very stylish dog. His nose was excellent and his work on game good. In disposition he was level-headed, with plenty of grit. His great individual quality should be much in demand by those breeders of Irish setters who wish to improve their field stock. Another dog in this stake who impressed me very much was Henmore Shamrock. He was another of the Muskerry blood. He was a fast, wide ranger, with plenty of grit and go, and in short a dog of superior merit in every respect.

There were other dogs in this stake of much merit also. Some of them were former field trial winners, but they were outclassed in this by Bedford and Echo's Maid.

I have gone into the question of grit and endurance, and have laid much stress upon it because it is the weak point in the make-up of most Irish setters.

In conclusion, I do not now own, nor have I any interest in any Irish setter. I have written of them just as I found them, without trying to gloss over their imperfections. A breeder who fools himself will never produce good dogs. I believe the breed could be put on a footing with the English setter and pointer, but it must be put in the hands of men who at least shoot enough over their dogs to know all about their individual perfections and imperfections. Since commencing this I note with much pleasure that Dr. Davis has won the Members' Stake of the E. T. T. C. with his Irish setter bitch Lou in competition with pointers and English setters. May the doctor yet produce one that will sweep the fields.

DR H. B. ANDERSON.

Dogs and Taxation.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last season the Midvale Kennels and I were assessed about $100 on our breeding stock and boarders. We asked the Board of Supervisors for relief, and while they admitted the tax was unjust, as we were breeders of thoroughbred stock, they could not change the State law.

We are having a bill prepared which will be introduced by our member of the Assembly, Mr. Joel Clark, and we earnestly invite the coöperation of all breeders, sportsmen and lovers of dogs throughout the State of New York. Send your petitions to your Assemblymen or to Mr. Clark, at Albany, and by a little effort we can get this iniquitous law removed, and a State law made to license breeders; for surely it is just as honorable and legitimate a business to breed dogs as it is to breed horses, hogs, sheep, cattle, or poultry.

J. OTIS FELLOWS, Hornell Harmony Kennels.
MRS. HARRY CHIVERS, Midvale Kennels.

How a Dog Conquered a Man.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The name of the dog of a friend of mine is Beva. He is noted as the friend of little children. Out of pure love, with wagging tail and glowing eyes, he will follow a tot for blocks. But bristling hair and furious barking have revealed his violent hatred of larger boys and men. Until recently it was thought that this hatred was congenital.

Beva never bit man nor boy. But he got a bad reputation, and it was thought by every man and boy in the community that Beva might bite him. So everybody in long trousers went by the gate within which Beva always seemed to be lying in wait, on his guard, armed with stone or stick. But it has ultimated that Beva is not by birth an enemy of bipeds above a certain height and out of dresses and knickerbockers. He seemed to be the holder of a special enmity against the man-about-the-place of a well-to-do gentleman living at the further corner of the block in which his (Beva's) owner lives.

We will call this man Henry. He usually does his marketing when he goes for the mail to the village post-office and grocery in one. So his passing by Beva's watching place is at regular hours, morning and evening, daily. Beva came to know these hours, and was always in evidence when Henry appeared. What of Beva at these times was not bark was teeth, claws and bristles. Henry was always armed with one stone and generally with two.

Beva's mistress was in the habit of going to the front window for the show, and a good show it was. Beva had acquired quite an agility in dodging the stones which Henry hurled at him. He knew when Henry had only one stone or two. When Henry was unarmed Beva would make for him as if he would eat him, and Henry would move on with more speed than dignity. One day Henry was returning with both hands and arms full of bundles. Beva was in wait, as usual, and his mistress was on watch for the show. But the show did not come off. To the surprise of the mistress, Beva's teeth and claws did not appear, his hair did not rise, and he neither barked nor growled. Henry was surprised too. He stopped, faced Beva, and said: "And what are you going to do to me now?" Beva had evidently taken in the situation. He knew the difference between bundles and stones. He knew also that Henry's hands were engaged, so that he could not defend himself. And what did Beva do? He made manifestation of his natural character. He approached Henry with undulating body and wagging tail, giving every evidence of the most friendly feelings, and as Henry walked on fell in at his heels and followed him home. Since then Henry has carried no more stones, and Beva does not bristle, nor show teeth nor claws, nor growl nor bark at him. The man and the dog are the best of friends.

Some one says, "Kill all the dogs!" I enter Beva's protest. Kindness is better than killing for both man and dog.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

American Fox Terrier Club Stakes.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the governors of the American Fox Terrier Club held Dec. 30, 1896, resolutions of congratulations were passed, and any help in our power was offered to the new fox terrier clubs just formed in Louisville, Nashville, Pittsburg, Detroit, the Pacific Coast and Canada.

The regular club stakes will be decided as usual, the Homebred Stakes at the N. E. K. C. show, the Stud Dog Stakes and the First Division of the Grand Produce at the W. K. C. show; final entries in the above stakes must be made with the secretary A. F. T. C. when made at their respective shows. The following specials will be offered by the club:

New England Kennel Club, Boston: $5 respectively for the best American-bred fox terrier in show (smooth and wire); in open and novice classes (smooth and wire); in puppy classes (smooth and wire).

Westminster Kennel Club: $10 for the best American-bred fox terrier in show (smooth and wire); $5 respectively for same in open and novice classes (smooth and wire); $10 for same in puppy classes (smooth and wire).

Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago: $5 respectively for the best American-bred fox terrier in the show (smooth and wire), and in puppy classes (smooth and wire).

St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis: $5 for the best American-bred fox terrier in the show (smooth and wire) respectively.

The Apollo, Tomboy, Yankee and second division of Grand Produce Stakes will be judged later in the year. Members are reminded that entries in all above stakes except the Yankee are due by Feb. 1, 1897.

Any one wishing any information regarding the American Fox Terrier Club, or wishing to become members, will kindly communicate with the secretary, who will gladly give them all the information he can.

H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR., Sec'y-Treas. A. F. T. C.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE Brunswick Fur Club has sent out a circular letter cordially inviting its friends to its winter meet, to be held at Brunswick, Me., during the week of Jan. 10. The club's headquarters will be held at the Tontine Hotel, rates $3 per day for single rooms, $1 50 when two occupy same room. The annual meeting will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 11. A handsome prize is offered for the best story told during the meet, so that with such a profusion of talent there should be a good competition. Foxes are reported plentiful. Members and guests are invited to take their best hounds and aid in making the hunt the best in the club's history. Bradford S. Turpin, Secretary, Roxbury, Mass.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. C. L. Hopkins claims the name Mack H. for Irish setter dog whelped June 11, 1895, by Jack Option—Biddie G.

BRED.

Mr. P. H. Tannehill's Lula Furness, English setter bitch, Dec. 28, to Border Chief.

SALES.

Mr. J. C. Mahler has sold
Streatham Monarch, Jr., bull terrier dog, to Mr. Henry Allinder Trumph.
Raven Monarch, bull terrier dog, to Mr. C. W. Preston.
Dog puppy, same litter, to Mr. John Morehead, Jr.
Bitch puppy, same litter, to Mr. John Morehead, Jr.
Two bitch puppies, same litter, to Mr. Joe Hopkins.
Dog puppy, same litter, to Mr. Hugo Baum.
Dog puppy, same litter, to Mr. S. T. Kahle.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

POSSIBILITIES OF WINTER CYCLING.

THE official organ of the League of American Wheelmen publishes a number of letters from correspondents on the subject of winter riding which are of so much interest that we quote from them at length.

We have always believed that the majority of riders are too ready to store away their wheels at the first approach of freezing weather, and thereby deprive themselves unnecessarily of much potential pleasure. Perhaps a better understanding of the possibilities of the sport will result in an increased esteem for cycling as a winter pastime.

A wheelman living in Ottawa, Ill., who has ridden his bicycle regularly during the last four winters, only missing a few days each year, says that under almost any circumstances he would rather ride a wheel than walk. "A bicycle," he writes, "will run very well through 2 or 3in. of undisturbed light snow. After the snow has been cut up and partially packed by other vehicles, steering becomes difficult for a time. As soon as the snow becomes packed hard and smooth, however, a wheel will run almost as well as in summer." When there is no snow and where there is sufficient travel, frozen roads quickly become ridable, and are often harder and smoother than ever in summer. A sandy road, for example, when frozen and worn smooth by travel is unsurpassed for cycling.

"Riding on smooth ice is one of the pleasantest of winter pastimes, and far ahead of skating, to my mind. On very smooth ice the novice may experience some difficulty in mounting, and care is necessary in making turns, though one can ride straight ahead without any trouble on ice too slippery to walk on safely. After the ice has been roughened a little by skating or natural causes, there will be no trouble from slipping. A soft tire will slip less than a hard one, and a tire with a rough tread is better than a smooth one. As to speed, I have beaten our best skaters in 100yd. dashes, standing start, while for longer distances the skater is nowhere. I have always believed that the straightaway record would be made on the ice, though the latest combination of mountain side and Colorado zephyr makes it doubtful."

A doctor living at Ft. Dodge, Ia., writes:

"I rode all last winter, day and night, missing only three days. So far this winter, which set in very early, I've been at it, and expect to keep at it all winter."

The doctor finds little difficulty in riding through snow up to 4in. in depth, and, except for slipping, knows of no dangers in winter cycling that are not met with at other seasons.

On icy and slippery roads he experiences no trouble except in turning corners, and not then except when the surface is unusually glassy. For slippery riding he partly deflates his tires and rides them "a little soft."

The doctor says, "Those who ride in warm weather alone lose more than half the true enjoyment of cycling." He advises warm clothes and particularly hygienic underwear, recommending a kind made of "a heavy cloth fabric lined with unspun wool," which he says takes up perspiration speedily and deposits it in the outer fabric, leaving the surface of the body always comfortably dry. This underwear has the further advantage of not causing itching.

A Boston man has also something to say on the subject of wear. While advocating warm clothing, he warns against the danger of overheating and subsequent chill and advises moderation.

For the coldest weather he puts on a cap that pulls down around the ears, thick underclothes, two pairs of stockings and warm gloves, while a paper waistcoat, two heavy sweaters and a cycling coat add protection to his body.

The Boston man has had trouble from frozen snow and advises wheelmen to avoid it, but under favorable conditions he says that long runs can be made as easily as in summer.

A rider in Elgin, Ill., goes out when the thermometer is 20° below zero. He wears warm clothing, with large, loose arctic overshoes, a cap that protects the ears and a loose pair of dogskin gloves tanned with the hair on and fleece-lined. He does not suffer from the cold under such circumstances.

This man finds he can ride at times when walking is very difficult, and what he writes will be news to some. "I have ridden my wheel," he says, "the next morning after an ice storm, when it was utterly impossible for a pedestrian to keep his feet, but could ride up and down hills, and the only difficulty I experienced was in turning corners, which I could only do by running very slowly." He adds, however, that it is impossible to ride safely on the same surface after snow has fallen, as the wheel can then get no purchase on the ice and will "skate" around in it and spill the rider.

A Brooklyn wheelman remarks that 2 or 3in. of snow in his native city "expedites wheeling instead of retarding it," by forming a carpet over the uneven pavements. "Nothing is more exhilarating," he writes, "than a ride through the snow covered streets of the city. The 'crunch, crunch' of the tires as they speed over the smooth surface of the snow proves an innovation to those who have never as yet tasted of the pleasures of a snow ride." No doubt more wheelmen would like to taste of the innovation were it not for the icy mountain ranges in which the snow is piled in most Brooklyn streets once the householders begin shoveling it off their pavements.

A gentleman residing in Utica, N. Y., who states that he is past forty and weighs 200, rides over ice and through snow up to 4in. in depth, and only experiences difficulty when ruts are encountered or when the ice is cut up by horses' feet.

A Watertown, N. Y., rider who has had trouble in riding over wet snow and ice, advises to prevent slipping under such conditions the use of strong unbleached cotton cloth, which he tears in strips 3in. in width and wraps about his tires, putting it over and over between each spoke. He fastens the ends by sewing, and partially deflates the tires while putting on the band, so that it will fit snugly when the tires are blown up to their normal degree of hardness.

After riding in sloppy weather it is well to take the bicycle into a warm room to clean, and care should be taken to get the nickel plated parts thoroughly dry. Before going out these parts should be well greased, and a coat of varnish might be of benefit as a safeguard against rust.

Punctures are not greatly to be feared, though of course there is more chance of getting them at this season than in summer. Ice rarely if ever causes punctures.

From these extracts it is pretty clearly shown that winter weather itself does not necessarily check cycling. The only weather that absolutely puts a check to the sport is when ice and snow turn into water and frozen roads to mud.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

31. Harlem.

JUNE.

5. Knickerbocker.
12. Douglaston.
19. Larchmont, spring regatta.
26. Seawanhaka-Corinthian.
28. Stamford, special.
29. Indian Harbor, special.
30. Corinthian Fleet, special.

JULY.

1. Horseshoe Harbor, special.
2. Sea Cliff, special.
3. New Rochelle, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
6. American, annual.
10. Riverside.
17-24. Larchmont, race week.
28. Stamford.
31. Sea Cliff.

AUGUST.

7. Indian Harbor.
14. Hempstead Harbor.
21. Horseshoe Harbor.
28. Huntington.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Huguenot.
4. Larchmont, special.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta.
11. Larchmont, special.

THE past ten years have worked wonderful changes in New York harbor, and the center of yachting has practically been transferred from the Bay to the Sound. At the same time, in spite of the growing invasion of commerce and the pollution of its waters by garbage and sewerage, the Bay is the port of New York and can never be entirely abandoned by yachts. The Larchmont Yacht Club builded better than it knew sixteen years ago, when it found a birthplace on the north shore of the Sound; the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club did a wise thing ten years ago, when, after a careful study of the entire situation, it permanently abandoned New York Bay and selected a site that, in spite of the difficult transportation, is both the best harbor on the Sound and the nearest on the south shore. The New York Yacht Club, after several failures in the effort to establish a station on New York Bay, has solved the question in a most satisfactory manner, so far as its peculiar conditions are concerned, by a number of small stations at the most important yachting points instead of one waterside club house.

The time has at last come when the other of the four great New York clubs, the Atlantic Yacht Club, must take some decisive step; and by good luck the conditions of the case have so changed by the course of development that a satisfactory solution is possible in its case as well. The recent improvements on the point of Coney Island, Norton's Point, promise to make it a most eligible site for a yachting station, as breakwaters will be built and regular means of transit provided in connection with other schemes. For about a year the club has been in negotiation with the Sea Gate Company, the founder of the enterprise, and it is probable that arrangements will soon be made to secure a permanent site for the club. A basin about 300 by 250ft. will be built for the smaller yachts, and the club house now at Bay Ridge will be moved down to the new site. With such a location, almost on the sea, well outside the Narrows, with its calms and tides, surrounded by clean, deep water and reasonably convenient to the city, the Atlantic Yacht Club will be most admirably situated, and the whole problem that has vexed the large clubs for years may be considered as finally disposed of.

THE Massachusetts Y. R. A. at a special meeting on Dec. 21 made an important change in one of its classes, which is creating much discussion and opposition. The officers of the Association are desirous of keeping as closely as possible in touch with the Sound Y. R. U., though the Eastern men are unwilling to use the sail area as a factor in the rule. By changing the limit of the "4th Class" from 17ft. l.w.l. to 18ft., it will be possible to build a boat for the M. Y. R. A. class in Boston, and if she should prove successful to race her in the 20ft. r. l. class on the Sound, including the Seawanhaka trial races. This of course is desirable, but it is claimed that the change to 18ft., as made at the special meeting, is against the wishes and interests of many Boston yachtsmen of the two classes affected by it. We are not fully conversant with all the details of the question, which is purely a local one, but it has been very thoroughly discussed by the Boston *Globe*, Mr. Robinson favoring the old limit, 17ft.

IT is unfortunate, and it seems to us entirely unnecessary, that such a radical difference in measurement rule and class limits should exist between the two important yachting centers, Boston and New York. Granted that the Seawanhaka rule does not produce a racing yacht of adequate accommodation, substantial and durable construction, and capable of all the diverse uses of yachting, it at least comes as near to this end as the Massachusetts Y. R. A. rule of simple waterline measurement; and as against the other it can claim to be practically the universal rule in American yachting.

Pending an entirely new formula or the extension of the Seawanhaka rule by the addition of new factors, it seems to us that much good may be done by a common effort on the part of all clubs and associations to eliminate the existing differences of detail in the rule as used in various localities, and to use it for the present in exactly the same wording and with the same class limits.

The action of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. in adopting the waterline without the sail area, and with different class limits, is a step in the opposite direction, as is also the adoption by the new Lake Yacht Racing Union of the method of sail measurement and the class limits of Lake Ontario. The present time seems peculiarly propitious for making changes toward instead of away from uniformity, as in most clubs the existing classes are well run out and vested interests count for comparatively little, while there is good reason to hope that the present year will inaugurate a new era of building.

Even if there were any evidence to show that length alone in a formula is better than length and sail, it would be a very difficult matter to induce the large number of clubs now racing under the Seawanhaka rule to abandon it in favor of the waterline rule of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. On the other hand, if the Eastern men once made up their minds that the change would be advantageous, it could be made with comparatively little difficulty, possibly not all at once, but with special exceptions that would make it more gradual and easier to existing yachts.

ONE possible outcome of the waterline measurement is indicated in the 17-footer Ripple, which we describe this week. This yacht is provided with a sprit topsail, which will doubtless be a material advantage at times over all yachts with the usual main and jib only. There is certainly nothing gained by the carrying of a topsail in a 15 or a 20-footer when all carry them alike; but if one boat can do so under the rule and win from the others, they will be forced to follow her example, the result being a very undesirable rig. Of course this would not be possible under a length and sail area rule.

THE new year, which in many ways opened so auspiciously for yachting, finds the Boston *Herald* in its accustomed attitude—casting anchors over the stern in the vain hope of kedging yachting backward into the era of the "has been." It is not often that the *Herald* is consistent, but we must do it the justice to admit that it is so in two things: its exaltation of the third Deed of Gift and its abuse of small yachts in general and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in particular as responsible for the affliction of good racing in the smaller classes at a time when there is none in the larger; for bringing out a fleet of thirty new boats in the 15ft. class in a season when the famous 90ft. class was represented by Defender, moored at New Rochelle, and Vigilant, hauled up at City Island.

These two themes, with the proposed new league, form the *Herald's* text for the new year.

The proposal to put the New York Y. C. at the head of the movement for a national association, which already has practically the indorsement of the other larger clubs, is misrepresented and abused as "a motion to affiliate the club with small boat associations," and "the coming down of the New York Y. C. to small boat clubs." Secure in its ostrich-like blindness, the *Herald* fails to estimate the strength and extent of the modern movement toward union and uniformity, or of the favor this last proposal has met with within the New York as well as other large clubs. Looking back to the few 90 footers that *were*, it cannot see the hundreds of smaller yachts that *are*, and whose interests are all that keep alive yacht racing in America to-day. Where would the sport be now if all building and racing ceased until the New York Y. C. could find another yachtsman of the stamp of Lord Dunraven who would challenge under the new deed?

There is nothing of moment in the *Herald's* comments on the rules for the Seawanhaka cup, everything is garbled and misrepresented in the usual way; but there is one novel suggestion that we commend to the club in view of the high standing of its maker—that the Seawanhaka Y. C. should "change its deed of gift according to the terms of the America's cup." This quite exceeds anything we have yet seen, even from the Boston *Herald*; certainly no one else could have conceived such a piece of *opera bouffe*, that any American yacht club would willingly and knowingly assume the burden that the New York Y. C. has so long sought in vain to rid itself of.

WE publish this week a short list of fixtures for the season of 1897, all that we have thus far been able to collect. We would call the attention of the clubs to the desirability of arranging dates at the earliest possible moment.

A BLOW ON CAYUGA LAKE.

OUR home was situated near the village of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and we had been talking for more than a month of visiting some friends at Ithaca, three young men, students at Cornell University. My family, which included my wife, two boys and a girl—the boys, Cecil and Thornton, aged respectively eighteen and fourteen, and the girl, little Ruth, the pet of the family, aged ten—had been looking forward to this visit for a long time, as we intended going by way of the canals and lake in our steam launch, the Ruth. We purposed going up there one day, staying over night with our friends, going through the University buildings and coming home the next day.

Our launch, the Ruth, was a staunch little boat 25ft. long and 5ft. wide, fitted with an oil-burning boiler and Shipman engine. She was capable of carrying sixteen people and could make in still water eight miles an hour, so we expected if the weather was fine to reach Ithaca in six to seven hours from time of starting, according as we were delayed or not at the canal locks.

The canal locks frequently make much difference in a day's journey, as at times there will be a number of boats at the lock ahead of one, and as each boat takes from fifteen to twenty minutes in locking through, you are apt to be delayed an hour or more on this account. When taking a day's outing in the boat we always had to make allowance for waste time at locks. The locks are also a good place to study human nature, it being in the power of a lock tender to make it very unpleasant for the owner of a small yacht, as by letting the water in too fast he is liable not only to injure the boat, but also to endanger the occupants. I will here say, however, that although we passed through many locks many times on the different canals, with one exception we have found the lock tenders very kind, gentlemanly and obliging.

We finally decided that on Wednesday of the following week we would make our start, and in the meanwhile the boys made use of all their spare time getting everything ready, and as there really was considerable to do Tuesday afternoon found us with much left undone, as the oil was yet to be put into the tank, the engine looked over to see that everything was in running order, and everything had to be generally cleaned up and wiped off. Cecil also intended carrying his camera, as he expected to take a picture of the University buildings and snap shots at anything else interesting that he should see.

As a family we were all very fond of boating and the water. The early years of my life were spent on the shores of Long Island, and my wife's childhood was spent by Lake Ontario not far from Charlotte, so it was very natural that

the water should have charms for both of us, and as a consequence our children took like ducks to the water and everything connected with it; so at any time if on coming home from business I was to say "I think the Ruth wants a little exercise to-morrow," it would be hailed with a shout of delight from the children and a pleased smile from my wife.

Well, Wednesday morning came at last, and with it a bright sky and a light south wind. The wind had been south on the day before and blew quite fresh, but now it had moderated to a light breeze and there was every promise of a beautiful summer day. The delight of the children began to express itself about 5 o'clock, and by 5:30 they were out of bed, dressed and eager to help at anything that would hasten the time of getting into the boat; so after a hurried breakfast I called Tim, our hired man, and a pretty good jack-of-all-trades besides, told him to go down to the boat house, which was situated about forty rods from the house, clean up the boat, get up steam, back out and get everything ready for a start, and to blow the whistle as soon as he had steam enough for that purpose.

By 7 o'clock my wife, with the children's help—though whether they did not delay matters more than they advanced them was a question with me—had everything necessary for the voyage packed. The supplies included various eatables for dinner, as we expected to dine *en route* on the lake, and plenty of wraps, as although it was the middle of summer yet with a cold wind from the north or northwest and plenty of spray flying wraps are very acceptable.

The boys were so excited that they were entirely unconcerned about so unimportant a matter as wraps; Cecil, however was careful to have his photographic apparatus all right, he being much interested in picture taking, and as in all our journeying in the Ruth we had never been further south on Cayuga Lake than Aurora, he expected to see many pretty bits of scenery, which with the aid of his camera he intended to take home with him.

We had just finished carrying the baskets, wraps, etc., out on the stoop preparatory to starting when the shrill whistle of the Ruth announced that Tim was ready, so off the boys started, followed more quietly by my wife, Ruth and myself. We found our little craft headed to the east blowing off steam as if she was as impatient as the boys, so in a few minutes we were snugly ensconced, with Tim acting as engineer, Cecil at the wheel, and Thornton, my wife, Ruth and I as passengers.

A run of a few miles brought us to Mud Lock, where we ocked down into the Seneca River, after crossing which we ocked up again into the Cayuga Canal; two miles more and Cayuga Lock was reached, from which it is only a distance of a few rods to the lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world. Cayuga Lake is 40 miles long and from to 3½ miles wide; it lies almost north and south. The Cayuga bridge, built in 1800, and for some years after looked upon as one of the greatest public improvements of the State, crossed the lake just outside of the present breakwater, though there is now nothing left of it but rows of piles. This used to be considered the connecting link between civilization and the wild West. West of "The Bridge" was esteemed in those days an indefinite location, a vague somewhere full of bears, Indians, scouts, and trappers.

A whistle from the Ruth now notified the keepers of the N. Y. C. drawbridge that we wanted room to pass under, and in another minute we were passing the breakwater, built to protect canal boats while waiting for a steamer to tow them up the lake.

The Ruth now commenced to lift her nose a little as the strong south wind of yesterday, helped by the present light south breeze, was sending down long swells, so by the time we were well out in the middle of the lake we were dancing up and down in very nice shape. This dancing was just what pleased the whole family, as we always wished for a breeze when we were on the water, smooth sailing not having sufficient excitement. We were by this time well out in the middle and about two miles up the lake, so I now told Cecil to steer straight on that course, and after cautioning Tim to be careful and watch the glass I settled myself down to enjoy the scenery.

A few words here in regard to our boat; she was designed after a very fine model, was light and rode the water like a cork. Her forward deck was 6ft. long, much longer than is usual in a boat of her size; her after deck was 4ft. long. On account of burning oil for fuel there was no stoking to do, as after the fires were once adjusted she would run one hour or ten without further attention in that direction. We had only to be careful of the pump and injector, to see that a proper quantity of water was in the boiler. Her machinery developed 3 horse power. In regard to fittings, we had a good anchor, also a sea anchor or drag, made to hold the boat head to wind in case of a storm, or in the event of machinery giving out while in rough water.

This sea anchor we had never had occasion to use, though I never felt at ease unless we had it with us. I felt very different on the subject of sea anchors from a friend of mine. Meeting him on Seneca Lake in his yacht and questioning him in regard to a sea anchor that he had been at great pains through my advice to have made, he replied that he kept the anchor in his boat house. I quietly suggested to him that the boat house would be a rather poor place for it in case he was caught in a storm. Well, I kept mine in the boat, and, as circumstances turned out, it was well I did.

We were now six miles from Cayuga, well out in the center of the lake and about opposite to Union Springs. Frontenac Island, the only island in any of this chain of lakes, was directly to port of us. This island is about one-half mile from the shore, due west of Union Springs, and as a little bay runs into the town behind or east of the island the lee is well protected, and even in heavy weather the water is smooth and quiet. We were all enjoying the trip immensely, and as the little Ruth would bravely mount one side of a swell and go down the other the youngsters would shout with delight.

However, I had been noticing that the swells were rather increasing in size as we neared the widest part of the lake, and looking out ahead I saw once in a while a white cap break over, and on the Ruth's climbing up and tumbling down a rather larger wave than we had been meeting, Tim, after looking at the sky, observed to me: "I should not be surprised if we got a little weather before we see Ithaca; don't you suppose we had better run into Union Springs and wait a while?" I answered, "No; the sky is clear, we will make Ithaca in four hours, and no storm will come up in that time!" On looking at my watch I found it was now 11 o'clock, and as Thornton and Ruth had said several times in the last half hour that they were as hungry as bears, my wife and I made up our minds that we might as well eat our dinner. I was the more ready to do so as I noticed considerable increase of wind and white caps getting more numerous. I thought, therefore, that at least it would be more convenient to eat before the water got rough, if it was going to do so. We had, however, been driving along as fast as we could go, 125lbs. of steam on our boiler, with the wheel making 600 revolutions, which in smooth water would have given us over eight miles an hour, but was at the time doing about seven; so I called to Cecil to pass down the dinner basket, and taking out a large fruit can filled with coffee I put it in a can we had for that purpose, and on turning on some steam from the overflow of the injector in three minutes the coffee was hot and dinner ready.

Eating dinner on the boat was always as good as a picnic for the children, the novelty was agreeable to them and the inconvenience a pleasure. Cecil never wanted to steer while eating, and as Tim would just as soon do both, especially the eating, he relieved Cecil; Thornton took charge of the engine, and we were soon hard at work eating and chattering as fast as tongues and teeth would go.

I observed, however, that the wind was fast and steadily increasing, the swells getting larger, and more white caps breaking up, so much so that on striking one of them Tim received about a quart of water in his lap, at which he turned round with a laugh and called back to us, "We shall have some weather before we see Ithaca." The Ruth now began to kick up her heels, so to speak, as the propeller would sometimes throw clear of the water, allowing the engine to race; so I told Thornton to "cut her off a couple of notches," thus slowing the engine down and consequently detracting somewhat from our speed.

We were now through dinner and had put up our baskets, "cleared up the wreck," the boys called it, so that we were again at liberty to enjoy the scenery; but as another big swell came along crowned by a "white horse," which we took with the bow of the Ruth dipped toward it, the spray flying aft as far as the after deck, we began to be of Tim's opinion that we were going to have "a little weather."

The wind was now blowing quite stiff and rapidly increasing, and although the sky was clear it was so hot that I began to think we might have a gale before we were through. My wife also, I could see, was getting a little nervous, and, although she is a good sailor and not scared at a trifle, she said, "John, I don't like the looks of the sky; don't you think we had better run in somewhere and wait till the wind is over?" I nodded an acquiescence and began to look ahead for some bay to run into. The lake where we were is rather over three miles wide, and the wind was now blowing a gale. Tim was wet through, and the spray was beginning to fly pretty thick as far aft as the length of the boat. It was altogether too rough to risk steering either due east or due west, and far too rough to think of turning around. Our only plan was, as the lake here bends slightly to the east, to steer diagonally to the west, thus making a weather shore for us. I called to Tim and told him to steer as near west as the Ruth would stand, and on his heading her off from due south we began to take it.

Going diagonally across the waves was very different from going straight into them, as the little Ruth began to roll as well as pitch, making bad weather of it. We were very shortly all as wet as rats, and so much water was coming into the boat that I told Thornton to start the syphon. This would throw out about a pail of water a minute, and was sufficient under ordinary circumstances to take care of all the water that would come in, but with the gale increasing every minute there soon ceased to be ordinary circumstances; in fact it was the worst storm the Ruth had ever been in, as we were now shipping water by the pailful, so I hastened to get out cans which we had for the purpose, and busied myself throwing out water. On account of the rolling and pitching Thornton was obliged to run his engine so slow to avoid racing that we were not making more than four miles an hour, so in consequence of not being able to steer straight for the shore we would have to go over two miles to reach land. It would therefore take a half an hour, and I began to wonder if we could keep afloat for that time.

A new danger now presented itself; our fires were only 5in. above the bottom of the boat, the water was coming in too fast for the syphon to throw it out, and if we allowed it to get much over 3in. deep, the rolling would make it cover the fires. With this danger in my mind, I yelled to Cecil, who was also bailing out water for dear life, to clear away and make ready the drag; and I had no sooner given this command than I noticed the engine racing like mad, and at a glance saw that the shaft coupling was loose. Thornton seeing also that something was wrong, though he did not know what, shut off steam and the engine was stopped.

Tim, as a general thing, is slow and very deliberate; whether it was the wetting he had received, or whether he realized it was a good time to brace up, I do not know; however he proved himself the right man for the right place in this predicament, as he no sooner realized that the engine was stopped than he steered the Ruth square into the wind, and jumping back to the boiler, where the drag was kept, he threw it overboard. In less than a quarter of a minute we had drifted back and were beginning to fall off to the west, then we reached the end of the line, tightened up on the drag, and we were riding head to wind as comfortable as could be. The Ruth now made good weather of it again, shipping little or no water, so I began to look around to see what was the trouble with our shaft. As far as I could see, the jar of the engine racing had loosened the key, which having fallen out left nothing to hold the shaft. By this time the syphon had drawn all the water out of the boat, so down I got on my hands and knees to find that key, but find it I could not; and I was startled from my occupation by a sharp clap of thunder, apparently right overhead. Jumping up as quick as I could, I found that while we had all been engrossed with the storm coming from the south, there was apparently a much worse one coming from the west, and we were just far enough out in the lake to get the full benefit of it. The west was as black as ink, and the cloud was coming toward us at a rapid speed. Almost as suddenly the wind from the south ceased, the white caps all went down, and there was nothing but the long, heavy waves left. I had just time to call to the boys to sit in the bottom of the boat—my wife, holding little Ruth, following their example—and to Tim to take a paddle and head her to the west, at the same time catching a paddle and working the stern to the east myself. We barely managed to get her headed around when the storm was on us.

What thunder! what lightning! and what a wind! Our previous experience was a calm compared to it. Inside of two minutes it was almost dark, the wind, now a hurricane, meeting the heavy swells from the south, cut off their tops and threw them in blinding and drenching showers over the boat. The roar was as if the last day had come, and I confess I thought another day would never dawn for me or mine. Talking or in fact doing anything was entirely out of the question, we could only hold on and wait.

Poor little Ruth, our pet, after whom our little boat was named, lay in the bottom with her head in her mother's lap, the picture of misery. The boys looked scared, but sat square on the floor, knowing that by so doing they made good ballast and helped keep the boat right side up. Tim was on his knees holding on to the gunwale with one hand and bailing like a good fellow with the other. The thought flashed through my mind that if we got out of this scrape alive I would never call Tim slow again.

By this time the waves began to heave up from the west, and such waves as they soon became I never want to see again. However, riding to the drag was very different from being anchored, as the drag being only large enough to hold us head to wind, it allowed us to drift considerably, so that the force of the waves were diminished by the speed of our drift. The water, however, still came aboard so fast that we saw plainly it was bail or go down, so to bailing we all went, and as we now had only to contend with pitching by holding firmly to the gunwale with one hand we were enabled to do pretty good execution with the other. Tim being in the bow, where all the water now came in, was drenched from head to foot by every wave which struck us; but he never wavered, he just kneeled on the bottom, faced the music and bailed like a major.

The water was now some 5 or 6in over the floor of the boat, and as the Ruth would rise and fall it would slash from one end to the other like a mill race; the fires were out, and we were simply working and waiting, expecting every big comber that came along would sweep completely over and swamp us. It was, however, just grand the way the little launch would ride those waves; she would bury her bow almost the whole length of the deck, and just as we would think the green water was coming aboard she would rise again, and with the exception of shipping two or three pailfuls the water would fall off her deck and roll by.

How long this continued I could not say; it seemed a day, but was probably about twenty minutes, when to my delight a break in the sky and a light streak clear across the west proclaimed that the worst was over, and though the wind was still blowing as if it would tear everything loose, I foresaw an abatement of its force and felt we were safe. Oh, what a relief! Never did bright sky look so good or so pleasant, and to give way to my feelings and encourage the rest I hurrahed at the top of my voice and pointed west. My enthusiasm was contagious, for all three of the boys, hearing me, instinctively looked west, and seeing the now large and increasing bright space, yelled with delight, and worked their bailing cans with tremendous effectiveness.

We now all felt as happy as if we were on land, and though the danger was far from being over, we felt as safe and secure as could be. My wife, hearing our shouts and seeing smiles on our faces, threw off her anxious look and began to busy herself cheering up Ruth. The wind now abated very fast, the bright sky increased in size, and in less than ten minutes the sun was shining and nothing of the wind was left but a fairly stiff breeze, so as no more water came aboard we straightened ourselves up and began to make preparations for getting up steam.

On looking out over the lake we found we had drifted to within half a mile of the east shore and were but a short distance south of Frontenac Island. Tim and Thornton now busied themselves getting up steam, while Cecil and myself began hunting for the key; but hunt as we would, we could not find it. Whether it flew overboard, or whether it had washed up under the floor, we could not and did not find it.

As we could make steam from cold water in our boiler in five minutes, the cheerful whistle of the Ruth was soon blowing, but as the key necessary for our progress was still wanting Tim suggested that perhaps one made out of wood would last long enough to run us in to Union Springs. I somewhat doubted its working, but as there was no harm in trying Tim split a piece off a stick that we had a fish line wound on, whittled it to the right size and drove it into the key seat. The lake was now comparatively quiet—the white caps all gone—so I told Cecil to haul aboard the drag, on his doing which Thornton slowly started the engine and Tim headed our little craft for Union Springs.

Everything went well till we got inside the island, not more than forty rods from the dock, when the engine began racing again, a sign that our wooden key had given out; but another being made and driven in we started slowly, and in a few minutes were in the slip, lying alongside of the Sanatorium, Dr. Pierce's yacht, of that place. It was now 3 o'clock P. M., and as we all needed dry clothes, and a key had to be made for the shaft, we decided to stay over night in the village and continue our journey the next day.

The storm, as it proved, had been the most severe known for years, several barns in the path of it being unroofed, and one very large one being completely blown down; we therefore made up our minds that we had been through a pretty good blow on Cayuga Lake. SEMPER FIDELIS.

A Novel Experiment.

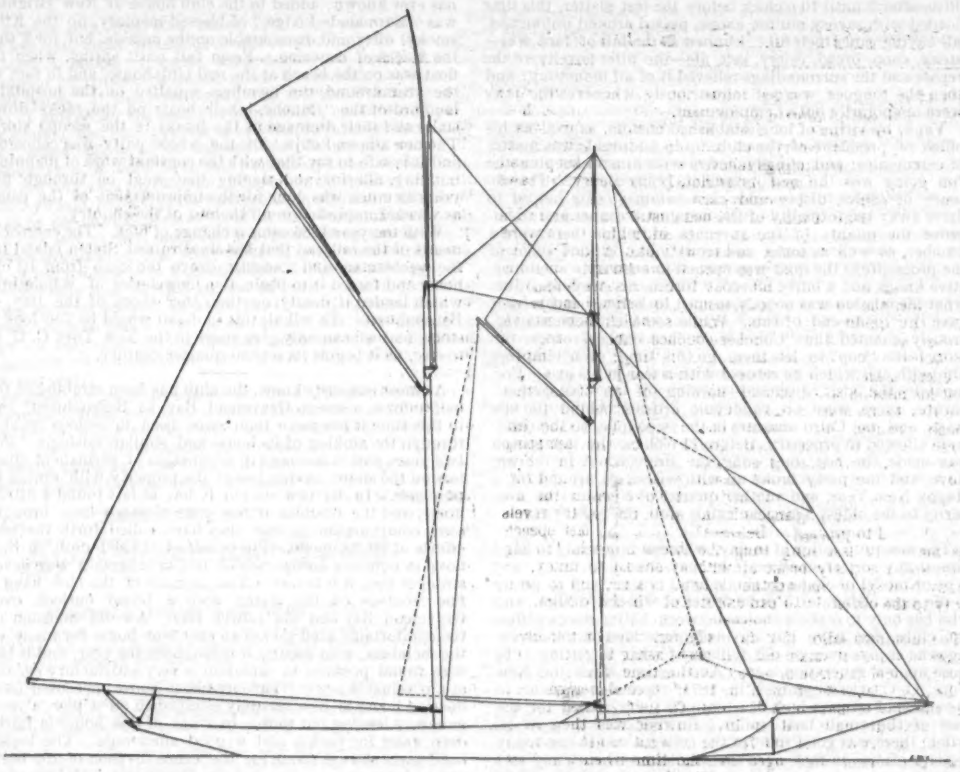
WE quote from the Brooklyn *Eagle* the following account of a novel and interesting experiment which the American Model Y. C. is about to undertake.

Despite the reluctance of the club as a whole to officially encourage the project, several members of the American Model Y. C. have decided to build, some time within the coming year, a practical 30-footer from designs which they themselves will shortly originate. The members actively interested in the idea are six in number: George F. Pigott, George W. Townley, J. D. Casey, J. C. Meyer, O. L. Grey and Frank Nichols. The latter is the measurer of the organization, and prime mover in the proposed plan of constructing a 30-footer, a representative of a class of racing craft that is certain to prove extremely popular when the next yachting season is inaugurated.

Each yachtsman proposes to construct, according to a 1in. scale, a half model of a 30-footer, ranging from 18 to 20ft. on the waterline. No attempt at rigging these designs will be made, but when the entire complement is complete the models will be submitted to some eminent builder of racing craft, probably A. Cary Smith, by whom the three most promising will be selected. It is the intention of the members to then build perfect models, fully rigged, of the three designs chosen, and upon their competition sail a series of trial races for final supremacy. These yachts will be constructed according to a 2in. scale, which will give them a racing length of either 36 or 40in., as determined by the original dimensions.

Having decided by actual competition which of the trio of models is the fastest, it is proposed to build the 30-footer exactly in accordance with and on the identical lines of the successful craft. If the boat is satisfactory as a sailor and racer, its prowess will demonstrate conclusively the value and adequacy of model yacht construction as a means of obtaining a practical knowledge of boat building.

With reference to the approaching season, it may be said that the American Model yachtsmen will leave untried no course that may enable them to win back from the Wave Crest M. Y. C. the Eagle trophy. George W. Townley's second class sloop Star will be considerably lightened before spring. The changes are to be made mainly in her spars and rigging, and when sailed again she will appear in class three, and may later act as challenger in the race for the coveted cup.



QUISSETTA—SAIL PLAN.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN YACHTSMEN.

THE following interview, from the New York *Herald* of Jan. 2, is evidently directed at our remarks of last week on the proposed league of yachtsmen.

"I have observed," said an old yachtsman on Thursday, "that the few advocates of the proposed new Yacht Racing League are energetically pointing to the racing associations already existing as an example of what may be done in that way for the good of the sport. Great stress is laid upon the fact that there is a big union in Massachusetts and another in New York which have done wonders.

"Let me quote you article 2 of the by-laws of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and yachtsmen may better understand the nature and scope of the big union at the eastward:

"Article 2—Objects.—The objects of this Association shall be: To encourage yacht racing and yacht building; to establish and enforce uniform rules for the government of open races for all yachts under 30ft. sailing length.

"Now, after digesting the fact that the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts—this big union at the eastward—has no yachts under its jurisdiction of 30ft. or over sailing length, let me call your attention to Article 3 of the same by-laws:

"Article 3—Membership.—Any yacht club located in the State of Massachusetts, in good standing, having twenty-five members and ten yachts measuring more than 12ft. on the waterline, shall be eligible to membership.

"So please remember that boats of the waterline of 12ft. may be admitted to all the rights and privileges of this Association, and any club having ten of these so-called yachts may become a member.

"This, then, is one of the racing associations held up to the view of the New York Y. C. as having achieved wonders in the yachting line, and whose influence has been eloquently and otherwise touched upon as an example worthy of imitation on the part of the leading club in America.

"It may also be mentioned that the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts takes no account of sail area in the matter of measurement. Yachts are measured 8in. above and parallel with the l.w.l. length without crews on board and centerboard up, and only that for time allowance."

[This is incorrect.—ED.]

"This Association has done well for its members, but have the advocates of the proposed new league ever told that its laws and objects seemed about worthless where clubs having large boats on their list are concerned?

"The Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound is the New York association. The Larchmont Club has never joined it, and the old arguments advanced by its leaders were: 'What do we want to do with a union? We want to make our own laws, have our own racing dates—in fact, want to govern ourselves.' And the Larchmonts have done that selfsame thing all along. They have made laws as they deemed best for their club, and appointed their own racing dates, irrespective of the wishes of any other club on the Sound.

"If the Larchmont people want this new league scheme, as has been said, what change then has come over the spirit of their dreams?

"The Yacht Racing Union of the Sound is an admirable body. The leading club on its list, the Seawanhaka, has borne the brunt of the battle that has been fought, and through its far-seeing and very intelligent members accomplished much good. But the Union cannot wisely be held up to the New York Y. C. as a shining example to be followed in the formation of the proposed league any more than can the Association of Massachusetts.

"Thus, the New York Y. C., in my opinion, will exist, as it has existed for more than half a century, without the help of racing associations or leagues. It has lived and will live without aid. It does not want, nor will it have, anything to do with a matter that may bring about dissension in its ranks, and it does not care to be governed by men coming from clubs which have been quoted as making up the existing racing associations. The New York Y. C., in a word, is able, fully able, to conduct its own affairs in the future as it has done in the past, and while it does not discourage the union of the smaller clubs—those of 30ft. sailing length and so on—it will always be found opposed to revolutionary methods in home affairs."

If this is the strongest argument which the opposition to the scheme can produce, it will do well to abandon all public discussion of the question, and to confine its efforts to the smothering of the scheme in the committee or to voting it down when the committee shall present its report to the club. The whole statement of the case is based on utterly false premises, in that it considers and criticises the Massachusetts Y. R. A. rules as though it were proposed to force the New York Y. C to join this Association, or even the Sound Y. R. U. If this "old yachtsman" was present at the special meeting and heard the details of the proposed scheme, as so fully presented by Mr Lovejoy, he must know that the rules of the two local associations have nothing whatever to do with the proposed league. The reports of the meeting, as given out at the time to the daily press, curiously enough omitted all allusion to the really important business of the evening, mentioning only the points relating to the opposition. The proposal to form the new league was placed before the club not in a general and indefinite way, but in the shape of a practically complete scheme, down to the smallest details. After having recently enjoyed the opportunity of reading the entire paper, we can commend it as most comprehensive and liberal in its scope and treatment, and perfect in its minor details. It not only offers the fullest possible thesis for the thorough discussion of the advisability and practicability of the plan, but it is capable of immediate adoption, with very few changes in the event of the inauguration of the enterprise.

Naturally such a national body would have to include the smallest class of yacht, at least down to 15ft., but it does not follow that the New York Y. C. will be compelled to adopt for its large yachts a rule made exclusively for these small ones; not that the club will be any more contaminated by association with clubs racing the small boats than it now is in racing under the Seawanhaka rule It is too early yet to touch upon details, but we are inclined to the opinion that sooner or later in any case it may be found necessary in this country to adopt special rules for the classes under 30ft.

It is quite true that in any national union small clubs as well as large would be admitted, but an objection on this score alone is mere snobbishness, and has no substantial foundation. If the New York Y. C. wishes to come out squarely with the declaration that it is so much bigger and better than all other clubs in the country that it cannot be associated with them in any way, then this point may hold; if it is not prepared to go so far, then there is no good ground for the objection to the limit actually proposed at the meeting, of fifty members to a club as the minimum qualification for membership.

The real point about the two associations mentioned is plain enough to any one who cares to see it—the great success which has attended both in but two years shows what may fairly be expected of them in four or five years more, especially if they should combine and the same work should go on, as is now promised, in other localities In this not improbable event, the New York Y. C may awaken, when it is too late, to the fact that the building and racing of yachts in America is in the hands of a union not so ancient nor so wealthy as itself, but very much stronger, in that it has the confidence and support of the great body of racing yachtsmen. In this case there are two possibilities: one that the New York Y C. may not want to join the union after opposing the schemes now before it; the other, that the union, whatever its name and nature, may not want the New York Y. C., great as it is.

It matters not now what have been the factors of a club's prestige in the past, the fact is self-evident that in the future the power in yachting is going to those clubs or associations which do the most for the encouragement of racing, and especially in the direction of wise legislation.

The history of the New York Y. C. shows that it has never been a leader in the introduction of rules and similar racing legislation, and it has no future before it now in this direction. If there are any of its members who dispute this and consider that the club is competent of itself to make rules for yachting, they may prove it by producing in the name of the club what yachtsmen are now looking for, a practical new rule of measurement.

"An old yachtsman" is right in his surmise that the Larchmont Y. C. has been acute enough to appreciate the situation so rapidly developing, but his other points are at best but side issues, and have no bearing on the real question. The racing interests of the country, both individually and collectively as clubs, have within a couple of years given indisputable evidence of a desire for improved legislation and closer association, and an attempt is now about to be made to meet this demand. The leadership in this attempt has been offered, practically by common consent, to the New York Y. C., the oldest and largest club in the country. The only question now is whether the club will recognize the condition of affairs and declare itself on one side or the other, preferably in the affirmative. When once the decision of the New York Y. C is known, the work can go on in one way or another, according to that decision.

To sit down now and discuss whether a local body, formed under different conditions and for a different end, should limit its yachts to 12ft. or 15ft. or 30ft. is simply childish

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Ripple is the name of a new racing yacht for the 18ft. class of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., designed by J. F. Small, the amateur designer, of Dorchester. She was built for C. S. Pear by H. A. Davidson, of Calais, Me., being completed in the fall and shipped to Boston by schooner, where she is stored for the winter. She is 25ft. over all, 17ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, and 7in. draft; fitted with a wooden centerboard and a balanced rudder with a small metal scag just forward of it. The sail plan will be about 600sq.ft., pole-masted rig, with jib and mainsail and a small sprit topsail. The construction is light, the frames being ⅝ by ⅜in., spaced 10in., planking ⅝in. and deck ⅛in., the latter covered with canvas; the mast is hollow. The ends are well carried out and the topsides flare. Though intended for a crew of four, as allowed under the M. Y. R. A. rules, this yacht might be brought within the limits of the Seawanhaka 20ft. class, and if she proves as speedy as her designer's reputation warrants us to expect, it would be very gratifying to have her in the trial races at Oyster Bay.

A short time ago it seemed probable that Boston would be represented in the Seawanhaka races by a 20-footer specially designed for the class by Herreshoff, as C. H. Eaton, of Marblehead, late owner of Cock Robin, and previously of the 30-footer Rosalind and the steam yacht Melissa, was in negotiation with the Herreshoffs for such a yacht. The intention was that the boat should be handled by W. P. Fowle, of the Marblehead Corinthian Y. C., former owner of the different Saracens and the helmsman of Cock Robin in the past season. It is now probable that Mr. Eaton has changed his plans; the Boston *Globe* says: "Yachtsmen who may be inclined to make wagers can safely give odds, if necessary, that C. S. Eaton will not order a 20-footer from the Herreshoffs for the Seawanhaka international trials, but will be found in the knockabout class with an improved Cock Robin, in so far as the Herreshoffs are able to make an improvement on last year's champion. It is understood that Mr Eaton's principal reason for not trying for international honors was the time it would take from business and the doubt if he could induce ex-Com. Fowle, of the Corinthians, to be his right-hand man again, since the latter also expected to be specially deep in business the coming summer. It would have been vastly interesting to Boston yachtsmen to have had Mr. Eaton build a 20-footer, but what is a loss in one class will be a gain in another, and a new Cock Robin will still further assure some lively knockabout racing." [It has since been announced that Mr. Eaton has placed the order as above indicated.]

Well back in the days of the tonnage rule and the narrow cutters, 1884, Will Fife, Jr., then at the head of the Culzean Shipbuilding Co., designed and built one of the handsomest little cutters that has ever been floated. Bedouin, as she was named, was a very wide boat for her day, with 7ft. 3in. beam and 25ft. l.w.l., as compared with the 4ft. 10in. beam of the old 3-tonner of 26ft. l.w.l. With a long, graceful counter, a waterline with but a trace of hollow in the bows, and a beautifully moulded form, she is still handsome, even beside more *fin-de-siècle* cracks. She was built for a special class of the Bangor Corinthian Y. C., of Belfast Lough, Ireland. With the beginning of the present year of grace Mr. Fife is sending to the same locality, for the Royal Ulster Y. C., a fleet of one-design boats of similar dimensions, 35ft. 6in. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 2¼in. beam, 6ft. 3in. draft. They are cutter-rigged, fitted with a cabin trunk which gives a good cabin, with accommodation for three or four, and they are intended for both racing and all-round work. It will be interesting to compare the new boats with the old, after an interval of thirteen years, as the two are built for much the same purpose and without regard to the existing general racing rules.

The Cleveland Y. C. is discussing the proposition to build a much needed breakwater in front of the new club house, there being no prospect at present of such an extension of the Government breakwater as will afford protection to the house and make it possible to launch or land small boats. It is estimated that for an outlay of $7,000 to $8,000 a breakwater 100ft. long and 50ft. from the club house could be built, and it is proposed to raise the money in the club.

The Beverly Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., George H. Richards; Vice-Com., Lewis F. Dabney; Sec'y-Treas., F. L. Dabney; Meas., A. S. Hardy. After discussion the club decided not to join the Mass. Y. R. A., for the reason that such action would involve radical changes in the club's rules and the abandonment of the Seawanhaka rule, under which it has raced for years. A proposition to establish a 21ft. knockabout class for Buzzard's Bay, similar to the Boston class, was favorably received and a committee was appointed to draw up regulations and submit them at the January meeting.

The *Wassersport* announces the coming publication of a second and enlarged edition of the *Segler's Handbuch*, the revision being by George Ballitz, editor of the *Wassersport*. The original work, published some ten years since, has been of the greatest value to German yachtsmen and to the sport in Germany. The new book will be greatly enlarged and modernized. In this connection we note with sincere regret the death of the author of the book, Capt. Alfred Muchall-Viebrock, German Naval Reserve, which took place in Berlin on Dec. 8, his age being but forty-two. A born yachtsman, he was devoted through life to the sport as a means of personal enjoyment, and in a no less degree to the advancement of yachting in Germany. His cruises in the 40-ton schooner Hela, and his writings on all departments of yachting, are familiar through the pages of the *Wassersport*. He was always an active member of the German Sailing Union.

Mr. Frank Cowper, the English yachtsman whose cruises are already well known to our readers, will have afloat next season a new single hander, now building by Thos. Martin, at Chiswick, on the Thames. The yacht, which will be ketch rigged, has very liberal dimensions for her type: 46ft. o.a., 24ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. 9in. draft. She will have excellent room below, with 6ft. 2in. headroom in the cabins. The sail plan will be small, and all sheets and halyards will lead to the cockpit. Mr. Cowper will extend his cruising beyond its previous range, going through the French canals and into the Mediterranean. The result will doubtless be another useful and interesting book, such as he so well knows how to write

The *Yachting World* celebrates the holidays as usual by a special "Xmas and Mediterranean Number" in addition to its regular weekly issue. The special number has a handsome cover in colors, and contains a great deal of interesting reading, with numerous illustrations, small and large. The history of the origin of the Y. R. A. is told by Dixon Kemp, yachting editor of the *Field*; Sir George Baden-Powell tells of the Arctic cruise made by him in the steam yacht Otaria, and there is an interesting article on "Yachts of the XVIIIth and XIXth Centuries." Mr. C. N. Boyn, editor of *La Yacht*, contributes an article on the development of yachting in the Mediterranean. There are other descriptive articles, one on French yachting, and one or two pieces of fiction. The illustrations, in the way of full-page supplemental plates and small reproductions scattered through the text, are excellent, but entirely too numerous to mention in detail. The whole number is worth reading now and keeping for future reference.

We have received a copy of the third issue of the *Australian Yachtsman and Canoeist*, published in Sydney, Australia, a neat little paper of the size and general style of the *English Yachtsman*. The young journal has our best wishes for a happy new year and permanent success.

The *Wassersport* pays us the compliment, in several recent issues, of quoting very fully from the descriptions of El Heirie and Ethelwyn, and reproducing the designs which originally appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Christmas "double" number of *The Yachtsman* is of nearly four times the size of the regular issue, with a special cover in a rather striking red, and contains a varied assortment of good reading matter, light and heavy, all liberally illustrated. The more practical side of yachting is dealt with in the designs of the prize winner in the designing competition of the London Sailing Club last winter, a fin-keel of 18ft. linear rating, 25ft. 10in. o.a., 16ft. 7¼in. l.w.l., 5ft. beam and 8¾in. draft of hull; the total draft being 4ft. 11in., with a displacement of 1,246lbs., the fin and bulb weighing 2.6lbs. The sail area is 200sq. ft. Another design is of a sort of American sharpie, designed by her owner, H. Wilmer, and termed a "barge-yacht." There are also designs of a small cruising steam yacht, of the canoe Prucas III., and the sail and interior plans of the yawl Julnar, designed by A. Cary Smith, with an account of the yacht. There are some excellent photogravure plates, one of them showing Mr. Brand's new Spruce IIIII., designed and built by Sibbick, evidently a very handsome model. She is shown under way at a strong angle of heel, with Mr Brand and Tom on the weather rail; the centerboard, and even the keel to leeward of it, being visible. The lines are evidently far cleaner and fairer than in Spruce IIII. The rig shows a simpling with no reefing gear, and she does not carry a roller jib. Some interesting views of the British Canoe Association meet of 1896 form a supplemental plate.

Quissetta.

THE schooner Quissetta, whose sail plan is here given, was designed last winter by Gardner & Cox, and built by Marvel & Co. for H. W. Harris, Larchmont Y. C. She is a steel yacht of the semi-fin type, her dimensions being: Over all, 96ft.; l.w.l., 66ft. 6in.; beam, 18ft.; draft, 10ft. 6in; racing length, 71.29ft. She is a very handsome craft, and as her racing shows, a very speedy one.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

ATLANTIC DIVISION, PURSER'S REPORT.

Oct. 1, 1895, to Oct. 1, 1896.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser, Thomas Hale, Jr.	$192 85
Dues for 1894	4 00
Dues for 1895	18 00
Dues for 1896	230 00
Entrance fees for 1896	31 00
Transferred from Eastern Division	1 00
E. E. Marcelle to account of Thomas Hale, Jr.	1 10
Sale of Code Signal books	2 80
	$480 85

Expenditures.

Regatta Committee	$27 85
Expenses of Division Meet, 1896	31 60
Office expenses	25 00
Postage A. C. A. Year Book	12 06
Sec'y-Treas. Stryker, 3-5 dues, etc	82 50
Collection charges	14 00
Balance	284 62
	$480 65

Membership.

Members, Oct. 1, 1895	251
New members	35
Reinstated	19
Transferred	9— 54
	305
Resigned	3
Deceased	1
Dropped	61— 68
Total membership Oct. 1, 1896	237

HENRY M. DATER, Purser.

Audited and found correct.
FRANK L. DUNNELL, }
ROBERT J. WILKIN, } Auditors.
DEC. 26, 1896.

1871—N. Y. C. C.—1896.

It happened somewhere uptown and far over on the west side, and though they all got there in time and got away again safely in good season, no one of the party yet knows just where it was or what the place would look like by daylight. Wherever it was, Col. Waring's "White Wings" had evidently long since grown weary of the struggle with the filthy grease which follows a snowstorm in New York; the cross streets declining to the North River were worse than toboggan slides.

Outside, so far as it was visible at 7 o'clock on a winter's night, the place was an ordinary beer saloon, the idea being further strengthened on entering by the usual bar on the left side of the room. Opposite to the bar, however, was a large curtained doorway, and passing through this one stood at the head of four steps leading down to a plain one-story shed about 60 by 25ft., running with the street, the far end and the street side being inclosed with boards, and the inner side, evidently opening on a "summer garden," with glass. In the left corner near the stairs stood an upright piano; on the right were two big casks of XXX ale on skids, and not far from the piano was an odd-looking stove of cast iron, about 3ft. by 18in. at the bottom and tapering as it rose, the height being about 4ft. Back of the stove was a big pile of hickory, cut in lengths, and beside it lay a gridiron about 3ft. long and 1ft. wide, on high legs. At the bottom of the stove was a door just large enough to admit the gridiron.

The furniture of the room was simplicity itself; arranged in an oval were some sixty common chairs, and in front of each pair of chairs stood an empty champagne box, on end. On each box stood two small salt cellars, and on each chair lay neatly folded a big thick white towel. Beside the stove stood a table piled high with loaves of bread, and next to the gridiron stood a large butcher's basket piled with steaks; such steaks as are never seen in the best shops, nor even the most noted of the city chop houses. Each was about two inches thick, the bone sirloin trimmed clean of every vestige of fat; the white-aproned cook who proudly tended them, armed with a fork about 2ft. long, volunteered the information that they were not only specially prepared for such occasions, but were seasoned in the cold storage for six weeks.

They began to come in about 6:30, the dinner being set for 7 o'clock; Vaux was there, Whitlock and Stephens (W. P.), Stevens (C. J.), Tramp and Delevan, representing the old timers of the early Staten Island days; with Downing Vaux, an old ex-member. The new men, who have been active in the club since its removal across the Bay, turned out in goodly numbers; and then there were the guests, Zerega and Sherman, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.; Stayton and Ford, of the Naval Reserve; Vernon, of the Brooklyn C. C. and others, in all some sixty hungry sailor men.

As the first of them came in, the cook looked to his fire, now burned down to a hot bed of embers, and loaded up the big gridiron with nearly a dozen of the steaks; while one of his assistants manned a sort of guillotine and began an onslaught on the pile of loaves beside him, rapidly reducing them to slices. Each slice, about four inches square, was then cut in half.

By the time that greetings had been exchanged and hats and coats stowed a waiter appeared at the head of the steps with a big tray of sherry glasses, Mr. Delevan sounded the assembly on his cornet, and the party formed in lock-step for a march around the room, each receiving his ration of "grog" as he passed the steps. The march continued until the full circuit of the room had been made, and then all found places in the oval of chairs, each tucking his towel around his neck until he was well covered in front. Now the first batch of steaming steaks was ready, and as it was withdrawn each steak was lifted with the big fork and dipped in a pan of melted butter, then it was passed to an assistant who deftly carved it into slices, each about half an inch thick, the cuts running at right angles to the long central bone. The bones were laid aside and were to be had on special application to the head cook by those who wished them. Now a big platter was covered with the half slices of bread and on each slice was laid a piece of the steaming beef, done to a turn, just the right shade of red, without the blue tinge, and appealing at once to eye, nose and mouth.

As the platter started on its way down the room it was followed by a second waiter with a big dish of celery, and a third with a tray of ale glasses. The merry conversation back and forth across the room in the most informal manner was temporarily interrupted as each in turn helped himself to his portion of bread and meat, to say nothing of the ale, and was resumed in the interval while the next round was preparing. How many times the procession of waiters went round the room we cannot say, but the feast lasted from a little after 7 until 10 o'clock before the last platter, this time loaded with savory mutton chops, passed around untouched, all having eaten their fill. Limited as the bill of fare was—steak, chop, bread, celery, salt, ale—the utter novelty of the repast and the surroundings relieved it of all monotony; and then the tongues wagged industriously whenever the jaws were temporarily out of employment.

Vaux, by virtue of long-established custom, as well as his office of president of the club, up to midnight, was master of ceremonies; and equally active with him in keeping the fun going was the new president, Louis Boury. The absence of tables, dishes and claw-hammer coats helped to drive away the formality of the usual club dinner and to improve the quality of the speeches, of which there were a number, as well as songs and recitations. At one stage of the proceedings the door was opened in answer to an imperative knock and a burly bluecoat forced his way in. Just what his mission was nobody seemed to know, but his visit gave rise to no end of fun. While some of the guests vigorously chanted the "Couchee-couchee dance," others implored the "cop" to let them go this time; even tempting him with ale, which he refused with a tear in his eye. Fortunately the visit disclosed nothing of an "altogether" nature; there were no vaudeville artistes behind the ale casks and no Cairo dancers in the woodpile, so the revels were allowed to proceed. Before 11 o'clock the last speech was made, the last song sung, the fire was out in the big stove, and the party broke up with wishes all around for a Happy New Year, and another quarter of a century of prosperity to the oldest American canoe club, the New York.

The mosquito sailor of to-day, who can buy ready to hand almost any sort of small craft he may chance to fancy, any type or model of canoe or single-hand cruiser, and so on up to the most elaborate 15 or 20 footer of special design, and who has only to make a choice between half a dozen different clubs, can have but an inadequate idea of the advantages he enjoys over we old fellows of what is getting to be close upon a generation ago. At the time when the New York C. C. was organized, in 1871, there was nothing in the shape of either a boat or a club that was suited for the uses of the small boat sailor. Rowing was then in its prime; there was good sport in the colleges and in the many big city clubs—in fact, even the smaller cities with any sort of water near at hand usually boasted a rowing club. Rowing boats of all kinds for mere pleasure rowing, practice, training and racing, were to be had of good design and construction, and the many clubs offered house facilities and social intercourse to rowing men.

In yachting there was nothing better in the smaller classes than the centerboard catboat of the day, a case where "the best was but the worst," as many an aspiring novice soon discovered. This craft and her mate, the small centerboard cabin sloop, were both poorly adapted to the uses of the young tyro and would-be single-hander. Between the rowing boats and the sailboats there was the ordinary working rowboat, such as the famous "Whitehall boat" of New York, a craft that could be sailed fairly well, and which, for want of something better, was used to a certain extent for boat cruising.

Those who had no special taste for rowing racing—and the "revolver" and sham amateur were even then beginning to bring the noble sport into disrepute—found little to attract them in the rowing clubs; and those who essayed to cruise in the open catboat were usually satisfied after a few narrow escapes.

The first suggestion of anything better suited to the wants of the young Corinthian came in the form of an article in *Harper's Magazine*, in 1866, a brief but interesting compilation from the first of Capt. John MacGregor's cruises, then just reprinted from the English edition by Harper & Bros. To us, as well as to many others, this first glimpse at "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe" opened a fairyland that even thirty years has not quite obliterated. The initial cruise of the New York C. C. was made in 1869 or '70, and in such a "Whitehall boat" as we have already mentioned, the leading spirit of the party of three or four being W. L. Alden, then a young newspaper man. The cruise began at New York, and if we are not mistaken ended in a lumber yard at Troy, where the party narrowly escaped arrest as either pirates or lunatics of no harmless kind. It was not the New York C. C. *then*, but it was this cruise which turned Mr. Alden to the idea of canoeing and the formation of a club. His first missionary work was among some fellow newspaper men and some New York yachtsmen—Montgomery Schuyler, the well known writer; his cousin, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, later noted as the most extreme of the "cutter cranks;" Dr. J. S. Mosher, G. Livingston Morse, of the New York *Observer;* the late Capt. Timmerman, of the Alexandre Line of Havana steamers; Capt. S. Grosvenor Porter, of the Pacific Mail; Charles Leuyard Norton, the writer; and a Baltimore canoeist, W. O'Sullivan Dimptel. Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer, was also a member, sailing in one of the few races held in the early years of the club. The first canoes were Rob Roys, built from the designs in MacGregor's books or imported from England, the original canoe of the club being a Rob Roy built by William Everson, then noted as a builder of Whitehall boats. The young club began a correspondence with the Royal C. C., especially with Capt. MacGregor and Mr. W. Baden-Powell, and the latter very kindly sent out the complete working plans of his No. 4 Nautilus. Mr. Montgomery Schuyler imported a handsome mahogany Nautilus of Messenger's build, more of a sailing canoe than the first craft. There was at the time an English boat builder, Jarvis, in Ithaca, N. Y., who had built canoes at home, and who, when called on by the club, turned out some very fine craft, among them the famous old Psyche, so long owned by Kirk Munroe.

At the outset the club had no house; in fact, apart from an occasional rendezvous at the Hotel Hungaria, in Union Square, its members were widely scattered. A couple of regattas were held in the early days, one in Flushing Bay, where some of the canoes were kept; and another, in 1874, on New York Bay, off Bayonne, some of the canoes being kept along the Bayonne and Pamrapo shore and others on Staten Island. At the same time the club did a good deal of cruising between New York and Montreal, and on other waters.

Meanwhile canoeing had been growing slowly outside of the club, and about 1879 it received some important accessions—Vaux, Whitlock, Kirk Munroe, Wm. M. Cooke, L. F. d'Oremieulx and W. P. Stephens. In 1879, through the efforts of the new men, a very successful sailing regatta was held off Staten Island, and in the same summer, mainly through the labor of Mr. Whitlock, a club house was built at the same point, where the St. George ferry now is.

The next six years were the most successful that the club has ever known; added to the club house at New Brighton was "Marmalade Lodge," of blessed memory, up the Kills; smoky, dirty and disreputable on the outside, but for a time the Mecca of canoeing. From fall until spring, when the float was on the beach at the real club house, and in fact all the year around, the members squatted on the hospitable landlord of the "Ranche," their boats on the racks down stairs and their dunnage in the bunks in the second story. The one aim and object of the whole party was canoeing, and it is safe to say that with the constant work of planning, building, altering and rigging that went on through five years as much was done for the improvement of the canoe as was accomplished in all the rest of the country.

With the year 1886 came a change of luck. The encroachments of the railroad that has since ruined Staten Island for the yachtsman and canoeist drove the club from its old home and forced it to begin the long series of wanderings which landed it finally on the other shore of the Bay, at Bensonhurst. To tell all this in detail would be too long a story, and we can only give space to the New York C. C of to-day, as it begins its second quarter century.

As most canoeists know, the club has been established for half a dozen years on Gravesend Bay, at Bensonhurst, and in this time it has more than once been in serious trouble through the sinking of its house and similar mishaps. For two years past it has been in occupation of permanent quarters on the shore, having leased the property with option of purchase. In its new station it has at last found a fitting home, and the troubles it has gone through have brought some compensation in that they have called forth the best efforts of all the members in behalf of the old club, so that both in numbers and *personnel* the membership was never stronger than it is to-day. The grounds of the club have a fine frontage on the water, with a broad outlook over Gravesend Bay and the Lower Bay. An old mansion of the comfortable kind makes an excellent home for many of the members, who occupy it throughout the year, and it has been found possible to maintain a very satisfactory *cuisine* at a reasonable price. The large boat house once used as a floating house is now securely established on a pier, a long gangway leading out to it. In front of this house is fairly deep water for yachts and a good anchorage. The house itself gives storage room for the canoe division of the fleet, and in front of it are moored the "one-design" 15-footers of last year to the number of a dozen, with many other small yachts. Outside the moorings is the breadth of Gravesend Bay, the club's home sailing waters and racing course, and further off is New York Bay, with the Shrewsbury and Raritan Bay beyond.

Thus located, the club at last offers what has so long been needed about New York, a club for the men who sail small boats of all types.

We are reluctant to admit the fact that the canoe is not as popular to-day and will not be as popular in the future as it was in the past; one very good reason for this indisputable fact lies in the multiplication of types of small craft, all derived originally from the canoe, but now, as in the racing 20-footer, with none of its distinctive features. With such a wide range to choose from, the men who once took to the canoe because there was nothing that could at all compare with it in model, construction and general adaptability, to-day divide their preference among a dozen allied types.

While the New York C. C. must always continue to be a canoe club, at the same time there is no disguising the fact that its future lies mainly in a new and far broader field, as *the* club for the small boat sailors, both cruisers and racers, of Greater New York.

In starting its second quarter century on this new course, it has an able hand at the helm. Its new president, Louis Boury, though a new member compared with such ancient patriarchs as Whitlock and Vaux, has enjoyed a wide experience in different yachting and boating clubs and in all sorts of small craft, from the 25-footer Smuggler, which he built as the first of the class and raced so successfully in 1891, down to canoes. This experience, with his reputation as a worker in all branches of club management, and his wide acquaintance among yachting and boating men, leaves little room for doubt as to the success of the New York C. C. in 1897.

The Paddling Trophy.

OTTAWA, Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association, held at Toronto on Nov. 21, I submitted a resolution recommending the abolition of the racing machine and the establishment of a standard paddling canoe for all paddling races; the resolution being referred to the regatta committee. It is now my desire to lay my views on the matter, through the medium of your valuable paper, before the members of the A. C. A., or in fact any one who has the interests of canoe paddling at heart.

Under the racing regulation and regatta programme in the Year Book for 1896, if a man wishes to enter in (1) the trophy paddling, (2) the single blade open canoe, (3) the tandem open canoe, or (4) the club fours, unless he is content to paddle at a disadvantage, he must have four different canoes. In (1) his canoe may be 16ft. by 28in., and as light as he pleases to make it; in (2) his canoe may be of the same dimensions as above, but it must weigh 50lbs.; in (3) the canoe must have a beam of 30in. and must weigh 55lbs.; and in (4) a canoe can be of any length, weight or beam, provided that it is not narrower than 28in. or shorter than 16ft. These regulations are, in my humble opinion, absurd, and are enough to kill paddling racing at A. C. A. meets until proper regulations are made.

The four paddling events named are just the ones that every paddler wishes to enter. But is he to be put to the expense and inconvenience of building and maintaining four different canoes, and, like the owners of race horses, bring a "string" with him to the meets? I am strongly of the opinion that if we had one standard canoe for all paddling events, and let that canoe be a general purpose canoe as well, it would materially increase and strengthen the racing spirit not only in the Association, but also among canoeists generally. Nearly all club regattas are held under A. C. A. rules, and very often local regatta committees in this part of the world at any rate find great difficulty in arranging events owing to the different varieties of canoes allowed by the present rules. After all, the object of competition is to decide on the best man, not the best builder or the lightest or fastest canoe.

In order to arrive at the proper dimensions for a standard canoe, one that would not be clumsy for racing, and still would be perfectly safe for cruising and general purpose use, I have discussed the matter with canoeists from Montreal, Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa. The consensus of opinion

is that a canoe 16ft. long, 30in. beam, 12in. deep and weighing not less than 50lbs. would be a suitable standard for the Association to adopt. I would suggest that all paddling races, except of course war canoe races, be limited to the standard canoe. If this were done I feel confident that the number of entries for the paddling races at the meets would at least double, and the interest and competition be much keener. Some may be of the opinion that the trophy paddling should not be included in this limitation, but it to my mind is the very race that should be open to all. Every inducement should be offered to increase competition in what ought to be the most important event of the meet. I have been in this race at each meet for the past five years, and with the exception of last year, when it was won on its merits, it has usually been a competition of canoes and not men. Not only that, but the number of entries in each year has been absurdly small. In 1895 Mr. R. O. King was the only member who had a canoe in camp, and his was consequently the only entry up till the last moment, when other arrangements were made to prevent the event being declared off for the year.

A race for a mile with canoes of the above description, with double blades, would be a splendid contest and would be an event which would have many competitors at an A. C. A. meet. I think it must be admitted that the paddling races at the meets have not been what they should be, and I therefore suggest this change as a remedy.

D'ARCY SCOTT.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

OUR San Francisco correspondent—Rosel—under date of Dec. 14 sends us the following clipping from a local paper, giving the details of the year's work of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, of that city:

"Nearly all of the prominent rifle shooters in this vicinity were at the Shell Mound Range yesterday. With them were dozens who are not in the front row, but who are nevertheless enthusiasts in this line of sport, and the five rifle, pistol and military targets were kept on the move all day.

"The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its last contest of the year for the club's class medals, but there will be one more contest on the 27th inst. for the re entry or all-comers' medals On that date the season's sport will conclude with a team shoot, rifle and pistol, in which all members will participate, to be followed by a banquet at Capt. Siebe's, at which all the prizes will be distributed. As stated, the winners of the class medals were decided at the contests yesterday. D. W. McLaughlin won the champion class rifle prize, his best four scores for the year being (Columbia target): 52 52 56 56—216. F. O. Young missed by 2 points, his total score being 218. In the first class F. E. Mason captured the medal with 76 74 86 82 308 He was closely followed by H. R. Crane with 311 and A. B. Dorrell with 318. E. Jacobson won the second class medal with 70 72 76 79—297. His closest competitor was J. E. Gorman with 320.

Mr. Gorman, however, consoled himself, for he won the champion pistol medal with 37 39 42 45—163. A. H. Pape was only 10 points behind, or 173, and F. O. Young made 186. To a score of 30 in 10 shots made four months ago, A. B. Dorrell is indebted for the first class pistol prize. His best four scores were 30 49 55 59—193. It was expected that Dr. L. O. Rodgers would secure that prize with 45 50 50 50—195, but Dorrell's 30 put the latter too far ahead. E. Jacobson was the fortunate winner of the second class pistol medal with 55 59 66 65—245. G. M. Bailey for a time had a chance to win on 269

All day yesterday there was a red hot fight on for the Unfred diamond medal. As it stands at present, Adolph Strecker leads with 95 points in ten 3-shot scores. D. W. McLaughlin stands 98, having reduced his total 8 points. F. O. Young is 99; he reduced his total 7 points. In the Glindemann military musket contest Young leads with 466 points (Creedmoor count) in 10 scores of 10 shots each; he gained 3 points yesterday. E. Hovey follows with 461, having gained 1 point on a score of 46.

The race in the .22cal. rifle 5-shot contest on the 50yds. range lies between E Jacobson and Hovey. Jacobson forged ahead for awhile yesterday on 2 points, but Hovey brought the situation back to 2 points in his favor on an 8. His total is 90, and Jacobson's 92. A hard fight is being made for the all-round medal for pistol, rifle and musket presented by Capt. L. Siebe, In this Young is in the lead by several points, but it is nobody's victory yet.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec 27.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. Capt. Gindele still continues to make some remarkable scores with his Zischang barrel. Hasenzahl and Payne shot a match of 50 shots to-day, the former making 376, the latter 328 points, Payne leading by 17 points:

Gindele.	
10 9 9 9 10 8 8 9 9 10 91	9 10 8 6 9 10 9 10 0 9—90
9 10 8 8 7 10 10 9 9 9—88	8 8 9 10 8 10 8 9 8 10 88
Payne.	
6 9 9 10 8 8 9 9 7 1—85	9 10 9 9 7 10 8 7 7 5 81
9 7 7 7 10 10 8 6 6 9—81	7 6 7 9 9 9 7 8 9 9—80
Wellinger.	
9 9 10 8 6 8 8 9 8 9—84	9 6 9 7 5 8 10 10 9 8—81
7 7 10 7 8 9 6 8 9 8—79	8 7 9 8 8 10 6 7 6 8—77
Trounstine.	
7 6 10 4 4 6 9 9 7 4—66	7 5 4 7 8 7 8 6 5 9—66
8 9 4 5 5 6 9 6 3 10 65	6 7 4 9 7 10 9 9 8 8 64
Hasenzahl.	
7 7 8 10 10 8 7 8 10 6—81	6 8 7 8 9 6 10 6 9 10 79
7 8 9 10 8 6 7 7 8 6 78	7 7 4 8 9 10 8 6 8 10 76
Hettkamp.	
4 5 8 9 10 8 6 4 7 8 69	4 9 9 9 6 7 7 5 7 4 67
5 7 5 6 7 9 9 5 5 7 65	5 10 7 5 7 9 8 3 6 6—61
Topf.	
6 7 6 8 7 10 6 3 9 6 68	7 6 10 7 6 4 9 2 4 5 60
4 6 10 8 4 2 8 2 7 5 56	7 6 7 6 5 7 5 4 6 3 56
Strickmeier.	
8 8 8 6 7 7 6 8 10 10 78	6 10 5 9 7 5 7 5 6 10 70
7 8 9 8 5 4 7 5 7 6 66	6 7 9 6 9 5 8 6 6 4—66
Drube.	
8 9 10 6 10 10 6 8 10 6 83	6 8 5 7 9 8 6 6 9 7—70
5 4 5 6 7 9 5 6 9 8—64	3 4 3 5 4 7 9 4 10 4—50
Lux.	
8 5 5 8 6 7 8 9 5 6—67	5 6 7 8 7 5 10 7 7 4 66
5 5 10 5 2 6 10 8 5 5—62	10 4 5 10 4 5 6 3 7 8—64
Hake.	
9 10 8 2 6 9 9 4 5 9—71	8 4 5 5 8 6 7 7 7 6—61
4 1 6 5 5 8 7 8 5 10—59	5 4 5 4 6 6 0 7 6 6—54

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 11-14.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—ERIE. Pa.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 16.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Testimonial shoot to Neaf Apgar. Targets. Shoot commences at 9:30 A. M.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 23—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Feb. 8-20—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $300 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., at its monthly business meeting, held in the club house on Saturday last, Jan. 2, decided to give a testimonial to Neaf Apgar as a send-off in his new career as a representative of the Austin Cartridge Company, and as some return for the work done in behalf of the club by Neaf in past years After a short discussion the club decided that the testimonial should take the following form: The clubhouse, traps and targets of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to be tendered to Neaf, free of all charge, for the purpose of holding an all-day open-to-all shoot on those grounds. The date selected for the shoot was Jan. 16. It is hoped by the club that all Neaf's many friends in the neighboring clubs will respond by putting in an appearance, thus helping to make the affair the success it should be. A popular programme will be gotten up, but all sweeps will be optional, anybody that wants to do so being permitted to shoot along "for the birds." Remember the date—Saturday, Jan. 16.

Louis Schortemeier was the victim of an accident on New Year's Day that might have resulted very seriously. He was shooting live birds at Dexter Park when the right barrel of his gun burst a few inches beyond the end of the chamber. The barrel burst on the inner side, next to the rib, breaking the fore end into several pieces and tearing the rib off bodily, throwing it high in the air and depositing it in the snow about 45ft. away from the score. The force of the explosion jarred off the second barrel. A pretty long scratch on his left wrist, evidently caused by a splintered piece of the fore end, and several measle-like spots on the same wrist and on the ball of the thumb, due to powder blown into the flesh, show what a narrow escape he had. From the nature of the explosion and the location of the fracture, Schorty says he is satisfied that there was an obstruction in the right barrel at the time the gun was fired.

In addition to running the big shoot at Hot Springs, Feb. 8-20, John J. Sumpter, Jr., will have something to do with the running of Hot Springs township for a short time at least, judging from the following from the Hot Springs *Morning Sentinel* of Dec. 16: "Gov. Clark yesterday appointed John J. Sumpter, Jr., to fill the office of constable of Hot Springs township for the unexpired term, which vacancy was caused by the death of Allen P. Davis. Mr. Sumpter is well qualified to fill the position, and there is no doubt but that his appointment will meet with hearty approval. The new constable feels highly honored by the appointment, as there were a number of aspirants to the office who were good men and had strong influences to back them up. Mr. Sumpter will enter on his duties as soon as he receives his commission from the county judge."

"A chip of the old block." Elmer Shaner's father—we know him best under his title of Pap Shaner—is a man that is as fond of a gun as anybody among the shooting fraternity of Pittsburg, Pa. Then comes Elmer himself; a few years ago there were very few men who could down him at the "one-man-up" style of shooting. And now comes the third generation—Reed Shaner, Elmer's son, a boy of fifteen, who made his debut at the traps the other day, firing at targets for the first time, and using his father's gun. He didn't disgrace the name, as he broke somewhere in the neighborhood of 60 or 65 per cent.

Frank Butler says that while hunting quail in Arkansas he learned a new name for a hammerless gun. It happened that while he, Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) and a party of friends from Hot Springs were out after quail, a sudden thirst overtook them. To quench it the party stopped at a negro's cabin and asked for a drink of spring water. When the water was brought, Mrs. Oakley laid her gun on the ground the better to manipulate the drinking gourd. A little colored boy who came out of the cabin walked around the gun twice, and then called out: "Pop, see! Dis yer lady's got one of dem unseenless hammer guns!"

Jack Winston is in the city again and will make things lively for a week or two, prior to starting South for San Antonio and Hot Springs. His match with George Mosher for the Du Pont trophy was to have come off on Saturday, Jan. 16, at Charlie Zwirlein's; owing to the shoot at Boiling Springs on that date (the Apgar shoot), the match will be shot early the succeeding week. George Mosher, who was in town on Monday, says that he intends to be present at Clover & Pope's tournament at Massasaugua Point, Erie, Pa., and also at the Audubon Gun Club's shoot, in Buffalo.

Justus von Lengerke has gotten back from England, where he has been for a few weeks on business. While there he managed to mix in a little pleasure with business, and had a taste of some of the good game shooting to be found in the British Isles. He brought back some specimens of the game he killed, among them some of the English woodcock. Although they had been on the ice about a fortnight, they weighed close on to a pound apiece when tried on the scales in the Murray street store. As for the shooting itself—he wants more of it.

Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is in the city for a few days. He has just patented a new kind of shell, the special features of which may be of interest to those who shoot ducks and geese in damp weather. As we understand it, Bush deposits a sort of metal covering over the paper shell, thus making it to all intents one of the old brass shells; the beauty of the whole thing is that this "brass shell" will crimp as perfectly and as smoothly as one of the ordinary paper shells.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Long Island, shot a race at targets on New Year's Day with a team of six men from the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn. The shoot took place at Garden City, the home team winning by 6 targets. The teams were: Garden City Gun Club—Nicoll Floyd, Jr., G. L. Hubbell, D. D. Breck, Newhall Lawrence, Alfred Lewis and J. R. Wood; Crescent—D. Geddes, C. White, G. Notman, W. F. Sykes, A. B. Fish and G. Hegeman.

The victory of Col. Butler and W. H. Stafford over George Work and J. P. Knapp on Saturday last, Jan. 2, on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, is one of the great surprises of a year that is very young as yet. Work and Knapp shot from the 30yds. mark, conceding their opponents 2yds. handicap.

George S. McAlpin is keeping up his good work on live birds, and is not jeopardizing his chances at targets. McAlpin is probably the best amateur live-bird shot in this part of the country just now, having come to the front very quickly.

Charlie Floyd, the member of the New Utrecht Gun Club who won the Holiday cup for the third and last time on New Year's Day, is one of the most consistently good shots the club can boast of. He hasn't as much time to practice as many men have, but he can give a good rustle to many a man who shoots 100 pigeons to his 1.

Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex., has taken a leaf out of Capt. Bartlett's book and has been showing the boys down in the Lone Star State how to handle a Winchester repeating shotgun. Judging from what some of the local reporters down there have said about him, Wallace is nothing less than a crackerjack at the exhibition business.

Col. T. A. Divine is reported to be hard at work practicing on live birds, preparatory to coming North next March and carrying off the first prize in the Grand American Handicap. Noel Money is our authority for stating that Col. Divine has had his eye with him lately, pigeons that got away from him being few and far between.

Seth Clover and A. P. Pope have gotten out a popular programme for their shoot at Massassaugua Point, Erie, Pa., Jan. 12-14. The shoot will be held under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club, but will be managed by the two shooters mentioned above. Both live birds and targets will be trapped.

It has long been customary to refer to Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, as "The Old Reliable." Tom Keller denies Mr. Taylor's right to the above title on the grounds that he is now merely "A Peradventure."

On Saturday next, Jan. 9, the second match of the Endeavor-Boiling Springs series will be shot on the grounds of the latter club, at Rutherford, N. J. The first match was shot at Marion, N. J., the Endeavorers losing the match on their own grounds.

Jim Elliott has taken his flight South, and the next we shall hear from him, after a brief stay at Kansas City, will be when he meets J. D. Gay at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Gay has a big contract on hand, notwithstanding his 2yds. the best of Elliott. Jim will stand at 31yds., Gay on the 29yds. mark.

Nearly every letter we get from our personal correspondents contains an item in regard to somebody or another going down to the Texas Midwinter. If half the people who say now that they will be there should show up at San Antonio on the 25th of January, Joe George, Albert Steves and Oscar Guessaz will have their hands full.

The classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association will visit Dwyer's track at Elizabeth, N. J., and Daly's grounds at Elkwood Park on Thursday of this week (Jan. 7) for the purpose of choosing a location for the Grand American Handicap of 1897.

W. S. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., is shooting a very hot gait for an amateur. Last week he shot a race with W. G. Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., and won easily, his winning score being 94 out of 100. Clark scored 86. Out of the last 800 birds shot at by King he has scored something like 94 per cent.!

Annie Oakley was an interested spectator at the Elliott-Fulford match on Dec. 31. Mrs. Butler is looking remarkably well, her sojourn in the South having driven away all traces of the severe strain she has been running under while with the Wild West show.

Sandy McPherson, of Pittsburg, Pa., is another entry for the Grand American Handicap. Pittsburg has the shooting fever very severely, and will be represented in the big event by the largest number of shooters that ever came East from that city.

Don't forget that the Neaf Apgar testimonial shoot at Boiling Springs takes place on Saturday week, Jan. 16. Bring plenty of shells, as there will be lots of shooting for everybody.

JAN. 5. EDWARD BANKS.

Programme for San Antonio.

THE programme for the second Midwinter tournament at San Antonio, Texas, came to hand too late this week for an extended notice. Such an event, however, as the "Big 3's" tournament does not need much heralding. The reputation made in '96 is certain to be sustained in '97 because—the "Big 3" say so. That's the gist of the whole programme. In brief it reads thus:

"A dead square shoot, $2,000 added to the entries. More game than you ever saw. Southwest Texas hospitality."

Magautraps will be used, and all targets will be thrown at unknown angles. Purses will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 8:30 each day. Shells and guns may be shipped to Fred W. Stone, San Antonio, Texas, who will deliver same at the shooting grounds free of charge. The Menger Hotel will be headquarters.

On the first and third days there will be 8 events at 20 targets, $2.50 entrance, $60 added. On the fifth day there will be 10 events of the same class. On the second day, in addition to five 20-target events, same as above, there will be a race at 100 bluerocks for a trophy that bears the following title: "Schmelzer's World's Inanimate Target Championship Trophy." The fourth day's programme consists of six 20 target events, same as above, and a 50-target for a cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company, entrance $2.50.

Peekskill Gun Club.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The Peekskill Gun Club held its usual holiday shoot to-day. The day was a beautiful one so far as weather was concerned, about a foot of snow on the ground and a smart northerly breeze that, together with the reflection of light from the snow, made the shooting rather difficult. Among other events was a contest for a silver powder can containing 6lbs. of W-A smokeless powder, presented to the club by the Laflin & Rand Co. It was shot for under the new FOREST AND STREAM rules as published week before last, and governed by the regular club handicap at unknown angles. The referee in this close and interesting event was Major W. H. Pierce, of red Irish setter fame, than whom there is no better nor more successful ruffed grouse hunter in the State of New York. Dr. Mason won the can by the smallest margin, as the following scores will show:

Dam (59)	111001111111011111111111111111001111001110110110011	—39
	110110110	— 6—45
Loder (64)	11100111011011100001010111011111011110101011101111	—34
	111110000011	— 8—42
Mason (58)	11110111111111111110101111111101101111111101010	—42
	11111111	— 8—50
Snowden (66)	1110101001110011111101101111111101111111101000001	—37
	0111111010001101	—12—49
Southard (60)	11111111110111111101101111111101101000001111101111	—39
	1111111000	— 7—46
Halsted (68)	0111010111110110011110111101101111101111111111110	—39
	1110010111111	—10—49

L. D.

Ironton Gun Club.

IRONTON, O., Dec. 25.—One of the most enjoyable shoots I ever attended was held on the grounds of the Ironton Gun Club to-day. Only a few shooters were out there, but those few had lots of fun. The members of the Ironton Gun Club object as a rule to shooting for money, and in consequence have no more sport. Dupuy's shooting was remarkably good, considering his condition; he has been sick for two years, and has fallen off from 175lbs. to 126lbs. Nigh did much the best work as regards quickness, the first barrel doing the work, the second not being really needed when used. The scores made were as below.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Austin	1001010010— 4	1000011000— 3	1110111101— 8
Nigh	1110111011— 8	1111111111—10	1101101111— 8
Dupuy	0111011111— 8	1111001111— 8	1110111110— 8
Pierce	0000000000— 0	0001000010— 2	0001000100— 2
Philips	0000100010— 2	0010100110— 4	1001011010— 5
Gray	1111111111—10	1111011111— 9	1111111110— 9
Welch	1110111110— 8	1111010111— 8	1110111101— 8
Stitch	1001010001— 4	0001000111— 4	0011000110— 4

No. 4, 5 live birds: Dupuy 5, Nigh 4, Austin 3, Gray 2, Philips 1.

PIGEON.

Hill Top Gun Club.

AUSTERLITZ, Ky., Dec. 26.—The following sweeps at live crows were shot here to-day. No. 1 was at 33yds. rise; Nos. 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs, 31yds rise, $2 entrance, gun below the hip until the bird was on the wing:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G W Clay	2122111211—10	2212121—7	2111122.12—10
T H Clay, Jr.	[illegible]—10	[illegible]—5	[illegible]—10
A Clay	[illegible]— 9	[illegible]—7	1121111111—10
D Bell	[illegible]— 9	....	....

G. W. CLAY.

Trap at Toronto.

TORONTO, Can., Dec. 23.—Below is the score of a match shot here to-day between Collie Cockburn, of this city, and Chas. Wilmott, of Port Hope. The match was shot under Dominion rules, $200 a side. Cockburn's 5th, 13th, 20th and 29th birds fell dead out of bounds, only two out of his 100 getting away from him.

J C Cockburn.11110111111011111101111111101111111101111111110111—44
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50—94

Chas Wilmott.1110010101010100111001101110101100110110100110—30
0110110110111010101010100101101110110110101101110—32—62

ONLOOKER.

Winston and Mosher.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 5.—*Special to Forest and Stream.* I accept Mosher's challenge conditional upon being regular 100 birds, Zwirlein's, Saturday, Jan. 16. JNO. L. WINSTON.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 26.—An interesting shoot took place to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, at Davis Island. The match at 50 birds per man between Strong and Fargo resulted in a tie; this match will be re-shot at some future date. Both men to-day shot very well. Strong shot at 66, scoring 63; Fargo scored 61 out of the same number. Scores of the match were:

Strong.....1121121212111112121102220022212121220222122212—46
Fargo.....0221230122112222212121221120022012221222222222—46

Two sweepstakes were also shot off. The first was at 10 live birds; the second was a miss-and-out. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Duffey	1012122222— 9	120 —3
McPherson	2222222222—10	222222—6
Farmer	2110221211— 9	222222—6
Anson	1222222023— 9	2222 —4
Strong	2212222122—10	112212—6
Fargo	1221212021— 9	121122—6
Shaffer	1211111112—10	.....

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

Dec 26.—Below are the scores made to-day in the E. C. cup shoot of the East Pittsburg Gun Club. Mr. Gurbates, the winner, is only a beginner at trap-shooting, and has until recently been shooting only a poor gait; he has now, however, improved very much and made the highest possible at this shoot. Hamilton shot well and very regularly, despite the cold weather and raw wind. Rambo has only been shooting bluerocks five months, but he is able to run 25 straight, as shown by this score. Full scores below:

Gurbates (25).....1111101011101111111101111011111101101111101111110 41
1111011101110101111111101111101111110,01011111111111 41
01111111101111110.0111110 —18
— —
100

Rambo (4).....1011101111101011101100111111101010110111110111111101 - 87
1111111111111111111111111111111111101101111111010101— 45
0116 — 3
—
54

Swenson (25).....1010101110111000010101110111110111000100101010011—30
1110100010011111111010101000101111111001111010100—31
1011111101010101000011011 —15
—
76

Skillman (0).....1001111101000111111101001011111111101111010101011— 36
1111111111101111101101111011110010111111101111111—42
—
78

Ony (0).....1111101110101011011111111100111111010111100111111—39
1111101101110111101111101011110111111111111100111—40
— —
79

Gallup (4).....1101011111110101111101111111010101110101101111111—39
1111110001111111101111111111101101011111G1011111111— 32
1110 — 3
—
84

Williams (16).....1110111110101111101111101111010110111010111010111 34
1110111010101010111011011111111C01C0110111011010— 31
1110010000101010 — 7
—
79

Hamilton (0).....1110110111111101111011111111011111010111011111111111—43
1111111110011111111111011111111111011111101111111—45
—
88

Koethe (11).....0111000111101100101000001101000011100111111101101—28
1011011100111111111101011111111111001110110111110—19
11111111101 —10
—
77

KING DEFEATS CLARK.

Dec. 31.—The postponed match between W. S. King and W. G. Clark was brought off yesterday, King winning easily by the great score of 94 to 86. A Pittsburg, Pa., daily newspaper describes the match in the following terms:

"Will King yesterday made a remarkable record against W. G. Clark in their match at 100 live birds. He won by making a strong finish, killing 94 to Clark's 86. King's record is one of the best in this section; the only man to beat it was Clark, his opponent yesterday. Nearly a year ago Clark defeated W. M. C. Jones by a score of 95 to 81 on the Country Club grounds. The match yesterday was for $100 a side, the loser to pay for the birds. All the prominent shooters of this end of the State were there, including Dr. Cundal, of Washington, Pa., who not long ago was mentioned in connection with a match with Will King. Clark was the favorite in the betting and his money went begging. Elmer Shaner was referee, and this fact gave the affair a business like appearance. Elmer is at home in every branch of the sport, from popping pigeons to setting a trap, and the whole country is aware of his sterling qualities. Louis Lautenslager, secretary of the Herron Hill Gun Club, had charge of the birds. The birds were a poor lot, and the damp weather made them rather sluggish, and this was in favor of the shooters.

"Clark justified the confidence placed in him by bringing down 15 birds in succession in the go-off. King missed two of his first 15, and this gave the ex-Altoona man a good lead. Of the next 10 birds Clark missed 2 and King 1, making the score 23 to 22 in favor of Clark on the first round of 25 birds.

"Now King began a glorious march, and dampened the ardent admirers of Clark. He missed his 26th bird, and then killed 46 in succession. It was a great performance, and at once placed Will at the head of the local trap shooters. He passed Clark, went to the front, and stayed there to the end. While King was bringing down his 46 birds without a miss Clark failed to kill 7. When both men had shot at 75 birds King led by 5, having killed 70 to Clark's 65.

"On the home stretch King showed up particularly strong, which shows him to be a nervy, plucky shooter. He killed 24 out of his last 25, while Clark missed 4. The friends of Clark maintained that he had not recovered from his late illness, and this caused his poor shooting at the end. King missed 4 out of his first 50, and only 2 out of the last 50; whereas Clark missed 5 out of his first 50, and 9 out of his last 50. King was in tip-top condition, and he chatted and joked as is his wont. The Pittsburg shooters were highly elated over the victory, and are ready to place Will at the head of any shooter in the State. Clark took his defeat manfully, but had no kick coming. Contrary to expectations, there was no talk of another match.

The full score furnished by our Pittsburg correspondent shows trap, flight of bird and result of each shoot:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                3 4 1 4 1 2 2 2 4 3 2 1 5 4 3 1 3 2 4 2 1 3 5 4 1
                →→↗↖↗←←←↖←↑←←←←↗←┤↘→┤←↘↖
W S King (30) ,2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2—22

                3 5 2 4 4 4 3 1 1 5 1 1 2 1 3 3 1 4 2 4 2 2 3 5 1
                ↖↙←→↗←↗↖↘↙→←←←→↗→↖←↖←→
                0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                4 5 1 2 4 3 1 5 1 3 4 4 4 3 5 4 3 3 1 1 3 2 3 1 1
                →→←↙↗↗←↘↗↘←←←↖→→↓←←→←↘↖↗
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—24

                4 3 4 4 4 3 2 2 3 1 1 4 1 1 1 5 4 2 3 5 4 5 4 1 4
                ↖↙←→←←↗↖↘→↙↘←→→→←←↘←→←←
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—24—94

                3 1 1 4 2 2 2 4 8 1 4 5 5 8 4 5 1 5 8 2 2 5 3 3 3
                ←←←←↓↗←←↙┤←↘↓←←↓↙←→←←↖┤↗↙
W G Clark (30).2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0—23

                4 3 1 2 5 4 2 1 5 3 2 5 3 3 4 5 4 3 4 3 3 3 4 4 4
                ↖←←→↘↖→←←↙┤↗↘↖↙↓←↙→↓←↙→↖
                2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—22

                4 2 4 3 1 2 2 5 1 1 3 4 2 4 4 3 3 3 1 2 2 3 4 3 1
                ←↗↓↙←←←←←↘↗↘↖←↖↙↓←→↓←↙↖
                2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 0 2 2 2—20

                4 1 2 4 5 1 2 4 3 2 2 4 5 3 4 2 5 2 4 4 2 4 5 3
                ↘↘←←←→←←←←↓←↙←↗←↗→↘←←←←
                2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 3 1 2—21—86
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MAY AND STRONG VS. KING AND ANSON.

Jan. 1.—A close race was shot to-day at Davis Island, on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. C. A. May and Strong shot as a team against W. S. King and Anson, and defeated them by 1 bird, the totals showing: May 47, Strong 45—92; King 48, Anson 43—91. Will King is keeping up his strong gait and seems likely to remain on top for some time to come. Scores:

C A May.....2222022222202222222222222222202222222222222—47
Strong.....2222111222122121122221112102222022212202222202022—45—92

W S King.....2202111121121112222211112102222222222202022—48
Anson.....2220121112122201212222002312031212121012012222—43—91

GOOD SPORT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Jan. 1.—Some good sport was had on the Negley avenue grounds to-day. Bill McCrickart had some excellent birds on hand. Eleven shooters took part in the sweeps, three of which (Nos. 3, 4 and 5) were divided under the Rose system. Will King did the best work with two straights and three 9s out of 5 events. Six events, all at 10 birds, were shot during the day. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
W S King	10	..	9	10	9	9	Humphrey	..	9	..	..	..	..
McPherson	9	5	7	9	8	10	Anson	8	8	8	9	9	
J B Duffy	9	7	..	..	..	..	A H King	..	..	9	7	10	9
J & Duffy	8	7	..	..	..	..	Strong	..	..	7	9	8	9
Farmer	7	6	10	7	..	..	Scott	..	..	..	..	..	8
Burgoon	4	..	..	..	..	..							

Two miss-and-outs were also shot, Alex King dividing both of them.

THE WILKINSBURG SHOOT.

Jan. 1.—To-day's shoot of the Wilkinsburg Gun Club was quite a success, 19 shooters entering for the 100-target race. John Eyler won the silver medal emblematic of the club championship with the score of 76. The scores were all low, as will be seen from the following figures:

John Eyler 76, Nimrod 74, R. Anderson 68, Oliver 64, C. D. Turner 64, J. K. Jack 63, H. T. Brown 62, R. Lovett 61, R. J. Steele 56, H. Rambo 54, O. Johnston 52, W. H. Morrison 44, C. Repp 34, G. W. Prather 33, Davis 33, A. Lovett 33, S. B. Hughes 30, W. Smith 28. Capt. Reed shot at 25 targets and broke 5.

Lockport Gun Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 24.—A rifle shoot was held at Watson's Quarry to-day under the auspices of the Lockport Gun Club, resulting as follows, with turkeys as prizes:

No. 1, 50yds., 5 shots: C. Freeman first, J. Jackson second.
No 2, 25yds., 3 shots: Freeman first, Ward second.
No. 3, 75yds., 3 shots: Covert first, Ward second.
No. 4, 75yds., at bluerocks, 5 shots (club event): Ward first, Covert second.
No. 5, 50yds., 5 shots: Ward first, Jackson second.
No. 6, 25yds., 1 shot: Rogers first, Jackson second.
No. 7, 50yds., 3 shots: C. Ward first, Covert second.
No. 8, 50yds., 3 shots: Mann first, Covert second.
No. 9, 50yds., 3 shots: Ward first, Barnes second.

CHRISTMAS DAY SHOOT.

Dec. 25.—A good-sized crowd attended the Christmas shoot of the Lockport Gun Club at its shooting box at the Fair Grounds. The chief interest in the shoot centered in the contest for the prize donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets:

Ward	1111101111— 9	Stockwell	0110011011— 6
G Mann	1011001100— 5	Jackson	1000000010— 2
Freeman	0100000001— 2	Atwater	0001011111— 5
Angevine	1000011001— 4	Woods	1111110010 — 8
Moon	0000100011— 3	Covert	0110111111— 7
Nash	0000100100 — 2	Ringueberg	0111001101— 6

No. 2, 10 targets:

Nash	0001000110— 3	Covert	0011111111— 8
Mann	1111110101— 8	Benedict	1000110000— 3
Ward	1110111110— 8	Ed Moody	1111111111 - 10
Stockwell	1111010011— 7	Angevine	1111110111— 9
Woods	1101111101— 8	Atwater	1110101100— 6
Freeman	0110100101— 5	Moon	1101011110— 8

No. 3, handicap, 25 targets, for trophy:

Ward (scratch)	22	Er Moody (23)	13
Ed Moody (20)	16	Mann (23)	25
Covert (23)	23	Freeman (24)	20
Atwater (23)	20	Ringueberg (24)	16
Stockwell (20)	21	Moon (24)	16
Woods (20)	22	Rogers (23)	21
Angevine (21)	19	Harmony (22)	8
Benedict (22)	18	Huber (3)	1
Jackson (23)	15	Wilson (23)	19
Moyer (23)	12		

Covert, Freeman and Mann tied on 23 each (the limit).
Shoot off: Freeman (24) 25, Covert (23) 22, Mann (shot at 23 only) 18.
No. 4, 10 targets: Covert 7, Ward 8, Nash 5, Angevine 8, Wilson 8, Benedict 4, Woods 8, Atwater 9, Covert 7, Burt 9, Ward 9, Angevine 5.

I. J. ATWATER.

Around Philadelphia.

KEYSTONE SHOOTING LEAGUE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 25.—The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, held a shoot to day on its grounds at Holmesburg Junction. Several sweeps were shot at targets, as well as three miss-and-outs at live birds. The latter were $1 entrance, re-entries allowed in the first round. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Landis	2122—4	2121—4	120 —2	Pack	210 —2	....	....
Stevenson	2122—4	2?0 —2	1221—4	EJohnson	0 —0	0 —0	210 —2
J Thurm'n	1120—3	....	....	W H Wol-			
W Wilson *	—0	2122—4	2122—4	stencroft	1222—4	12?0—3	
Henry	2221—4	2120—3	....	McDaniel	10 —1	....	....

Re-entries: In No. 1 Wilson and Johnson missed their first birds and re-entered, both losing their birds again. Stevenson, who also missed his first bird, re-entered and divided the purse. In No. 3 Landis lost his first bird dead out of bounds, and re-entered, with the result shown above.

Target sweeps were shot as below. No. 1 was a 25-target race for the silver set won by the club at Stone Harbor, N. J., last summer. No. 2 was the shoot off of the tie in that event, Landis winning the set. All target events were at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	Targets:	25	25	10	10	10
H Landis	22	23	9	9	8	C Pack	..	..	4	8	..
H Thurman	22	21	9	10	9	Henry	..	..	9	7	6
W H Wolstencroft	23	*	10	7	9	Krouse	..	..	5	7	..
J Thurman	20	..	..	..	..	Buckwalter	..	..	8	..	..
E David	20	..	8	10	7	Johnson	..	..	..	5	8
W H Pack	19	..	..	6	5	Stevenson	..	..	..	9	8
W E Wilson	18	..	..	7	10	Whitcomb	..	..	..	..	5
H Ridge	..	..	7	10	7	Dubb	..	..	..	..	8

* Wolstencroft retired at the end of the 18th round with 11 out of 18.

J. K. S.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 25.—The shoot to day for the trophy presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company called out a large number of the members of the Omaha Gun Club. With beautiful weather and with plenty of live birds on hand, the meeting was a success. The birds were an unusually speedy lot, and many, with a breeze off the traps to aid them, went over the boundary too fast for most of the shooters. The trophy contest was at 15 live birds, ties shot off on 5 birds, then miss-and out. Johannes won, as shown by the following scores:

	Trophy Shoot.	Ties.	Sweep.
Johannes (28)	102202211?2?21:2 -13	12?022	.....
Marsh (28)	1210?2111?2?202 13	022120	.....
Randlett (28)	1222 2?1?2020?12—13	2.200	.....
Kenyon (8)	20 2?1?101?011?—12	.....	.....
Parmelee (30)	2?0.222?0?20 — 9	.....	1?12?:2?21— 9
Brucker (31)	10?1?0?0?20?.?10— 9	.....	0?1:?1?02?2— 8
Read (20)	2.02 2?0?2?1 — 7	.....	.....
Townsend (28)	2?1?0?0?0?020 — 7	.....	.....
Loomis (?)	2.?0?2?101 — 6	.....	1?1?122:01— 9
Smead (32)	12?1(22)2 — 6	.....	02?11:2?02— 7
Montmorency (31)	10?2?1?000 — 6	.....	1?42?1?2?11— 9
Hughes (28)	0?1?0?1?01 — 5	.....	.....
Carmichael (27)	2?1?0?0?00 — 4	.....	.....
Brewer (29)	0?2?0?1?000 — 4	.....	00?11.2?20— 7
McFarlane (20)	0?0?0?0?02? — 3	.....	.....
Bates (27)	0?0?2?0?00 — 3	.....	.....
Gardner		.....	1?12?0.2?122— 9
Den		.....	2?10?1 0?12— 6
Cole		.....	2?12?2?111—10

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

South End Gun Club, of Troy.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held a shoot to day on Carroll's hill. The conditions of the main event were: 10 live birds per man, $1 25 entrance, the prize being a gold medal for the high man. Unfortunately there were not enough birds to go around, owing to the practice work before the match, so the race had to be reduced to one at 8 birds per man. Jeremian Costello was the winner of the medal with a score of 7 out of 8. Scores were:

J C Costello (29)	.*?11?12?—7	W H Jackson (28)	2?0?2?10—4
W B Christopher (27)	11?2?1?00 6	J P Coughlin (26)	12?0?02?0—4
John Flynn (27)	1?10?20—5	H B Tucker (27)	12?0?0?01—4
Thos Brown (26)	0?02?22—5	D C Fisher (25)	12?00?20—3
D J Morey (26)	1?20?20—5	Jos Potts (28)	2?1?02?0—4
J L Sherry (27)	0?2?00?2—5		

W. B. CHRISTOPHER, Sec'y.

Trap in the South.

TEXAS MIDWINTER TOURNAMENT.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 25.—In a letter received to-day Oscar Guessaz writes me that all the details for the second annual tournament have been completed, and that nothing now remained to be done but printing the programme; adding that the same would be ready by the day after Christmas. While the added money will be the same as last year, $1,000, there will be several new features at this shoot. One of these features will be a trophy contest each day. The principal contest will be for the Midwinter trophy. These contests will be decided at 100 targets each, and will be shot under varying conditions.

Everyone who was fortunate enough to attend the first annual tournament will vividly recall the great reception accorded the visiting sportsmen, not only by the local shooters, but by the citizens in general. Hospitable and generous as was this reception, efforts will be made to surpass it this time; and, as Guessaz enthusiastically puts it, "Our former efforts will pale into insignificance." Thus, those who attend are assured of a royal welcome, and the Northern sportsmen will get a taste of genuine Southern hospitality.

These are not the only attractions to induce sportsmen to visit San Antonio; an extremely low railroad rate has been secured. On or about Jan. 19 the railroads of the country will have on sale what will be known as the "Landseeker's Excursion" ticket. This will enable any one to go to San Antonio and return for one fare and $2 additional.

The fact that all kinds of game has rarely been more abundant in Texas than at the present season (and this is especially applicable to the wildfowl shooting on the coast) should prove of great interest to a great many who intend to visit San Antonio, and take part in the Midwinter.

THE HOT SPRINGS TOURNAMENT.

At Hot Springs affairs have now assumed such proportions as to insure the success of this tournament also. The advancing of dates, so that this tournament will be held two weeks earlier than as first announced, will meet with the approval of all who go to San Antonio. The dates selected are Feb. 8 to 20. This will enable those who desire it to spend a week or ten days in Texas hunting, and then come on for the shoot. Steps will also be taken to have the railroads grant stop-overs to those returning from San Antonio, thereby enabling those who wish to attend this shoot as well as to visit the Springs to do so for virtually one fare, as the Springs are only 22 miles off the main line, by which all shooters from the North, South and East will have to go to San Antonio—the Iron Mountain Route.

Just how much added money there will be at this shoot I am unable to say definitely at present, but $600 are now secured, and efforts are being made to bring it up to $1,000. This much I can say, however, that the feature of the shoot will be a 25-bird handicap, $25 entrance, birds extra, with $500 added. This should be a popular event. From letters that John Sumpter has shown me I am led to believe that there will not be less than 100 entries, probably more. Should the century mark be reached this would make a purse of $3,000 in this one event, an amount that has never been equaled in any similar event. There are to be five moneys in this event, and on the above basis first money would be $900; second $750, third $600, fourth $450, and fifth $300.

There will be added money in several other events, and everything will be conducted on a thoroughly modern principle.

The souvenir programme of this event will be out not later than Jan. 15.

PAUL R. LITTEE.

A Shooter's Right to Gather his Bird.

At the Fulford-Elliott match, shot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Dec. 31 the following little incident occurred:

In the 17th round Fulford drew as incomer from No. 1 trap. He slobbered it with both barrels, the bird coming in toward him, flying low over the ground. Fulford laid down his gun and ran to catch it. Elliott called out: "You can't do that, Ed." Whether the remark stopped Fulford or not, we were unable to judge, our position in the scoring box being such that we could not see him, although we could hear what was said. The bird fell just over the dead line—out of bounds.

A short discussion on the merits of the case took place. It came to light that the shooters had agreed to have the trappers do the retrieving, but reserved the right to retrieve their own birds if they so wished.

The match was shot under A. S. A. rules, which state (Rule 9): "A bird to be scored dead must be gathered within bounds * * * by a dog or shooter, or person appointed by the shooter for that purpose. No extraneous means shall be used, and no other person shall be allowed to assist in gathering."

We did not hear the referee say anything as to what would have been his decision had Fulford retrieved the bird in bounds; we do not know whether such a question was put to him. It was put to us, not once, but several times, showing that there is considerable doubt upon that point, even among shooters. It may not be amiss therefore to state what our interpretation of the rule would be under similar circumstances, promising also not to get mad if we are jumped upon for such a decision:

It would be a dead bird.

We argue this way: Fulford by his action in laying down his gun and running to catch the bird, which was flying almost toward him, was sufficient proof that he had elected to gather his own bird, as he had a right to do under the rules. The rule says: "* * * or shooter * * *" He laid down his gun out of deference to that phrase, "No extraneous means shall be used." Billy Mills did not go to his assistance and "no other person" tried to assist him in gathering the bird.

In connection with this little discussion, the following amusing incident will not be out of place: A match was being shot, and Louis Schortemeier was refereeing. He was standing well within bounds at the time. A man at the score fired at a bird and hit it; the pigeon was an incomer, and kept straight on, finally alighting on Schorty's hat (Schorty stands about 6ft. 1in. or 2in in his stockings!). The shooter asked him to retrieve the bird, thus "appointing him for that purpose." Schorty retrieved it in good style, and gave it as a dead bird. And why shouldn't he do so? A. S. A. rules don't say anything about a referee not being allowed to retrieve birds when so appointed; they also say nothing about a bird perching, whether on the fence or on something higher than the fence (like Schorty), but within the boundary. The case was a peculiar one, but the bird's actions were rather irregular.

[Since writing the above we have had a talk with the referee, Mr. Ed Taylor, on the subject. We asked him what would have been his decision had Fulford retrieved the bird within bounds. Mr. Taylor said promptly: "A dead bird, of course." We then asked whether Fulford had stopped when Elliott called out to him, as related above; he replied that Fulford was undoubtedly stopped by the remark. In reply to our next question Mr. Taylor stated that had Fulford applied for a balk under Rule 23 ("If a contestant be balked or interfered with, * * * the referee shall allow him another bird") he would most certainly have allowed the claim.]

Boston Team Won the Trophy.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 30.—The team representing the Boston Shooting Association has again won the shoot for the 5-men team championship of the State of Massachusetts, and the trophy representing that championship. The match took place to day on the Boston Shooting Association's grounds at Wellington, the challenging team being 5 members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The trophy was won by the Boston team in 1892, the first contest for the same, and has ever since been successfully defended by the club.

The conditions of the race are 50 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs:

BOSTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.				WORCESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.			
	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.		Singles.	Pairs.	Total.
O R Dickey	36	17	43	A W Walls	26	12	38
Puck	28	16	39	V D Kenerson	23	14	37
Jones	23	15	38	McClellan	21	10	31
Leroy	21	15	36	W. L Davis	19	11	30
Climax	22	12	34	Roach	17	13	30
	115	75	190		106	60	166

Other events were shot as follows, 2,219 targets being thrown in these events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	25	10	10
Allison	5	7	6	5	14	10	9	10	6	8	7	7	6	7	11	9	8	6	10	20	8	9
Davis	9	8	9	8	12	12	9	13	7	9	9	7	9	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kenerson	7	10	7	6	11	13	8	11	9	8	7	7	8	6	4	9	8	10	..	21	..	8
Jones	6	8	8	6	11	14	9	14	9	8	9	5	10	6	13	9	9	7	9	21	6	7
Puck	7	5	7	6	13	12	8	13	9	6	8	8	5	7	9	8	6	8	10	21	7	7
Le Roy	8	7	7	5	13	14	10	13	8	10	10	8	10	5	12	9	8	8	10	22	..	8
Dickey	9	6	9	6	14	14	9	12	9	10	9	8	..	10	15	..	9	..	..	20	10	10
Howe	..	7	8	4	4	11	6	7	10	4	9	7	8	8	6	12	8	7	6	10	16	8
McLellan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	9	9	8	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Climax	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	8	8	8	8	4	15	7	..	..	..	..
Walls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	9	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	6	6	..	..	..

No. 4 was at 5 pairs.

IN NEW JERSEY.

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Dec. 15.—Fourteen members of the Arlington Shooting Association shot to-day on the club's grounds for the handsome trophy offered for competition by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. The contest was at 25 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The winner of trophy was Mr. Fletcher Walters, who has long been an advocate of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder, using it as usual on this occasion. The scores made were as follows:

Fletcher Walters (25)	1110111111011111111111111	—23
M Herrington (25)	1111110111100111111111111	—22
R Woods (32)	01111001100000111011111111111110	—21
A Crawford (32)	11111110110110001000111011001001	—18
J Sickles (25)	0000011101111111111001111	—17
F Stratton (32)	0 01111101111110001011001100100	—17
J Chattelier (32)	11001001111100110111000000101100	—16
H Frapwell (32)	11010001000111010011000001011001	—15
M Rogers (35)	01000101101011101100101010010000011	—15
J L Simpson (32)	10101101001010110101100011100101	—15
A Schuler (32)	00101101011101101001101001011100	—15
J Demouth (32)	11101001011000111010000100011001	—13
W Lawrence (32)	00100101100110010101000010110101	—13
J Shepherd (30)	101010001101101100100100101100	—13

H. FRAPWELL, Sec'y.

WALSRODE GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Dec. 25.—The Christmas shoot of the Walsrode Gun Club, held to-day on the grounds of the club, Varnum street, foot of Chestnut street, was well attended by members of the club, as well as by many members of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark. The shoot was the best attended of any given by this club. The live birds were an exceptionally strong lot. Scores in all the events were:

	No. 1, club shoot.	No. 2.
Th Leuthaeuser	1002221211— 8	1111011—6
J Alexander	1000011222— 7	....
E Pidgon	0200 002220— 4	....
J Coerper	0200111112— 7	....
J Yung	2010211021— 7	....
J Frank	0010021001— 4	0000000—0
B Clinckard	2012000122— 6	0221122—4
J Thenen	0101112010— 6	....
W Hassinger	0112211222— 9	0120221—5
H Reinhardt	1200122011— 7	....
H Koegel	1201201110— 7	1012001—4
Perry	0121121112— 8	2021022—5
G Mahr	0012201000— 4	....
Thomas	1102222101— 8	....
R Baar	2212122221—10	1201100—4
F Perment	1211101210— 8	1112212—7
F Fareby	0101010111— 6	....
R Schrafft	....	0111111—6
H Heinrich	....	1112001—5
J Dreher	....	1000000—2
T Hilfers	....	1110012—5

Target sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*
Perment	10	7	7	12	12	Schrafft	9	6	8	..	9
Hassinger	11	4	8	11	9	Frank	4	..	..	..	..
Leuthaeuser	12	4	8	11	10	Mahr	9	..	..	..	..
Koeller	10	8	..	10	13	Yung	6	..	..	..	9
Koegel	9	5	..	12	10	Brown	10	..	..	..	..
Baar	14	5	8	12	12	Alexander	8	..	..	..	..
Heinrich	9	..	..	..	..	Coerper	..	3	..	..	..
Fischer	12	..	..	6	9	Perry	..	..	..	7	..
Clinckard	5	6	..	3	5	Pidgon	..	..	..	10	7
Hilfers	9	..	..	..	..						

Nos. 3, 5 and 7 were at known angles, No. 4 at 5 pairs, and No. 6 at unknown angles.

H. REINHARDT, Sec'y.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT HACKENSACK.

Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot at Hackensack on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club was an enjoyable affair. There was a good attendance, not only of club members, but also of visiting shooters. Among those present were N. E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; Ed Taylor and M. Herrington, both representatives of W-A powder; Jim Hildreth and Ferd Van Dyke, of the W. R. A. Company; Captain G. H. Piercy, of the Endeavor Gun Club, and his son Louis; A. R. Strader, acting secretary of the same club; Harry Craft, an old-time Jersey shooter who has no longer time enough to practice at the trap; Tom Morfey, of Paterson, and W. Dutcher, of the same city; W. M. Harding, of New York; etc. In short, there were plenty of shooters and lots of shooting.

The Bergen county boys are comparatively new at the business of tournament running, but to-day they got things off in good shape, and entertained their guests in a truly hospitable manner, the hot roast turkey making many friends during the noon hour.

There were two special events on the day's card. The first was a 30 target race, unknown angles, handicap of misses as breaks. The entrance fee in this event was $2; there were three prizes: first, a Winchester repeating shotgun; second $5, and third $3. Herrington and Van Keuren, the latter one of the home club, tied for the gun on 28 each. They shot off the tie at 30 targets, handicap added again. The race was a close one, the issue being in doubt until the finish, when it was found that Herrington had won by a single break. Their scores were: Herrington 23+2=25; Van Keuren 14+10=24. Second money—$5 was divided between Hildreth and Edwards; third money went to Strader and Louis Piercy.

The second special event was a match race between two-men teams. The original contract was for three two-men teams, as follows: Ed Taylor and Ferd Van Dyke; Tom Keller and Neaf Apgar; J. S. S. Remsen and F. S. Edwards. Of the three teams above named only one turned up intact, viz.: Taylor and Van Dyke, but Van was minus his gun and shells. (Somehow or another Van's dates got mixed and he forgot that Jan. 1 was a holiday in New York city. His gun and shells, therefore, reposed safely in the locked-up store of the W. R. A. Co., 312 Broadway!) The second team was wholly unrepresented, the reason being understood to be an affection of Tom's off foreleg, an affection he terms rheumatism, but which is popularly supposed to be gout. Of the third team Edwards was on deck, his partner Remsen having had a little misunderstanding with the pavement of Broadway, when he fell from a cable car platform on Dec. 29. Taylor and Van Dyke being willing to allow Piercy to take Remsen's place, it was only necessary to supply Van with a gun and shells. He shot Hildreth's Winchester and any ammunition he could beg, borrow or otherwise annex. (That he annexed some that did not suit him is shown by his score of 38 out of his first 50.) Under the circumstances he shot remarkably well in the last 50, scoring 47 of them. The scores given below show which team won.

The weather was favorable for good scores, although the poor background was against anything phenomenal, while the targets were by no means regular in flight, some soaring skyward and others diving into the ice and reeds of the Hackensack meadows. Two sets of traps were kept pretty constantly in use, and everybody had all the shooting they wanted. Lack of shells caused an earlier abandonment of the grounds than would otherwise have been the case. The refereeing was very satisfactory, the referee being very painstaking and being possessed of a keen eye, something entirely necessary when it comes to judging breaks and misses on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club.

The scores of the main events are given below in detail:

Handicap: 30 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of misses as breaks:

M Herrington (2)	111011111110110110111111111111	—26+2—28
G Van Keuren (8)	111110101011010111010011010111	—20+8—28
F S Edwards (0)	111101101110111111111011111111	—26
J Hildreth (4)	101110111111111000111100111101	—22+4—26
L Piercy (1)	111111101110111011111111010101	—24+1—25
A R Strader (2)	111010111101111001101101111111	—23+2—25
F Van Dyke (0)	111101011111111110101111100111	—24
N E Money (0)	110111111111111111001110110010	—23
G H Piercy (1)	001111011111011111111111000111	—22+1—23
Ed Taylor (0)	111110110101011110110101111111	—22
R C Beatty (4)	110111011000110010001111110110	—18+4—22
Dr Titterington (5)	100000011011000111110111101101	17+5—22
Jackson (8)	001011100111110011000000110100	—14+8—22
Griffiths (2)	101111111011010000111101110100	—19+2—21

Team race: Two men teams, 100 targets per man, unknown angles: (The 30 targets shot at in the handicap race counted as the first 30 in this event.)

Edwards' Team.

F S Edwards	11110110111011111111111101111111111111111111111111	—45
	10011111111101111111110111111111111111111111111111	—45—90
G H Piercy	00111101111101111101111111000111110111111111111100	—39
	01111111110111111011111011111111111101011111111111	—44—83
		173

Taylor's Team.

F Van Dyke	11110101111111110101111111001110011010111111111110110	—38
	11111111111111110101111111111011111111111111111111	—47—85
Ed Taylor	11111011010101111011010111110111110101101011111	—38
	00011110111101111011111011100100011110101110111111	—35—73
		158

* Several sweeps, all at nominal entrance fees, or "for the birds," were shot off during the day. The scores in these events, all at unknown angles, were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	20	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	15
Edwards	17	13	..	13	..	..	15	12	12	12	14	15	8	12
Strader	15	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	8	10	..	12	7	8
G Piercy	13	13	8	12	9	14	12	9	13	13	14	14	7	12
Warner	13	6	..	10	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	14	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	7	9
Jackson	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	5	..
Chaffee	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walters	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	9	..	..	..
James	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
Bell	..	11	8	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beatty	..	..	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Titterington	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fleischman	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths	..	..	5	..	..	9	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hildreth	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5	9
Herrington	..	..	..	11	..	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	9	11
Craft	..	..	..	10	..	..	11	..	14	13	11	..	..	9
Van Dyke	..	..	..	10	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Keuren	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ward	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
N E Money	6	..	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	9
C O Gardner	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
T Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
E Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
C O Gardner, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

EDWARD BANKS.

PASSAIC CITY GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Passaic City Gun Club was a most successful affair. Not only was the attendance good, but the day was a delightful one for a day's trap-shooting. A couple of events at live birds and seven events at targets completed the programme. It had been intended to shoot a friendly team race with the Boiling Springs Gun Club at live birds, but the Rutherford Club was unable to get a team together owing to previous engagements. The scores made to-day are given below, Wise's record being far superior to that made by any other shooter.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Hall	5	7	6	8	5	..	..	Wise	6	13	13	12	9	14	..
Lenone	8	12	11	8	7	9	..	Palmer	..	7	11	8	5	7	6
Gaston	9	7	5	11	..	..	..	Kevitt	..	7	11	10	..	..	..
Bowes	6	12	10	10	7	..	13	Abbott	..	5	8	8	4	..	7
Kelly	5	11	10	11	8	12	..	Shaw	..	4	10	7	4	..	..
Evans	3	9	13	9	2	..	..	Jelleme	..	9	8	11	6	..	..
Ferguson	4	11	9	10	2	..	6	Adams	..	..	6	10	7	10	10
Farnham	4	8	9	8	6	..	8	Cobbold	..	..	0	..	..	..	..
Van Tassell	2	8	9	8	6	..	..	Gotachins	..	..	9	..	..	7	..
Coman	1	9	6	10	6	..	..	Green	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Two live-bird events were shot as below, the first being at 5 birds, the second at 3 birds:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Lenone	01101—3	•00—0	Farnham	01202—3	00•—0
Adams	11110—3	212—3	Bowes	1002•—3	000—0
Abbott	11011—4	201—2	Wise	12012—4	222—3
Edward	10111—4	110—2	Coman	21120—4	012—2
Kelly	00022—2	...	Lane	22102—4	022—2
Greiff	12202—4	022—2	Marvin	2•010—2	122—3
Ferguson	10201—3	020—1	Hutchinson	22010—3	201—2
Hall	21120—4	...			

SOUTH SIDE'S ANNUAL.

Jan. 1.—The sixteenth annual New Year's tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, was held to-day on the club's grounds. The governing committee of the club consists of President Breintnall, Secretary Hobart and Manager I. H. Terrill. The weather was all that could be desired, but the attendance was small, owing to the number of other shoots held in the vicinity of New York. Scores in to-day's events are given below, all events being at unknown angles except Nos 3, 5 and 6. No. 3 was at reversed order, No. 5 expert rules, and No. 6 at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*	*17*
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Canon	6	6	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	9	6	5	8	4	4	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W M Smith	9	7	9	5	4	4	6	7	7	7	9	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hedden	8	8	..	8	6	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
James	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I H Terrill	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	7
P M Day	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whiston	7	..	..	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Day	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	11	6	6	5	9	9	7	8	6	9	8	5	5	7	5
Warren	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	9	7	8	6	9	8	8	8	7	8
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	8	9	7	7
Duston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	9	8	6	9
Breintnall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	9	8	6	5

W. R. HOBART.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Jan. 2.—The first regular monthly shoot for the season of 1897 was held on the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds, Rutherford, to-day. There was a good attendance of members, notwithstanding the fact that there had been a lot of shooting the previous day.

The main event, of course, was the club shoot at 50 targets (25 known and 25 unknown). In this event W. H. Huck, secretary of the club, scored his third win, his total of 48 being made up of two 24s. Van Dyke broke 47, made up of a 24 and a 23. Baron, who has a handicap allowance of 5 extras to shoot at, was close up with another 47. (The copy of the scores furnished us is so indistinct and incomplete, several scores having failed to be copied, that we are unable to give the scores in detail.) There were 15 entries in this event, and as far as we can make out the scores were as below:

Huck (50) 48, Van Dyke (50) and Baron (55) 47, Wise (50) 43, Edwards (50) 41, Greiff (50) and Paul (50) 40, Adams (53) and E. Jeanneret (56) 37, Frank (50) 35, Brown (65) 18; Marvin, Hegeman and Harding also shot, but their totals are perfectly illegible.

Van Dyke, Adams, Hegeman and Edwards were on hand early and shot a few practice targets at expert rules and doubles. The scores were as below:

Twenty-five singles, expert rule, and 5 pairs:

Van Dyke	1101111100111111111111111—22	10 11 11 00 11—7—29
Edwards	0111111111011111111101011—21	00 11 11 01 11—7—28
Hegeman*	1011110110101111011101110—18	.. ..—18
Adams	0111000110011000011111111—15	00 00 11 11 11—6—21

Several sweeps, all at unknown angles, were also shot during the afternoon as below. Huck's work is specially noticeable, as he only lost 9 targets all day out of 125 shot at:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*25*
Edwards	8	10	6	4	10	9	8	21	Wise	8	15	8	8	8	8	7	16
Van Dyke	10	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	Frank	..	..	8	7	8	6	7	..
Huck	10	14	9	10	7	9	9	..	Baron	..	..	5	..	..	7	5	..
Adams	6	11	8	8	7	5	4	..	Paul	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hegeman	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	Jeanneret	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	10	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	Brown	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	9	9	3	6	7	5	..	..									

OCEAN COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB.

Jan. 2.—There was some good shooting at the grounds of the Ocean County Country Club, Lakewood, N. J. The first event was a handicap sweep at 15 live birds for a silver cup presented by the club. Those who shot for the cup were: Fred Hoey (31), W. G. Brokaw (29), D. W. Harris (27), D. H. Fanning (27), and F. A. Walthew (27). In addition to their handicaps in the matter of "yards rise," Harris received an additional handicap of two misses as kills; Fanning and Walthew received respectively 3 and 4 misses as kills. Hoey retired at the end of the ninth round with a score of 6 kills. Brokaw lost 2 birds out of his 15 and also retired, as the other three with their handicaps were straight at the end of the race. It was agreed to shoot off the ties at five birds; Harris shooting from scratch, while Fanning and Walthew received a miss as a kill. In the end Harris won after shooting at 10 tie birds.

Fred Hoey and W. G. Brokaw shot a race at 100 live birds, Hoey winning easily with a score of 88 to 81, as below:

Fred Hoey (31)	1122211021122•222111122 1•1	—22
	1222211102•1120200002212 0	—18
	221•2222•0•2122022222222 0	—20
	22•22212222212120222111 2	—23—83
W G Brokaw (30)	1121221111022112221010011	—21
	1012210100110000111112221	—17
	1211001 21•11221121112221•	—22
	111210•21 2•1222221 1•120	—21—81

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—Scores made recently at this park, outside of the big matches already mailed to FOREST AND STREAM, are as below:

Dec. 21.—Practice scores made here to-day were:

147	2222222222222222222222222222222—30			
Gilbert	1102222222— 9	J Rice	0022210010— 7
Bingham	2222022222— 9	Goodrich	2222100222— 8
Dr Carver	1212122222—10	Ellis	2000201222— 7
A W Adams	0011112110— 7		

Dec. 22.—Practice scores of to-day:

147	222222220222222222222	—20
Dr Frothingham	2202122200022222202	—16
C S Wilcox	2200211112111222	—14
F Gilbert	2222011112	— 9
Roll	2222122201	— 9
Ellis	2211100122	— 8
Carver	2202212	— 6

Dec. 23.—Practice scores:

Dr Shaw	1212112222122112121211212	—25
Gilbert	2211121122111112	—15
C M Grimm	2202222222221022	—13
Lord	1110010000001210	— 7
Bingham	22222	— 5
Von Lengerke	22222	— 5
Carson	222102	— 5
Larson	002000	— 1
Jones	1011202210	— 6

Dec. 24.—In addition to the practice scores made below, a match at 50 birds per man was shot between Von Lengerke and Rice, the former winning easily. Scores were:

Von Lengerke	2200022102200002011201001—14	
	2212222022011222222222022—21—35	
Rice	2200210002100110200020022—12	
	0120002200010002002220020—12—24	

Practice scores were: 147, 8 out of 10; Gilbert, 6 out of 8; Jones, 2 out of 7, and Goodrich 1 out of 6.

Dec. 26.—The Garfield Gun Club held its club shoot at Burnside Park. S. Palmer scored all his birds, 20 in number, from the 30yd. mark. Scores were:

Dr Shaw (30)	20022222120111021220—16
T P Hicks (30)	12221221121121011111—19
S Palmer (30)	12122212221112212212—20
F M Fish (27)	21002112122211121121—18
R Kuss (30)	21120221202222212121—18
C W Stiger (26)	12001111202020022222—14
J M Young (28)	00122021122112222122—17
C E Comley (29)	08101102221111120121—16
Dr Liddy (30)	12021002221121212122—17

Practice scores were as below:

Dr Shaw	0021220020200002200120021—17
R Kuss	1211102020222122220 —16
Dr Carver	2222012222222222222222222 —23
Sondemeier	0081020110222200020020200—13
Hardin	1121222101022110011011111—20
Palmer	222122 — 5
Stieger	02202 — 3
Young	12221 — 5
Fish	22002 — 3
Comley	0111010001 — 5
Kuss	1212211201 — 9
Palmer	212222222 — 8

Dec. 29.—The following practice scores were shot here to-day:

Bacci	0012002000120221210002000000100—18
Simonette	1212211222211021222 —17
Barto	2220220112211211221121212220—27
Rilesse	0001120002221210 — 8
Carieri	1202020011101100111 —13
Lord	202102011110100 — 9

An event at 25 targets resulted thus: Bacci 15, Barto 15, Simonette 13, Lord 11, Carieri 8.

Dec. 30.—Capt. Haywood, of Denver, Col., paid the grounds a visit to-day and shot at 72 birds. George Sibley and L. C. Willard also shot some birds for the sake of practice. Scores were:

Haywood	11121122212221121110111211121020121112—37
	0002000 202112022101212210101222212 —26
George Sibley	020211221102 02100120020 21 —17
	2200220111000000000020111 —13
L C Willard	11101111111102111111110 2211 —27
	11112110201110110080 00 022210 —21

Jan. 1.—W. F. de Wolf and L. H. Goodrich shot a match at 50 targets, $5 a side, to-day; De Wolf won by 5 targets. Score:

De Wolf	11111111101111111111111111110111111011111111101011—45
Goodrich	01101011111111110111011111111111111111001101100111—40

Practice scores on live birds were as below:

Comadore	20020001210121020210 —18
Hibbard	10022122022 0021021020200 —18
De Wolf	1210012100021021010021101202201 —18
Four Eyes	20111200202021090121000111 —17
Stannard	21222012222 — 9
Frothingham	0202022200200222002221022222 —21
Carver	02222211112022121111122211 —24
Blythe	0002001 — 2
C Plum	0100021101000000002 — 7
Goodrich	1012011011 — 7
Lord	1021201001120120011000222 —15
L C Willard	12101111122210111112212102222 —27
L C Willard	1111211101111221221 —19
Dr Leddy	21122200121112222121221111 —24

RAVELRIGG.

Trap Shooters of Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Dec. 26.—There was a good attendance of members of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, to-day, at the regular weekly club shoot held at Audubon Park. Event No. 3 was the trophy shoot, a handicap event with 25 breaks as a highest possible score. E. C. Burkhardt, F. D. Kelsey, Hines and B. Talsma tied for first place on highest possibles. On the shoot off Burkhardt, who shot well during the afternoon, was the winner. No. 4 was the club badge shoot; in this event Stacy won the badge in class A, Sandy in class B, and Zoeller in class C. Below are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
E C Burkhardt	10	11	27	22	14	11	R Stacy	..	..	23	22	12	10
E F Hammond	7	10	21	22	..	..	J A Kennedy	..	..	15	13	8	13
C S Burkhardt	10	12	22	23	13	12	E W Smith	..	..	17	18	..	..
Hanks	7	10	23	22	..	..	E N McCarney	..	..	15	16	9	..
Sandy	..	10	21	22	12	12	A Forrester	..	..	23	15	..	..
D Kelsey	..	12	25	23	12	..	C W	..	..	..	19	10	..
W Hines, Jr	..	12	25	21	..	..	L F Swope	..	11	22	21	14	10
C Oehmig	6	9	15	16	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	..	13	..	..
Bird	6	10	..	15	12	..	L Fries	..	..	21	14	..	..
Phillips	7	..	23	21	..	..	Tom Tiddler	..	..	..	17	..	..
Norris	7	11	23	23	13	..	G Zoeller	..	..	..	20	..	..
L W Bennett	7	11	20	19	13	11	H D Kirkover	..	..	..	23	..	..
E Reinecke	10	8	21	19	..	..	Reynolds	..	..	..	16	13	..
B Talsma	8	..	25	20	..	..	Wheeler	..	9	..	..	..	..
G McArthur	..	9	24	17	12	..	J W Brandel	..	..	20	..	..	..
P G Myer	..	7	21	16	..	..	J Beck	..	..	..	..	3	11
M E Story	..	5	16	13	..	..							

LIMESTONE HILL GUN CLUB.

Dec. 26.—The Limestone Hill Gun Club's shoot, held to-day, resulted as follows, all events being at live birds:

No. 1, club shoot, 6 live birds: George Twist 6, R. H. Reed 5, A. Reed, J. Mulqueen and F. M. Lyman 4, G. N. Reed 3.

No. 2, 10 live birds, cash prize of $10: A. Reed and R. H. Reed 9, Twist 7, H. Radcliffe 5

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Dec. 25.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held a shoot to-day at its grounds, Fair street. The attendance was very good. Fourteen shooters took part in the main event, which was a handicap race, allowance of extra targets to shoot at Sheldon, one of the scratch men, was high with 20 out of 25. The weather was bitterly cold, and there was a bright sun shining that made the snow dazzlingly white, throwing off a glare that was quite painful to the eyes. Scores were as follows:

Sheldon (0)	1111111111010111101110101	—20
Hammond (0)	0110110111111110001111111	—19
G Cann (7)	01011000010111111001101011110011	—19
Nisbet (5)	111110111010001101110000011100	—17
Stanieis (5)	001010110100110110010111100111	—17
Mooney (6)	1111111110110011001001001	—16
A Hawkins (0)	0111111110010110101110010	—16
Badmington (5)	100011111010101010000110011000	—14
Woodworth (3)	0100111010110101110101000100	—14
Latham (7)	11100100000000001010101001110011	—12
Adams (7)	00000100000010001001010010010001	— 8
Whitaker (0)	0110011100100000000010000	— 7
Bates (0)	0100001000000101000101000	—
H Horton (7)	00000010000100000000000000w	

ON LONG ISLAND.

WORK AND KNAPP TIED.

Dec. 30.—George Work and J. P. Knapp shot a tie race to-day on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Babylon. These two prominent amateurs have met many times during the past two seasons, and the honors have more frequently fallen to Knapp than to Work. Work, however, has been doing some great shooting of late, and was the favorite in to-day's race. The scores made were not phenomenal, but it must be remembered that the boundary was only 30yds., the old Westminster Kennel Club's boundary of 50yds. having been brought in 20yds. There was no wind to help the birds, so naturally one would have looked for the 90 mark to have been reached, notwithstanding the small boundary. As it was, the best the shooters could do was 87 each, both losing their birds in the 87th round and then running out with "13 unfinished." Work had 6 birds fall dead out of bounds; Knapp is credited with 8. At the end of the 50th round Knapp was leading by 2 birds, but at the end of the 56th round the totals were a tie. Out of the next 19 rounds each man lost 2, the totals being still a tie at the three-quarter mark. Eleven straight was then recorded for each shooter. In the next round, the 87th, Work's bird fell dead out of bounds; Knapp did not take advantage of the slip, as he also lost his bird in the same round. Both then killed straight to the end, the race resulting in a tie, as stated above. The high runs were: Work 24, 18, 12, 12 and 10: Knapp 18, 14, 13. Scores were.

George Work (30)	22•2212122122211•11012••2	- 20	
	•222222022222222222022222	- 20	
	2222322202202222222222222	- 23	
	2222222222•22222222222222	—24	—87
J P Knapp (30)	0222203122101222202•1222	—20	
	2222200222222222222•222	- 24	
	222•20222202222.0222222	—21	
	2222222222022222222222222	—24	- 87

After the match some miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, were decided. Watrous shot well, scoring his first 21 birds, and dividing the first 4 sweeps. Scores in these events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Watrous	8	2	5	8	3	4	Edey	2	0	5	4	2	..
Mackay	0	2	3	3	3	2	Knapp	..	..	..	1	..	..
Col Butler	0	1	1	8	5	4	Work	..	..	..	7	0	..
Stafford	2	1	4	2	5	2							

THE ELLIOTT-FULFORD MATCH.

Dec. 31.—The season of 1896 was brought to a fitting close at Dexter Park to-day. Elliott and Fulford, two old-time rivals at the trap, and both of them corking good shots, shot a race to-day on the above grounds for $100 a side and the Kansas City *Star* cup, won recently by Elliott from J. C. Riley, of Kansas City. Everybody knows Jim Elliott, and everybody knows E. D. Fulford, and as a natural consequence there was more than the usual amount of interest evinced in the outcome of this match. There was no betting—there very seldom is nowadays—and so much the better for the sport. There was, however, that comfortable feeling that both men were trying to win.

The day was as lovely a day as we have ever experienced at this time of the year. It was cloudless overhead, a bright sun shining, with the thermometer somewhere in the neighborhood of the 40 mark. With 3 or 4in. of snow on the ground, it is unnecessary to state that under foot things were decidedly sloppy. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the flag that hung limply from the flagstaff at Dexter Park; occasionally it would try to straighten out, but when it did so the breeze did not come from the right direction; what there was of it came from the northeast, but there was not enough to take into account when figuring on the quality of the birds. Of the birds, we can only say that they were a clean lot to look at; the big majority of them were all blue, and small of size and clean of wing. It seemed to us that their tails were trimmed decidedly too close to make them feel all right when trying to rise quickly from the ground. In damp weather, and when a bird's tail is wet and dirty, it is all very well to trim them a bit, but bobtailed birds can't fly like birds that have a good portion of their tails to guide them. As flyers, to-day's lot were more than fair, when it is taken into consideration that there was no wind to aid them. Many of them were excellent birds, but it is no discredit to Mr. Lippack to say that we have seen far faster birds on his grounds. He did his best, and had procured good birds, but everything was against them. As a matter of fact, Elliott had only 18 that showed any incoming tendency, while Fulford's score shows just 23.

With two such men at the score it does not take long to arrange preliminaries. Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand Powder Company, was chosen referee, while Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, acted as trap-puller. Major J. M. Taylor, of the *American Field*, and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM acted as official scorers. Ferd. Van Dyke looked after his side partner, Jim Elliott; Gus. E. Greiff, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, watched Fulford's interests.

HOW THE MATCH WAS SHOT.

The match was set for 1 P. M. prompt, and it was only thirteen minutes after that hour when Elliott stepped to the score, having won the toss, and killed his bird, a good one from No. 4 trap and an exact counterpart of the bird he lost in the first round at Trenton, N. J., on Dec. 3. After killing his bird Jim remarked, "There's one first bird I haven't lost," referring to a very usual habit of his of losing his first bird in a match. Fulford drew an easy one for his 1st, but lost his 2d bird, dead just halfway between the 30yds. and 80yds. boundary stakes. Elliott's 5th bird had to be flagged to make it get up and scoot. Fulford in the same round had a flipper from No. 2 trap that circled to the right, being apparently untouched with the first, lighting on the ground near No. 5 trap; the second shell did its work. Elliott's 7th was a good fast twister, not fast enough, however, to get away. Fulford's 9th was a chocolate-colored bird that loitered on the trap, but did not need the scare rope. When it started there was nothing hard about it; at least E. D. didn't let it get hard. Fulford's 15th was an extra fast bird, well killed. In the 16th round Elliott had to shoot at two birds, his first being shot on the ground. In the 17th round Fulford lost another bird dead out of bounds; it was an incomer that fell just over the dead line. Elliott's 23d bird was scored with an excellent shot with the second shell, the kill calling forth the first applause from the spectators. At the end of the 25th round the scores stood: Elliott 25 Fulford 23.

THE SECOND TWENTY-FIVE.

The second 25 saw Fulford fall still further in the rear, Elliott losing only one bird to his three. Elliott's 26th and 27th were both fast birds, the 27th being a right-quartering driver that towered, the second shell again doing good work in closing up the bird when it looked likely to get away altogether. In the 28th round each man drew an exactly similar bird from the same trap, No. 2, both fast drivers. Fulford's 29th was a fast, low-flying bird that was neatly centered with both barrels. In the 30th round Elliott scored his first loss; the bird was an easy one, and it seemed almost unaccountable how it came to go out of bounds; it just reached the roof of the club house and fell over stone dead. This loss put Fulford only one behind, and his stock took a rise when he made a great second-barrel stop of a chocolate-colored bird that went straight away from the traps, towering as it gained speed. His kill of this bird was generously applauded.

Fulford lost another bird in the 34th round, just such a bird as anyone is likely to miss. The pigeon was a white one with lots of slate color about it; it left No. 2 trap slowly, then flipped to the right just as the first barrel was fired, jumping clear out of the load, and straightened out for the fence; Fulford seemed a long time in locating it again, and the second did it no harm apparently. Elliott's 35th was a right quarterer from No. 4 that seemed to be missed clean with the first; the second shell made up for all deficiencies, the charge of shot centering it and causing the bird to fall in a heap. In the 39th round Elliott drew No. 2 trap and the bird sat for awhile; Jim had just gotten the word "No—" out of his lips, intending to call no bird, the bird jumping as he started to call it. He scored it all right and saved the referee any trouble that might have arisen over his not shooting at it. In the 40th round he had another no bird, called this time by the referee, who saw that the bird could not fly (Billy Mills caught it when he went out to put another in the empty trap). After this "no bird" Jim drew a rattling good one from No. 5 trap. Fulford in the 43d round shot a bird on the ground and had to take another, scoring it. In the next round he lost a towering right-quartering driver from No. 2 trap; the bird was not hit very hard with the first barrel; the second centered it nicely, but the bird drifted out of bounds before reaching the ground. This piece of ill luck again befell him in the 46th round, Fulford waiting a long time with his second on a fast bird. In the 47th round both men scored good kills; Elliott's bird was a towering right-quartering driver from No. 4, he hit it lightly with his first load but centered it well with the second. The score at the halfway mark was Elliott 49, Fulford 45.

THE THIRD TWENTY-FIVE.

In the third series of 25 birds Elliott gained three birds on Fulford, making his total 73 to 66 at the end of the 75th round, a great gait and a commanding lead. In the 54th and 58th rounds Elliott experienced a couple of slices of good luck. In the 54th round he hit his bird, a circling right-quarterer from No. 2, with both loads, but the pigeon would never have been scored had it not been for the 2ft. wire fence that marked the boundary; the bird flew wobbling over the ground, bringing up against the fence; with an open boundary it would surely have gone over. His 58th, a chocolate-colored bird, performed an almost similar feat, the wire alone stopping it from going out. His 70th was a fast bird; it was hit hard with both loads, coming almost to the ground; it then flew for the boundary, just clearing the fence. At the end of the 75th round Elliott had made the great record of 73 kills, with two dead out. And these 75 birds were not all duffers by any means.

Fulford lost his 52d bird, a strong bluerock, that carried away enough of the shot sent after it to cause it to come to the ground over the boundary fence. His 59th bird was from No. 2 trap, and is marked on the score as a hoverer; the decision of the referee on this bird was eminently proper judging from the position we saw the bird in from where we were doing the scoring. His 67th was an extra fast bird, well killed. His 71st was also a fast bird and was an excusable miss. It was on his 72d bird that we think he made the poorest shot of the day; this bird was a big blue one that left No. 1 trap quite fast, quartered directly across the traps, and was allowed to go scot free, Fulford palpably failing to appreciate the bird's speed and shooting behind it both times. These two consecutive misses, with the loss of another easy bird in the 75th round, placed the issue of the match beyond all doubt.

THE LAST QUARTER.

In the last series of 25 birds Fulford did some good work, accounting for 24 of them, his single lost bird, his 89th, falling dead out of bounds. His 91st was scored with a great second-barrel kill that called forth applause; his 97th was also a good piece of work, the second barrel being used very effectively on a fast bird that circled out to the left from No. 2 trap. Elliott had some good birds in his last 25. The 80th was a fast driver that was hit hard with both barrels; on receiving the second barrel it turned and came back to the score, falling on the roof of a house outside the grounds, a boy retrieving it a few minutes later. His 91st and 94th both fell dead out of bounds, the 94th actually breaking its wing while flying, and coming down just outside the 50yds. boundary. On both these birds, and also on his 93d (another lost bird), he seemed to dwell a long time with his second load, apparently trying to show what long "second-barrel kills he could make with his pump!" With four single shells he scored his 96th-99th birds inclusive—just to show that he did not need his second all the time. The double figure runs were: Elliott 29, 29 and 15; Fulford 13, 16, 14, 13 and 11.

The match was brought to a close at 3:12, one minute less than two hours for the 200 birds. The times per 50 birds were: 1st, 27 minutes; 2d, 30 minutes; 3d, 30 minutes; 4th, 32 minutes.

HOW THE TRAPS WERE PULLED.

The way the traps fell to each shooter was as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Elliott	18	23	17	23	19	100
Fulford	22	25	21	25	7	100
	40	48	38	48	26	200

The failure of No. 5 trap to turn up for Fulford is something unusual. He shot at 39 birds before he got a single bird from No. 5 trap. He had No. 5 trap again in the 48th round; he then shot at 42 more birds before No. 5 trap was once more sprung for him. Thus out of ninety times that he went to the score and called "Pull" No. 5 came to him just twice.

GUNS AND LOADS.

Elliott shot his Winchester repeating shotgun, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition, Leader shell, 42grs. E. C. powder, $1\frac{1}{4}$oz. of $7\frac{1}{2}$ chilled.

Fulford shot his new Greener, U. M. C. trap shells, with 50grs. Schultze and $1\frac{1}{4}$oz. of 7 chilled (his shells were loaded by himself). In regard to Fulford's load it did not seem to us as if the load suited his gun; some of the patterns made by the shot on the snow when the birds fell anywhere over 31yds. from the score were frequently wild.

Billy Mills and his brother did the trapping; that their work was done speedily is shown by the time taken to shoot the match. In regard to the referee's work, it was all as it should have been. We prefer a referee who makes a man shoot at another bird unless there is no question as to its being in the air at the time the shot was fired. Mr. Taylor may have seemed to be a little severe at times, but we think his decisions were entirely just and proper; in short, his work was refreshing.

SCORES IN DETAIL.

The scores in detail, showing trap, flight of bird and result of each shot follow:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J A R Elliott:
4 1 3 1 2 2 2 2 4 3 1 2 4 2 5 5 2 3 3 2 5 3 4 2 5
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 3 2 2 5 4 3 4 3 4 4 5 2 1 5 4 1 1 3 3 2 1 3 4 1
2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

5 1 5 3 3 4 5 4 4 1 5 2 5 1 2 4 5 4 1 3 1 3 4 5 4
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

1 3 2 1 4 2 5 5 4 2 4 2 4 3 2 1 1 5 1 5 5 4 3 4 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 • 2 0 • 2 1 1 1 1 2—21—94

E D Fulford:
3 2 2 1 3 4 3 4 2 4 1 4 1 3 4 4 1 4 1 4 3 3 4 3 3
2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

4 1 2 1 3 3 3 2 2 3 3 2 4 3 5 1 2 4 2 2 3 1 5 4 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 2 2 2 2—22

1 3 4 2 4 4 4 2 2 2 1 2 1 3 1 2 3 4 1 4 4 1 3 1 4
2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0—21

4 4 1 2 2 2 4 3 1 1 1 3 2 1 2 5 3 5 5 5 1 2 5 4 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—90

EDWARD BANKS.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's Holiday cup is now the property of C. W. Floyd, a member of that club. Up to to-day Floyd and T. W. Morfey each had two wins to his credit. The late C. W. Coulston had also been a winner twice. Morfey did not put in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park, and Floyd scoring the only 10 straight made his wins three in number, this entitling him to the ownership of the cup. The list of shooters who shot along as guests of the club was a large one; among the number was Jim Elliott, who yesterday defeated Fulford in a 100-bird race on these grounds.

Holiday cup:

C W Floyd (A, 29)	2222222222	—10	J A R Elliott	2222•22222	— 9
Schortemeier (A, 29)	2222022 2 2	— 9	H Otten	2111111022	— 9
C M Meyer (A, 29)	22222•222	— 9	W Sands	220222•222	— 8
W H Lair (A, 29)	10 22 2 20	— 8	Dr Hudson	2 2102 1120	— 8
J A Bennett (B, 29)	22121•222	— 9	O Mulcahey	1011122102	— 8
H Fessenden (B, 29)	12222202•	— 8	R Packard	2202222022•	— 7
J N Meyer (B, 29)	200 222 20	— 6	W H Thompson	2•222 0102	— 7
F Thompson (B, 29)	22 0 020.0	— 6	T Bassford	0012111••	— 7
Guests:			Dr Richter	00 0221•10	— 5
C Steffens	22222 2122	—10	E Weiss	0021102•20	— 5
D Ma sen	2111222112	—10	E Kuhneman	2202002222	— 5

Sweeps were shot as below, the Rose system being used in dividing the purses:

No. 1, 5 birds, $3 entrance; all 30yds.—Steffens 5, Lewis 4, Floyd 4, F. A. Thompson 3, Otten 3, Bennett 3, Packard 2.

No. 2, same conditions—Lewis 5, Bennett 5, Thompson 4, Otten 4, Clark 4, Steffens 3, Floyd 5, Packard 3, Sands 3, Bassford 3.

No. 3, same conditions—Lewis 5, Steffens 5, Clark 5, F. A. Thompson 4, Floyd 4, Packard 4, Bennett 4, Sands 4, W. H. Thompson 4, Dr. Hudson 4, Otten 3, Fessenden 3, Bassford 2.

Jan. 2.—The target season for 1897 was opened by the New Utrecht Gun Club at its Dyker Meadow grounds this afternoon. The club handicaps not being ready, everybody shot from scratch. Donley Deacon was top scorer in the club event, with 23 out of 25 at known traps and angles. Scores:

D Deacon	1111101111111111111111101	—23
Dr O'Brien	1101110111110.11110 1111	—21
Dr G E Pool	1111101111101111100111111	—21
J Gaughen	0111111011111111101111110	—21
C Furgueson	1111101110111111011111101	—21
J A Bennett	1111101101110111001101110	—18
Conny Furgueson	1111101101011111010101010	—17
C C Fleet	1001100111110011101110100	—15
H M Furgueson	0010000100011100000001000	— 6

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE KENNEL CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The Westminster Kennel Club's annual shoot on New Year's Day has always been one of the shooting features in the vicinity of New York. To-day's shoot was probably the largest ever held on these grounds. There were 34 entries in the main event, a large number to handle on any grounds, but the Kennel Club is so well fixed in the matter of accommodation that, although the shooting house was a little crowded, it was never uncomfortably so. The conditions of the main event were as follows: Unlimited number of birds, $10 entrance, handicap rise from 26 to 31yds.; 29yds. and back, miss-and-out; 27 and 28yds., two misses out; 26yds. and forward, three misses out. In addition to the purse the club gave a cup valued at $250.

The shoot was an invitation one, and invitations were extended to the members of the following clubs: Westchester Country Club, Larchmont Yacht Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Riverton Gun Club, Carteret, Tuxedo and Morristown Country Club.

The result of the shoot was a popular win for H. S. Edey at the end of the 24th round. Mr. Edey lost his 16th bird, and then had to shoot out on even terms with G. S. McAlpin, one of the scratch men who is shooting just now in excellent form. McAlpin ran 23 straight before he dropped one, and lost the cup to Edey. The purse was said to have been divided at the end of the 9th round, the five men left in each taking an equal portion. After the cup race, a miss-and-out, $5 entrance, was shot. This event had 24 entries; the purse was divided between George Work and R. Toland, both of whom killed 11 straight. Col. Butler, who shot well up in the cup race, stayed in the miss-and-out until the 11th round, while H. K. Knapp ran 9 straight before falling out. Scores in these two events were as below:

	Cup shoot.	Miss-and-out.
H S Edey (27)	212222221121220122122122	....
G S McAlpin (31)	222222222222222222222220	122220
Col Butler (29)	2222212220	22112222110
E F Toland (28)	21221102220	20
E G Murphy (31)	22222 220	220
George Work (31)	2222222 0	22222222222
A T Sullivan (27)	22111200	....
A Merten (27)	10212210	....
F P Magoun (27)	22202120	0
W C Floyd Jones (29)	2212110	10
W S Edey (29)	2212110	20
J S Page (29)	22270	0
S K de Forest (27)	222010	20
H S Redmond (27)	0221 0	0
G Green (26)	2220020	20
T W Thorne (27)	101110	....
F O Beach (27)	2220	0
D J Bradley (29)	2220	....
M L Parrish (28)	22200	....
H K Knapp (27)	22010	222111220
F G Moore (30)	2220	22220
R Toland (28)	0210	22222121212
R McCook (27)	2020	....
W W Watrous (29)	220	22220
L Q Jones (28)	010	....
J C Patterson (27)	200	....
T S Patten (27)	200	220
G B Magoun (28)	200	0
C Dolan (29)	10	22222220
B R Kittridge (29)	20	22220
J B Ellison (29)	0	20
J P Knapp (31)	0	220
W H Stafford (29)	0	212220
N Simpkins (29)	0	....

BUTLER AND STAFFORD DEFEAT WORK AND KNAPP.

Jan. 2.—After a dark horse had won the cup on New Year's Day at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, a second surprise was sprung on the local amateurs by the victory of Butler and Stafford in a team race against the cracks, Work and Knapp.

The conditions of the race were: 100 birds per man; Work and Knapp at 30yds.; Butler and Stafford at 28yds. Butler shot well all through the race and made the high score of the match—86. At no time was his work ragged, although he lost his 91st, 92d and 93th birds in rapid succession at the finish of the match. At one time the non-favorites led by 11 birds, but the match was finally only won by two birds. Stafford's best work was done in the third string of 25; after losing his 29th and 30th birds, he pulled himself together and scored 19 straight. Work and Knapp were both out of all form, and neither could make more than 39 out of their first 50 birds. Knapp managed to score 44 out of his last 50, but 42 was the best Work could do.

The double-figure runs were as follows: Butler 21 and 11, Stafford 19 and 10, Knapp 19, 18 and 14, Work 14, 12, 12 and 11. The scores were:

Col Butler (28)	1222221111221211221220102	— 23	
	1112•21101221110122112212	— 22	
	2201122112201220111021210	— 20	
	212111•12112211•20202221 2	— 21	— 86
W H Stafford (28)	2222211121022200222 0222	— 21	
	1220022222222222211222220	— 22	
	•0•2222 022220202201021111	— 17	
	11222222222202201222 •	— 20	— 80
			166
J P Knapp (30)	2222221•002222222202222	— 20	
	[illegible]002202020000	— 19	
	22222221121 2•22120220221 2	— 22	
	2•2022222021212122222202	— 22	83
George Work (30)	002222 21220•2222 2221222 0	— 20	
	•[illegible]22012222220 2002	— 19	
	[illegible]1•[illegible]1 2222	— 21	
	2222012221221212 20 20•22	— 21	— 81
			164

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Its Limited Train Service South.

In private life one would be considered egotistical, or perhaps a little daft, to exploit one's beautiful home, its trimmings and adornments, its private suits and perfect lavatory and toilet accompaniments, its handsome parlors and drawing-rooms, or the exquisite completeness of its culinary department. Among the polite set such would indeed be thought vulgar, but with hotels or railway trains, which are public conveniences, the restriction is quite removed. In fact, when one is to select a hotel or apartments for several hours' continued occupancy, sharp discrimination is not only excusable, but essential; and for this reason the railways endeavor in their descriptive literature to furnish the opportunity for such discrimination. Preparatory to a trip, those are the conditions to be considered, and the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," enjoy the opportunity of presenting the faultless attainments of their "Flying Caravansaries," the Washington and Southwestern vestibuled limited trains between New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Augusta, Asheville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Savannah, Jacksonville, as possessing every requisite.

They are indeed palace hotels on wheels. Commencing Jan. 18, another limited train known as the New York and Florida Limited will be resumed, and will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon, reaching Jacksonville following afternoon at 3:30 P. M., and St. Augustine one hour later, 4:30 P. M.

The new Limited to Florida will represent the Pennsylvania, Southern Railway, F. C. & P., and Florida East Coast Line. It is beyond comparison what typifies speed on land or water. The train is strictly Pullman Vestibuled, composed of composite dining, compartment, drawing-room, sleeping car and observation car. Those who contemplate visiting the Sunny South can get complete information by addressing New York Office of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

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THE Empire State Express of the New York Central is the fastest and most famous train in the world.—*Adv.*

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MARINE engineers can obtain one of the handsomest calendars ever published by addressing the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co., 41 Cortlandt street, New York, and giving their full names and addresses, together with the name of the last vessel on which they were employed.—*Adv.*

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE Co., Cincinnati, O., publish a striking calendar, 14×26in. in size, illustrating "A Portage in the Adirondacks," which will be sent on receipt of 20 cents for postage and mailing. The game laws for the various States are given on this calendar.—*Adv.*

THE WINCHESTER CALENDAR for 1897 has two good hunting pictures by Frost, one an Eastern and the other a Western subject. The first shows a bob cat that has been surprised by a sportsman while feeding on a rabbit, and is entitled "An Interrupted Meal;" while the other, called "A Chance Shot," depicts a dismounted horseman in the act of firing at one of two deer whose heads just appear above the hillside.—*Adv.*

SPRATTS PATENT, Ltd., 245 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, send for a 2-cent stamp an annual calendar with pictures and points about dogs, birds, etc. Mention FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE Co. publishes its usual artistic calendar. This year the subject of the illustration is a scout's dash for life from the redskins, and is entitled "Saving his Scalp."—*Adv.*